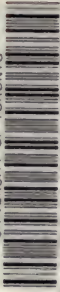


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THE

POETICAL WORKS

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OF

SKELTON AND DONNE

WITH A MEMOIR OF EACH

[*A. A. Dyce*]

FOUR VOLUMES IN TWO

VOL. I.



BOSTON
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Poems of Skelton are here reprinted from the excellent edition prepared by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. The various readings of the text have in general been omitted, the space which they occupy being out of proportion to the advantage derived from them by most readers. The latest improvements made by Mr. Dyce have received proper attention. A very small number of his notes have been abridged, or dropped as superfluous; about as many have been added, or enlarged, and a few have been altered, — it is hoped, for the better.

The American editor is responsible, wholly or in part, for those annotations which are marked with an asterisk.

CAMBRIDGE, July, 1855.

P R E F A C E .

THE very incomplete and inaccurate volume of 1736, and the reprint of it in Chalmers's *English Poets*,¹ 1810, have hitherto been the only editions of Skelton accessible to the general reader.

In 1814, the Quarterly Reviewer,—after censuring Chalmers for having merely reprinted the volume of 1736, with all its errors, and without

¹ "Mr. A. Chalmers," says Haslewood, "has since given place [*sic*] to Skelton's name among the English poets [vol. ii. p. 227]: and having had an opportunity to compare the original edition [that of Marshe, 1668] with Mr. Chalmers's volume, I can pronounce the text verbally accurate, although taken from the reprint of 1736." *Brit. Bibliogr.* iv. 389. As Haslewood was generally a careful collator, I am greatly surprised at the above assertion: the truth is, that the reprint of 1736 (every word of which I have compared with Marshe's edition—itsself replete with errors) is in not a few places grossly inaccurate.—The said reprint is without the editor's name; but I have seen a copy of it in which Gifford had written with a pencil, "Edited by J. Bowle, the stupidest of all two-legged animals."

the addition of those other pieces by Skelton which were known to be extant,—observed, that “an editor who should be competent to the task could not more worthily employ himself than by giving a good and complete edition of his works.”¹ Prompted by this remark, I commenced the present edition,—perhaps with too much self-confidence, and certainly without having duly estimated the difficulties which awaited me. After all the attention which I have given to the writings of Skelton, they still contain corruptions which defy my power of emendation, and passages which I am unable to illustrate; nor is it, therefore, without a feeling of reluctance that I now offer these volumes to the very limited class of readers for whom they are intended. In revising my Notes for press, I struck out a considerable portion of conjectures and explanations which I had originally hazarded, being unwilling to receive from any one that equivocal commendation which Joseph Scaliger bestowed on a literary labourer of old; “*Laudo tamen studium tuum; quia in rebus obscuris ut errare necesse est, ita fortuitum non errare.*”²

Having heard that Ritson had made some collections for an edition of our author, I requested

¹ *Q. Rev.* xi. 485. The critique in question was written by Mr. Southey,—who, let me add, took a kind interest in the progress of the present edition.

² Joanni Isacio Pontano—*Epist.* p. 490. ed. 1627.

the use of those papers from his nephew, the late Joseph Frank, Esq., who most obligingly put them into my hands: they proved, however, to be only a transcript of *Vox Populi, vox Dei* (from the Harleian MS.) and a few memoranda concerning Skelton from very obvious sources.

The individual to whom I have been the most indebted for assistance and encouragement in this undertaking has not survived to receive my acknowledgments; I mean the late Mr. Heber, who not only lent me his whole collection of Skelton's works, but also took a pleasure in communicating to me from time to time whatever information he supposed might be serviceable. Indeed, without such liberality on the part of Mr. Heber, a complete edition of the poet's extant writings could not have been produced; for his incomparable library (now unfortunately dispersed) contained some pieces by Skelton, of which copies were not elsewhere to be found.

To Miss Richardson Curren; the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville; the Hon. and Rev. G. N. Grenville, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge; Sir Harris Nicolas; Sir Francis Palgrave; Rev. Dr. Bandinel; Rev. Dr. Bliss; Rev. John Mitford; Rev. J. J. Smith of Caius College, Cambridge; Rev. Joseph Hunter; Rev. Joseph Stevenson; W. H. Black, Esq.; Thomas Amyot, Esq.; J. P. Collier, Esq.; Thomas Wright, Esq.; J. O. Halliwell, Esq.; Albert Way, Esq.; and

David Laing, Esq. ;—I have to return my grateful thanks for the important aid of various kinds which they so readily and courteously afforded me.

ALEXANDER DYCE.

*London, Gray's Inn,
Nov. 1st, 1843*

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SOME ACCOUNT
OF
SKELTON AND HIS WRITINGS.

JOHN SKELTON¹ is generally said to have been descended from the Skeltons of Cumberland;² but there is some reason to believe that Norfolk was his native county. The time of his birth, which is left to conjecture, cannot well be carried back to an earlier year than 1460.

¹ Sometimes written *Schelton*: and Blomefield says, "That his Name was *Shelton* or Skelton, appears from his Successor's Institution, viz. '1529, 17 July, Thomas Clerk, instituted on the Death of John *Shelton*, last Rector [Lib. Inst. No. 18.]'" *Hist. of Norfolk*, i. 20. ed. 1739.

² "John Skelton was a younger branch of the Skeltons of Skelton in this County [Cumberland]. I crave leave of the Reader, (hitherto not having full instructions, and) preserving the undoubted Title of this County unto him, to defer his character to Norfolk, where he was beneficed at Diss therein." Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 221 (*Cumberland*), ed. 1662. "John Skelton is placed in this County [Norfolk] on a double probability. First, because an ancient family of his name is emi-

[The following entry pertaining to a John Skelton was discovered by Mr. W. H. Black in the Public Record Office.]

23d Feb. 12 Edw. iv. [1473]. "Tribus *subclericis*, videlicet Roberto Lane, Nicholao Neubold, et *Johanni Skelton*, videlicet prædicto Roberto l.s. et prædictis Nicholao et Johanni cuilibet eorum xl.s." (A like payment was made to *John Skelton* on the 9th of Dec. preceding, when he is mentioned with others under the general denomination of *clerks*.) *Books of the Treasury of the Receipt of the Exchequer*,—A 4. 38. fols. 26, 27. (Public Record Office.)

There is, Mr. Black thinks, a possibility that Skelton had been employed, while a youth, as an under-clerk in the Receipt of the Exchequer; and he observes, that it would seem to have been a temporary occupation, as there is no trace of any person of that name among the admissions to offices in the Black Book.

nently known long fixed therein. Secondly, because he was beneficed at Dis," &c. *Id.* p. 257 (*Norfolk*).—"John Skelton . . . was originally, if not nearly, descended from the Skeltons of Cumberland." Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* i. 49. ed. Bliss. See also Tanner's *Biblioth.* p. 675. ed. 1748.—"I take it, that Skelton was not only Rector, but a Native of this Place [Diss], being son of William Skelton, and Margaret his Wife, whose Will was proved at ~~Nor~~wich, Nov. 7, 1512 [Regr. Johnson]." Blomefield's *Hist. of Norfolk*, i. 20. ed. 1789. Through the active kindness of Mr. Amyot, I have received a copy of the Will of William Skelton (or Shelton,) who, though perhaps a relation, was surely not the father of the poet; for in this full and explicit document the name of *John Skelton* does not once occur.—From an entry which will be afterwards cited, it would seem that the Christian name of Skelton's mother

The statement of his biographer, that he was educated at Oxford,¹ I am not prepared to contradict: but if he studied there, it was at least after he had gone through an academical course at the sister university; for he has himself expressly declared,

“Alma parens O Cantabrigensis,

 . . . tibi quondam carus alumnus eram;”

adding in a marginal note, “Cantabrigia Skeltonidi laureato primam mammam eruditionis pientissime propinavit.”² Hence it is probable that the poet was the “one Scheklton,” who, according to Cole, became M. A. at Cambridge in 1484.³

was Johanna.—In Skelton’s Latin lines on the city of Norwich (see vol. i. 194) we find,

“Ah decus, ah *patriæ* specie pulcherrima dudum!
 Urbs Norvicensis,” &c.

Does “*patriæ*” mean his native county?

¹ “Having been educated in this university, as Joh. Baleus attests.” Wood’s *Ath. Oxon.* i. 50. ed. Bliss. Wood’s reference in the note is “In lib. *De Scriptoribus Anglicis*, MS. inter cod. MSS. Selden, in bib. Bodl. p. 69 b.” The printed copy of Bale’s work contains no mention of the place of Skelton’s education. Part of Bale’s information concerning Skelton, as appears from the still extant MS. collections for his *Script. Illust. Brit.*, was received “Ex Guilhelmo Horman,” the author of the *Vulgaria*.—See also Tanner’s *Biblioth.* p. 675. ed. 1748.—Warton says that Skelton “studied in both our universities.” *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 336. ed. 4to.

² *A Replycacion*, &c. vol. i. 231.

³ “Wood reckons him of Ox. on the author. of Bale in a MS. in the Bodleian Libr., but with much better reason he

Of almost all Skelton's writings which have descended to our times, the first editions¹ have perished; and it is impossible to determine either at what period he commenced his career as a poet, or at what dates his various pieces were originally printed. That he was the author of many compositions which are no longer extant, we learn from the pompous enumeration of their titles in the *Garlande of Laurell*.² The lines, *Of the death of the noble prince, Kyng Edwarde the fourth*.³ who deceased in 1483, were probably among his earliest attempts in verse.

In 1489 Skelton produced an elegy *Vpon the doulourus dethe and muche lamentable chaunce of*

may be called ours; for I find one Scheklton M. A. in the year 1484, at which time allowing him to be 24 years of age, he must be at his death A. D. 1529, 68 or 69 years old, which 'tis probable he might be. v. Bale 653." Cole's *Collections*,—*Add. MSS.* (Brit. Mus.) 5880, p. 199.

¹ I suspect that, during Skelton's lifetime, two of his most celebrated pieces, *Colyn Cloute* (see v. 1239, vol. ii. 167,) and *Why come ye nat to Courte*, were not committed to the press, but wandered about in manuscript among hundreds of eager readers. A portion of *Speke, Parrot*, and the *Poems Against Garnesche*, are now for the first time printed.

² Vol. ii. 221 sqq. No poetical antiquary can read the titles of some of the lighter pieces mentioned in that catalogue,—such as *The Balade of the Mustarde Tarte*, *The Murnyng of the mapely rote* (see Notes, vol. iii 343,) &c.—without regretting their loss. "Many of the songs or popular ballads of this time," observes Sir John Hawkins, "appear to have been written by Skelton." *Hist. of Music*, iii. 39.

³ Vol i. 3.

the most honorable Erle of Northumberlande,¹ who was slain during a popular insurrection in Yorkshire. His son Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth earl, who is there mentioned as the "yonge lyon, but tender yet of age,"² appears to have afterwards extended his patronage to the poet:³ at a time when persons of the highest rank were in general grossly illiterate, this nobleman was both a lover and a liberal encourager of letters.

Skelton had acquired great reputation as a scholar, and had recently been laureated at Oxford,⁴ when Caxton, in 1490, published *The boke of Eneydos complied by Vyrgyle*,⁵ in the Preface to

¹ Vol. i. 8: see Notes, vol. iii. 7.

² He was only eleven years old at his father's death. See more concerning the fifth earl in Percy's Preface to *The Northumberland Household Book*, 1770, in Warton's *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 338. ed. 4to, and in Collins's *Peerage*, ii. 304. ed. Brydges.—Warton says that the Earl "encouraged Skelton to write this elegy," an assertion grounded, I suppose, on the Latin lines prefixed to it.

³ A splendid MS. volume, consisting of poems (chiefly by Lydgate), finely written on vellum, and richly illuminated, which formerly belonged to the fifth earl, is still preserved in the British Museum, *MS. Reg. 18. D ii*: at fol. 165 is Skelton's Elegy on the earl's father.

⁴ For a notice of Skelton's laureation at Oxford, the Rev. Dr. Bliss obligingly searched the archives of that university, but without success: "no records," he informs me, "remain between 1463 and 1498 that will give a correct list of degrees."

⁵ This work (a thin folio), translated by Caxton from the French is a prose romance founded on the *Æneid*. It consists of 65 chapters, the first entitled "How the ryght puy-

which is the following passage: "But I praye mayster John Skelton, late created poete laureate in the vnyuersite of oxenforde, to ouerse and correcte this sayd booke, And taddresse and expowne where as shalle be founde faulte to theym that shall requyre it. For hym I knowe for suffy- cyent to expowne and englysshe euery diffyculte that is therin. For he hath late translated the epystlys of Tulle,¹ and the boke of dyodorus sycu- lus,² and diuerse other werkes oute of latyn in to

sant knyge pryamus edyfyed the grete Cyte of Troye," the last, "How Ascanyus helde the royalme of Ytalye after the dethe of Eneas hys fader." Gawin Douglas, in the Preface to his translation of Virgil's poem, makes a long and elaborate attack on Caxton's performance;

"Wylliame Caxtoun had no compatioun
Of Virgill in that buk he preyt in prois,
Clepan it Virgill in Eneados,
Quhilk that he sayis of Frensche he did translate;
It has na thing ado therwith, God wate,
Nor *na mare like than the Deuil and sanct Austin*," &c.

Sig. B iii. ed. 1553.

¹ A work probably never printed, and now lost: it is men- tioned by Skelton in the *Garlande of Laurell*;

"Of *Tullis Familiars* the translacyoun." vol. ii. 222.

² A work mentioned in the same poem;

"*Diodorus Siculus* of my translacyon
Out of fresshe Latine into owre Englysshe playne,
Recountyng commoditis of many a straunge nacyon;
Who redyth it ones wolde rede it agayne;
Sex volumis engrosid together it doth, containe."

vol. ii. 237.

It is preserved in Ms. at Cambridge: see Appendix II. to this Memoir.

englysshe, not in rude and olde langage, but in polysshed and ornate termes craftely, as he that hath redde vrygyle, ouyde, tullye, and all the other noble poetes and oratours, to me vnknown : And also he hath redde the ix. muses and vnderstande theyr musicalle scyences, and to whom of them eche scyence is appropred. I suppose he hath dronken of Elycons well. Then I praye hym & suche other to correcte adde or mynysshe where as he or they shall fynde faulte,"¹ &c. The laureatship in question, however, was not the office of poet laureat according to the modern acceptation of the term : it was a degree in grammar, including rhetoric and versification, taken at the university, on which occasion the graduate was presented with a wreath of laurel.² To this academical honour Skelton proudly alludes in his fourth poem *Against Garnesche* ;

" A kyng to me myn habyte gaue :
At Oxforth, the vniversityte,

¹ Sig. A ii.

² For more about poet laureat, both in the ancient and modern acceptation, see Selden's *Titles of Honor*, p. 405. ed. 1631; the Abbé du Resnel's *Recherches sur les Poètes Couronnez*,—*Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscript. (Mém. de Littérature,)* x. 507; Warton's *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 129. ed. 4to; Malone's *Life of Dryden*, (*Prose Works*,) p. 78; Devon's *Introd. to Issue Roll of Thomas de Brantingham*, p. xxix., and his *Introd. to Issues of the Exchequer*, &c., p. xiii.—Churchyard, in his verses prefixed to Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1668, says,

" Nay, Skelton wore the lawrell wreath,
And past in schoels, ye knoe."

See Appendix I. to this Memoir.

Anaunsid I was to that degre;
 By hole consent of theyr senate,
 I was made poete lawreate."¹

Our laureat, a few years after, was admitted *ad eundem* at Cambridge: "An. Dom. 1493, et Hen. 7 nono. Conceditur Johi Skelton Poete in partibus transmarinis atque Oxon, Laurea ornato, ut apud nos eadem decoraretur;" again, "An. 1504-5, Conceditur Johi Skelton, Poetæ Laureat. quod possit stare eodem gradu hic quo stetit Oxoniis, et quod possit uti habitu sibi concesso a Principe." Warton, who cites both these entries,² remarks, "the latter clause, I believe, relates to some distinction of habit, perhaps of fur or velvet, granted him by the king." There can be no doubt that Skelton speaks of this peculiar apparel in the lines just quoted, as also in his third poem *Against Garnesche*, where he says,

"Your sworde ye swere, I wene,
 So tranchaunt and so kene,
 Xall kyt both *wyght and grene* :
 Your foly ys to grett
The kynge's colours to threte;"³

¹ Vol. i. 149.

² *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 130, (note,) ed. 4to.—The second entry was printed in 1736 by the Abbé du Resnel (who received it from Carte the historian,) in *Recherches sur les Poètes Couronnez,—Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscript. (Mém. de Littérature),* x. 522. Both entries were given in 1767 by Farmer in the second edition of his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, p. 50.—The Rev. Joseph Romilly, registrar of the University of Cambridge, has obligingly ascertained for me their correctness.

³ Vol. i. 144.

from which we may infer that he wore, as laureat, a dress of white and green, or, perhaps, a white dress with a wreath of laurel. It was most probably on some part of the same habit that the word *Calliope* was embroidered in letters of silk and gold :

“ Calliope,
 As ye may se,
 Regent is she
 Of poetes al,
 Whiche gaue to me
 The high degre
 Laureat to be
 Of fame royall ;
 Whose name enrolde
 With silke and golde
 I dare be bolde
 Thus for to were,”¹ &c.

In the following passage Barclay perhaps glances at Skelton, with whom (as will afterwards be shewn) he was on unfriendly terms ;

“ But of their writing though I ensue the rate,
 No name I chalenge of *Poete laureate* :
 That name vnto them is mete and doth agree
 Which writeth matters with curiositee.
 Mine habite blacke accordeth not with *grene*,
 Blacke betokeneth death as it is dayly sene ;
 The *grene* is pleasour, freshe lust and iolite ;
 These two in nature hath great diuersitie.
 Then who would ascribe, except he were a foole,
 The pleasaunt *laurer* vnto the mourning cowle ? ”²

¹ Vol. i. 219.

Prologe to Egloges, sig. A 1. ed. 1570.

Warton has remarked, that some of Skelton's Latin verses, which are subscribed—"Hæc laureatus Skeltonis, regius orator"—"Per Skeltonida laureatum, oratorem regium,"—seem to have been written in the character of *royal* laureate; ¹ and perhaps the expression "of fame royall" in Skelton's lines on *Calliope*, already cited, may be considered as strengthening this supposition. There would, indeed, be no doubt that Skelton was not only a poet laureated at the universities, but also poet laureat or court poet to Henry the Eighth, if the authenticity of the following statement were established; "la patente qui declare Skelton poète laureat d'Henry viii. est datée de la cinquième année de son règne, ce qui tombe en 1512 ou 1513:" so (after giving correctly the second entry concerning Skelton's laureation at Cambridge) writes the Abbé du Resnel in an essay already mentioned; having received, it would seem, both these statements concerning Skelton from Carte the historian, ² who, while he communicated to Du Resnel one real document, was not

¹ *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 132 (note,) ed. 4to, where Warton gives the subscription of the former as the title of the latter poem: his mistake was occasioned by the reprint of Skelton's *Works*. 1736. See the present edition, vol. i. 211, 212.

² Du Resnel expressly says that he was made acquainted with the Cambridge entry by "M. Carte, autrement M. Phillips." *Recherches sur les Poètes Couronnez*,—*Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscript. (Mém. de Littérature)*, x. 522.—Carte assumed the name of Phillips when he took refuge in France.

likely to have forged another for the purpose of misleading the learned Frenchman. On this subject I can only add, that no proof has been discovered of Skelton's having enjoyed an annual salary from the crown in consequence of such an office.

The reader will have observed that in the first entry given above from the Cambridge Univ. Regist. Skelton is described as having been laureated not only at Oxford but also "transmarinis partibus." That the foreign seat of learning at which he received this honour was the university of Louvaine,¹ may be inferred from the title of a poem which I subjoin entire, not only because it occurs in a volume of the greatest rarity, but because it evinces the celebrity which Skelton had attained.

"IN CLARISSIMI SCHELTONIS LOUANIENSIS POETÆ
LAUDES EPIGRAMMA.

Quum terra omnifero lætissima risit amictu,
Plena novo fœtu quælibet arbor erat;
Vertice purpurei vultus incepit honores
Extensis valvis pandere pulchra rosa;
Et segetum tenero sub cortice grana tumescunt,
Flavescens curvat pendula spica caput.
Vix Cancri tropicos æstus lustravit anhelans
Pythius, et Nemeæ vertit ad ora feræ,

¹ A gentleman resident at Louvaine obligingly examined for me the registers of that university, but could find in them no mention of Skelton.

Vesper solis equos oriens dum clausit Olympo,
 Agmina stellarum surgere cuncta jubet:
 Hic primo aspiceres ut Cynthia vecta sereno
 Extulerat surgens cornua clara polo;
 Inde Hydram cernas, stravit quam clava trinodis
 Alcidaë, nitidis emicuisse comis;
 Tum¹ Procyon subiit, præpes Lepus, hinc Jovis ales,
 Arctos, et Engonasus, sidus et Eridani;
 Ignivomis retinet radiis quæ stellifer orbis
 (Quid multis remorer?) sidera cuncta micant.
 Nutat Atlanteum convexum pondus, ocellis
 Dum lustrò hæc ægris, vergit et oceano.
 Tum furtim alma quies repens mihi membra soporat,
 Curaque Lethæo flumine mersa jacet:
 O mihi quam placidis Icelos tulit aurea somnis
 Somnia, musiphilis non caritura fide!
 Nuncia percelebris Polyhymnia blanda salutans
 Me Clarii ut visam numina sacra citat.
 Ut sequar hanc lætus, mihi visus amœna vireta
 Et nemorum umbrosos præteriisse sinus:
 Scilicet hæc montes monstraverat inter eundum
 Et fontes Musæ quos coluere sacros;
 Castalios latices, Aganippidos atque Medusei
 Vidimus alipedis flumina rupta pede;
 Antra hinc Libethri monstrat Pimpleidos undas,
 Post vada Cephisi, Phocidos atque lacus;
 Nubifer assurgit mons Pierus atque Cithæron,
 Gryneumque nemus dehinc Heliconque sacer:
 Inde et Parnasi bifidi secreta subimus,
 Tota ubi Mnemosynes sancta propago manet.
 Turba pudica novem dulce hic cecinere sororum;
 Delius in medio plectra chelynque sonat:
 Aurifluis landat modulis mœnumenta suorum
 Vatum, quos dignos censet honore poli:

¹ The original has "Cum:" but the initial letters of the lines were intended to form a distich; see the conclusion of the poem.

De quo certarunt Salamin, Cumæ, vel Athenæ,
 Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, primus Homerus erat;
 Laudat et Orpheum, domuit qui voce leones,
 Eurydicen Stygiis qui rapuitque rogis;
 Antiquum meminit Musæum Eumolpide natum,
 Te nec Aristophanes Euripidesque tacet;
 Vel canit illustrem genuit quem Teia tellus,
 Quemque fovit dulci Coa camena sinu;
 Deinde cothurnatum celebrem dat laude Sophoclem,
 Et quam Lesbides pavit amore Phaon;
 Æschylus, Amphion, Thespis nec honore carebant,
 Pindarus, Alcæus, quem tuleratque Paros;
 Sunt alii plures genuit quos terra Pelasga,
 Daphnæum cecinit quos meruisse decus:
 Tersa Latinorum dehinc multa poemata texit,
 Laude nec Argivis inferiora probat:
 Insignem tollit ter vatem, cui dedit Andes
 Cunas urbs, clarum Parthenopæa taphum;
 Blanda Corinna, tui Ponto religatus amore,
 Sulmoni natus Naso secundus erat;
 Inde nitore fluens lyricus genere Appulus ille
 Qui Latiis primus mordica metra tulit;
 Statius Æacidem sequitur Thebaida pingens,
 Emathio hinc scribens prælia gesta solo;
 Cui Verona parens hinc mollis scriptor amorum,
 Tu nec in obscuro, culte Tibulle, lates;
 Haud reticendus erat cui patria Bilbilis, atque
 Persius hinc mordax crimina spurca notans;
 Eximius pollet vel Seneca luce tragædus,
 Comicus et Latii bellica præda ducis;
 Laudat et hinc alios quos sæcula prisca fovebant;
 Hos omnes longum jam meminisse foret.
 Tum ¹ Smintheus, paulo spirans, ait, ecce, sorores,
 Quæ clausa oceano terra Britannia nitet!
 Oxoniam claram Pataræa ut regnæ videtis,
 Aut Tenedos, Delos, qua mea fama viret:

¹ Here again the original has "Cum."

Nonne fluunt istic nitidæ ut Permessidos undæ,
 Istic et Aoniæ sunt juga visa mihi?
Alma foveat vates nobis hæc terra ministros,
 Inter quos Schelton jure canendus adest:
Numina nostra colit; canit hic vel carmina **cedro**
 Digna, Palatinis et socianda sacris;
Grande decus nobis addunt sua scripta, linenda
Auratis, digna ut posteritate, notis;
Laudiflua excurrit serie sua culta poesis,
 Certatim palmam lectaque verba petunt;
Ora lepore fluunt, sicuti dives Tagus auro,
 Aut pressa Hyblæis dulcia mella favis;
Rhetoricus sermo riguo fecundior horto,
 Pulchrior est multo puniceisque rosis,
Unda limpidior, Parioque politior albo,
 Splendidior vitro, candidiorque nive,
Mitior Alcinois pomis, fragrantior ipso
 Thureque Pantheo, gratior et violis;
Vincit te, suavi Demosthene, vincit Ulyxim
 Eloquio, atque senem tulit ipse Pylos;
Ad fera bella trahat verbis, nequii quod **Atrides**
 Aut **Brisis**, rigidum te licet, Æacides;
Tantum ejus verbis tribuit Suadela **Venusque**
 Et Charites, animos quolibet ille ut agat,
Vel Lacedæmonios quo Tyrtæus pede claudo
 Pieriis vincens martia tela modis,
Magnus Alexander quo belliger actus ab illa
 Mæonii vatis grandisonante tuba;
Gratia tanta suis virtusque est diva camenis,
 Ut revocet manes ex Acheronte citos;
Leniat hic plectro vel pectora sæva leonum,
 Hic strepitu condat mœnia vasta lyræ;
Omnimodos animi possit depellere morbos,
 Vel Niobes luctus Heliadumque truces;
Reprimat hic rabidi Saulis sedetque furores,
 Inter delphinas alter Arion erit;
Ire Cupidineos quovis hic cogat amores,
Atque diu assuetos hic abolere queat;

Auspice me tripodas sentit, me inflante calores
 Concipit æthereos, mystica diva canit;
 Stellarum cursus, naturam vasti et Olympi,
 Aeris et vires hic aperire potest,
 Vel quid cunctiparens gremio tellus fovet almo;
 Gurgite quid teneat velivolumque mare;
 Monstratur digito phœnice ut rarior uno,
 Ecce virum de quo splendida fama volat!
 Ergo decus nostrum quo fulget honorque, sorores,
 Heroas laudes accumulate viro;
 Laudes accumulent Satyri, juga densa Lycæi,
 Pindi, vel Rhodopes, Mænala quique colunt;
 Ingement plausus Dryades facilesque Napææ,
 Oreadum celebris turba et Hamadryadum;
 Blandisonum vatem, vos Oceanitidesque atque
 Naiades, innumeris tollite præconiis;
 Æterno vireat quo vos celebravit honore,
 Illius ac astris fama perennis eat:
 Nunc maduere satis vestro, nunc prata liquore
 Flumina, Pierides, sistite, Phœbus ait.
 Sat cecinisse tuum sit, mi Schelton, tibi laudi
 Hæc Whitintonum: culte poeta, vale.
Ex capitalibus hexametrorum litteris solerter compositis emer-
git hoc distichon;
 Quæ Whitintonus canit ad laudes tibi, Schelton,
 Anglorum vatum gloria, sume libens." ¹

Another laudatory notice of Skelton by a contemporary writer will not here be out of place;

"To all auncient poetes, litell boke, submytte the,
 Whilom flouryng in eloquence facundious,

¹ From the 4th volume entitled *Opusculum Roberti Whittintoni in florentissima Oxoniensi academia Laureati*. At the end, *Expliciūt Roberti Whittintoni Oxonie Protouatis Epygrammata: una cū quibusdā Panegyricis*. *Impressa Lōdini per me wynandū de worde*. Anno post virgineū partū. M. ccccc xix. decimo vero kalēdas Maii.

And to all other whiche present nowe be;
 Fyrst to maister Chaucer and Ludgate sentencious,
 Also to preignaunt Barkley nowe beying religious,
 To *inuentiue Skelton and poet laureate*;
 Praye them all of pardon both erly and late." ¹

Skelton frequently styles himself "*orator re-
 cius*;" ² but the nature of the office from which
 he derived the title is not, I believe, understood.
 The lines in which, as we have just seen, Whit-
 tington so lavishly praises his "*rheticus sermo*,"
 allude most probably to his performances in the
 capacity of royal orator.

In 1498 Skelton took holy orders. The days
 on which, during that year, he was ordained suc-
 cessively subdeacon, deacon, and priest, are ascer-
 tained by the following entries:

"[In ecclesia conuentuali domus siue hospitalis sancti
 Thome martiris de Acon ciuitatis London. per Thomam Roth-
 lucensem episcopum vltimo die mensis Marcii]

M. Johannes Skelton London. dioc. ad titulum Mon. beate
 Marie de Gracii iuxta Turrim London."

"[In cathedra sancti Pauli London. apud summum altare

¹ Henry Bradshaw's *Lyfe of Saynt Werburghe*, l. ii. c. 24.
 printed by Pynson 1521, 4to.

² See the two subscriptions already cited, p. xxii; and vol.
 i. 154, 230, vol. ii. 275 — "Clarus & facundus in utroque scri-
 bendi genere, prosa atque metro, habebatur." Bale, *Script.
 Illust. Brit.* &c. p. 651. ed. 1559. "Inter Rhetores regius ora-
 tor factus." Pits, *De Illust. Angl. Script.* p. 701. ed. 1619.
 "With regard to the *Orator Regius*," says Warton, "I find
 one John Mallard in that office to Henry the eighth, and his
 epistolary secretary," &c. *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 132 (note), ed. 4to

ciusdem per Thomam permissione diuina London. episcopum in sabbato sancto viz. xiiii die mensis Aprilis]

Johannes Skelton poete [*sic*] laureatus Lond. dioc. ad titulum Mon. de Graciis iuxta turrim London.”

“ [In ecclesia conuentuali hospitalis beate Marie de Elsyng per Thomam Rothlucensem episcopum ix die mensis Iunii]

M. Johannes Skelton poeta lureatus [*sic*] London. dioc. ad titulum Mon. de Graciis iuxta turrim London.”¹

When Arthur, the eldest son of Henry the Seventh, was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, in 1489,² Skelton celebrated the event in a composition (probably poetical) called *Prince Arturis Creacyoun*,³ of which the title alone remains; and when Prince Henry, afterwards Henry the Eighth, was created Duke of York, in 1494,⁴ he was hailed by our author in some Latin verses—*Carmen ad principem, quando insignitus erat ducis Ebor. titulo*,—a copy of which (not to be found at present) was once among the MSS. in the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, having been seen by Tanner, who cites the initial words,—“*Si quid habes, mea Musa.*”⁵

As at the last mentioned date Prince Henry

¹ Register *Hill* 1489–1505, belonging to the Diocese of London.

² 1st Octr.: see Sandford's *Geneal. Hist.* p. 475. ed. 1707.

³ See the *Garlande of Laurell*, vol. ii. 221.

⁴ Henry was created Duke of York 31st Octr. an. 10. Hen. vii. [1494]; see Sandford's *Geneal. Hist.* p. 480. ed. 1707. See also *The Creation of Henry Duke of Yorke*, &c. (from a Cottonian MS.) in Lord Somers's *Tracts*, i. 24. ed. Scott,

⁵ *Bib'loth.* p. 676. ed. 1748.

was a mere infant, there can be no doubt that the care of his education had not yet been intrusted to our poet. It must have been several years after 1494 that Skelton was appointed tutor to that prince,—an appointment which affords a striking proof of the high opinion entertained of his talents and learning, as well as of the respectability of his character. He has himself recorded that he held this important situation :

“The honor of Englund I lernyd to spelle,
 In dygnyte roialle that doth excelle:
 Note and marke wyl¹ thys parcele;
 I yaue hym drynke of the sugryd welle
 Of Eliconys waters crystallyne,
 Aqueintyng hym with the Musys nyne.
 Yt commyth thé wele me to remorde,
 That creaunser² was to thy sofre[yn]e] lorde:
 It plesyth that noble prince roialle
 Me as hys master for to calle
 In hys lernyng primordiale.”³

And in another poem he informs us that he composed a treatise for the edification of his royal pupil :

¹ i. e. well.

² i. e. tutor: see Notes, vol.iii.146.—When ladies attempt to write history, they sometimes say odd things: e. g. “It is affirmed that Skelton had been tutor to Henry [viii.] in some department of his education. *How probable it is* that the corruption imparted by this ribald and ill-living wretch laid the foundation for his royal pupil’s grossest crimes!” *Lives of the Queens of England by Agnes Strickland*, vol. iv. 104.

³ Fourth Poem *Against Garnesche*, vol. i. 150.

“ The Duke of Yorkis creanncer whan Skelton was,
 Now Henry the viii. Kyng of Englonde,
 A tratyse he denyssid and browght it to pas,
 Callid *Speculum Principis*, to bere in his honde,
 Therin to rede; and to vnderstande
 All the demenour of princely astate,
 To be our Kyng, of God preordinate.”¹

The *Speculum Principis* has perished: we are unable to determine whether it was the same work as that entitled *Methodos Skeltonidis laureati*, sc. *Præcepta quædam moralia Henrico principi, postea Henr. viii, missa*. Dat. apud Eltham A.D. MDI., which in Tanner's days² was extant (mutilated at the beginning) among the MSS. in the

¹ *Garlande of Laurell*, vol. ii. 224.—After noticing that while Arthur was yet alive, Henry was destined by his father to be archbishop of Canterbury, “it has been remarked,” says Mrs. Thomson, “that the instructions bestowed upon Prince Henry by his preceptor, Skelton, were calculated to render him a scholar and a churchman, rather than an enlightened legislator.” *Mem. of the Court of Henry the Eighth*, i. 2. But the description of the *Speculum Principis*, quoted above, is somewhat at variance with such a conclusion. The same lady observes in another part of her work, “To Skelton, who in conjunction with Giles Dewes, clerk of the library to Henry the Seventh, had the honour of being tutor to Henry the Eighth, this king evinced his approbation,” ii. 590, and cites in a note the Epistle to Henry the Eighth prefixed to Palsgrave's *Lesclarcissement de la Langue Francoyse*, 1530, where mention is made of “the synguler clerke maister Gyles Dewes somtyme instructour to your noble grace in this selfe tong.” Though Dewes taught French to Henry, surely it by no means follows that he was “his tutor in conjunction with Skelton:” a teacher of French and a tutor are very different.

² *Biblioth.* p. 676. ed. 1748.

Lincoln-Cathedral Library, but which (like the Latin verses mentioned in a preceding page) has since been allowed to wander away from that ill-guarded collection.

When Prince Henry was a boy of nine years old, Erasmus dedicated to him an ode *De Laudibus Britanniae, Regisque Henrici Septimi ac Regiorum Liberorum*. The Dedication contains the following memorable encomium on Skelton; "Et hæc quidem interea tamquam ludicra munuscula tuæ pueritiæ dicavimus, uberiora largituri ubi tua virtus una cum ætate accrescens uberiores carminum materiam suppeditabit. Ad quod equidem te adhortarer, nisi et ipse jamdudum sponte tua velis remisque (ut aiunt) eo tenderes, et *domi haberes Skeltonum, unum Britannicarum literarum lumen ac decus*, qui tua studia possit, non solum accendere, sed etiam consummare;" and in the Ode are these lines;

"Jam puer Henricus, genitoris nomine lætus,
Monstrante fonteis vate Skeltono sacros,
 Palladias teneris meditatur ab unguibus arteis."¹

¹ *Erasmii Opera*, i. 1214, 1216, ed. 1703.—The Ode is appended to Erasmus's Latin version of the *Hecuba* and *Iphigenia in Aulide* of Euripides, printed by Aldus in 1507; and in that edition the second line which I have quoted is found with the following variation,

"Monstrante fonteis vate *Laurigero* sacros."

"It is probable," says Granger, "that if that great and good man [Erasmus] had read and perfectly understood his [Skelton's] 'pithy, pleasaunt, and profitable works,' as they

The circumstances which led to the production of this Ode are related by Erasmus in the following curious passage: "Is erat labor tridui, et tamen labor, quod jam annos aliquot nec legeram nec scripseram ullum carmen. Id partim pudor a nobis extorsit, partim dolor. Pertraxerat me Thomas Morus,¹ qui tum me in prædio Montjoi² agentem inviserat, ut animi causa in proximum vicum³ expatiaremur. Nam illic educabantur omnes liberi regii, uno Arcturo excepto, qui tum erat natu maximus. Ubi ventum est in aulam, conve-

were lately reprinted, he would have spoken of him in less honourable terms." *Biog. Hist. of Engl.* i. 102. ed. 1775. The remark is sufficiently foolish: in Skelton's works there are not a few passages which Erasmus, himself a writer of admirable wit, must have relished and admired; and it was not without reason that he and our poet have been classed together as satirists, in the following passage; "By what meanes could Skelton that laureat poet, or Erasmus that great and learned clarke, have vttered their mindes so well at large, as thorowe their clokes of mery conceytes in wryting of toyes and foolish theames: as Skelton did by *Speake parrot*, *Ware the hauke*, *the Tunning of Elynour Rummyng*, *Why come ye not to the Courte?* *Philip Sparrowe*, and such like: yet what greater sense or better matter can be, than is in this ragged ryme containd? Or who would haue hearde his fault so playnely tolde him, if not in such gibyng sorte? Also Erasmus, vnder his *prayse of Folly*, what matters hath he touched therein?" &c. *The Golden Aphroditis*, &c. by John Grange, 1577 (I quote from *Censura Liter.* vol. i. 382. ed. 1815.)

¹ Then a student of Lincoln's Inn.

² The country-seat of Lord Mountjoy.

³ Probably Eltham.

nit tota pompa, non solum domus illius, verum etiam Montjoicæ. Stabat in medio Henricus annos natus novem, jam tum indolem quandam regiam præ se ferens, h. e. animi celsitudinem cum singulari quadam humanitate conjunctam. A dextris erat Margareta, undecim ferme annos nata, quæ post nupsit Jacobo Scotorum Regi. A sinistris, Maria lusitans annos nata quatuor. Nam Edmondus adhuc infans, in ulnis gestabatur. Morus cum Arnaldo sodali salutato puero Henrico, quo rege nunc floret Britannia, nescio quid scriptorum obtulit. Ego, quoniam hujusmodi nihil expectabam, nihil habens quod exhiberem, pollicitus sum aliquo pacto meum erga ipsum studium aliquando declaraturum. Interim subirascebar Moro, quod non præmonuisset; et eo magis, quod puer Epistolio inter prandendum ad me misso, meum calamum provocaret. Abii domum, ac vel invitis Musis, cum quibus jam longum fuerat divorcium, Carmen intra tridum absolvi. Sic et ultus sum dolorem meum et pudorem sarsi.”¹

The mother of Henry the Seventh, the Countess of Richmond and Derby, is well known to have used her utmost exertions for the advancement of literature; she herself translated some pieces from

¹ *Catal. (Primus) Lucubrationum*, p. 2. prefixed to the above-cited vol. of *Erasmi Opera*.—In Turner's *Hist. of the Reign of Henry the Eighth*, it is erroneously stated that Erasmus “had the interview which he thus describes, at the residence of Lord Mountjoy.” i. 11. ed. 8vo.

the French; and, under her patronage, several works (chiefly works of piety) were rendered into English by the most competent scholars of the time. It is to her, I apprehend, that Skelton alludes in the following passage of the *Garlande of Laurell*, where he mentions one of his lost performances;

“Of my ladys grace at the contemplacyoun,
Owt of Frenshe into Englysshe prose,
Of Mannes Lyfe the Peregrynacioun,
He did translate, enterprete, and disclose.”¹

According to Churchyard, Skelton was “seldom out of princis grace:”² yet among the *Actes, Orders, and Decrees made by the King and his Counsell, remaining amongst the Records of the Court, now commonly called the Court of Requests*, we find, under *anno 17. Henry vii.*; “10 Junii apud Westminster *Jo. Skelton* commissus carceribus Janitoris Domini Regis.”³ What could have occasioned this restraint, I cannot even conjecture. but in those days of extrajudicial imprisonments he might have been incarcerated for a very slight offence. It is, however, by no means certain that the “*Jo. Skelton*” of the above entry was the individual who forms the subject of the present

¹ Vol. ii. 224.

² Lines prefixed to Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568; see Appendix I. to this Memoir.

³ p. 80, -1592, 4to.

essay ;¹ and it is equally doubtful whether or not the following entry, dated the same year, relates to the mother of the poet ;

(Easter term, 17. Henry vii.) “ *Johanne Skelton* vidue de regard. Domini Regis² } iij.li. vj.s. viij.d.”

It has been already shewn that Skelton took holy orders in 1498.³ How soon after that period he became rector of Diss in Norfolk, or what portion of his life was spent there in the exercise of his duties, cannot be ascertained. He certainly resided there in 1504 and 1511,⁴ and, as it would

¹ According to the xivth of the *Merie Tales of Skelton* (see Appendix I. to the present Memoir,) he was “long confined in prison at Westminster by the command of the cardinal:” but the tract is of such a nature that we must hesitate about believing a single statement which it contains. Even supposing that at some period or other Skelton was really imprisoned by Wolsey, that imprisonment could hardly have taken place so early as 1502. As far as I can gather from his writings, Skelton first offended Wolsey by glancing at him in certain passages of *Colyn Cloute*, and in those passages the cardinal is alluded to as being in the fulness of pomp and power.

² By Writ of Privy Seal—*Auditor's Calendar of Files from 1485 to 1522*, fol. 101 (b.), in the Public Record Office.

³ Ritson (*Bibliog. Poet.* p. 102) says that Skelton was “chaplain to king Henry the eighth:” qv. on what authority?

⁴ “He . . . was Rector and lived here [at Diss] in 1504 and in 1511, as I find by his being Witness to several Wills in this year. (Note) 1504, The Will of Mary Cowper of Disso, ‘Witnesses Master John Skelton, Laureat, Parson of Disse, &c.’ And among the Evidences of Mr. Thomas Coggeshall, I find the House in the Tenure of Master Skelton, Laureat.

. . Mr. Le-Neve says, that his [Skelton's] Institution does

seem from some of his compositions,¹ in 1506, 1507 and 1513; in the year of his decease he was, at least nominally, the rector of Diss.²

We are told³ that for keeping, under the title *not* appear in the Books, which is true, for often those that were collated by the Pope, had no Institution from the Bishop, many Instances of which in those Books occur; but it is certain from abundance of Records and Evidences that I have seen, that he was Rector several years." Blomefield's *Hist. of Norfolk*, i. 20. ed. 1739.—The parish-register of Diss affords no information concerning Skelton; for the earliest date which it contains is long posterior to his death.

¹ See *A deuoute trentale for old John Clarke*, who died in 1506, vol. i. 187; *Lamentatio urbis Norwicen.*, written in 1507, p. 194; and *Chorus de Dis*, &c. in 1513, p. 211.

² I may notice here, that in an Assessment for a Subsidy, temp. Henry viii., we find, under "Sancte Helenes Parishes within Bishhoppigate,"—

"Mr. Skelton in goodes xl. li."

Books of the Treasury of the Exchequer, B. 4. 15, fol. 7,—Public Record Office. Qy. was this our author?

³ "Cum quibusdam blateronibus fraterculis, præcipue Dominicanis, bellum gerebat continuum. Sub pseudopontifice Nordoulcensi Ricardo Nixo, mulierem illam, quam sibi secreto ob Antichristi metum desponsauerat, sub concubinæ titulo custodiebat. In ultimo tamen uitæ articulo super ea re interrogatus, respondit, se nusquam illam in conscientia coram Deo nisi pro uxore legitima tenuisse. . . . animam egit . . . relictis liberis." Bale, *Script. Illust. Brit.* pp. 651, 2. ed. 1559.—"In Monachos præsertim Prædicatores S. Dominici sæpe stylum acuit, & terminos prætergressus modestiæ, contra eos scommatibus acerbis egit. Quo facto suum exasperauit Episcopum Richardum Nixum, qui habito de vita & moribus eius examine, deprehendit hominem votam Deo castitatem violasse, imo concubinam domi suæ diu tenuisse." Pits, *De Illust. Angl. Script.* p. 701. ed. 1619.—"The Dominican Friars were the next he contested with, whose vitiousness

of a concubine, a woman whom he had secretly married, Skelton was called to account, and suspended from his ministerial functions by his diocesan, the bloody-minded and impure Richard Nykke (or Nix),¹ at the instigation of the friars,

lay pat enough for his hand; but such foul Lubbers fell heavy on all which found fault with them. These instigated Nix, Bishop of Norwich, to call him to account for keeping a Concubine, which cost him (as it seems) a suspension from his benefice. . . . We must not forget, how being charged by some on his death-bed for begetting many children on the aforesaid Concubine, he protested, that in his Conscience he kept her in the notion of a wife, though such his cowardliness that he would rather confess adultery (then accounted but a venial) than own marriage, esteemed a capital crime in that age." Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 257, (Norfolk,) ed. 1662.—Anthony Wood, with his usual want of charity towards the sons of genius, says that Skelton "having been guilty of certain crimes, (as most poets are,) at least not agreeable to his coat, fell under the heavy censure of Rich. Nykke bishop of Norwich his diocesan; especially for his scoffs and ill language against the monks and dominicans in his writings." *Ath. Oxon.* i. 50. ed. Bliss, who adds in a note, "Mr. Thomas Delafield in his MS. *Collection of Poets Laureate*, &c. among Gough's MSS. in the Bodleian, says it was in return for his being married, an equal crime in the ecclesiastics of those days, bishop Nykke suspended him from his church."—Tanner gives as one of the reasons for Skelton's taking sanctuary at Westminster towards the close of his life, "propter quod uxorem habuit." *Biblioth.* p. 675. ed. 1748.—In the xiiith of the *Merie Tales* (see Appendix I. to the present Memoir) Skelton's wife is mentioned.

¹ "Cui [Nixo] utcunque a nive nomen videatur inditum, adeo nihil erat nivei in pectore, luxuriosis cogitationibus plurimum æstuante, ut atro carbone libidines ejus notandæ videantur, si vera sunt quæ de illo a Nevillo perhibentur." Godwin *De Presul. Angl.* p. 440. ed. 1743.

chiefly the Dominicans, whom the poet had severely handled in his writings. It is said, too, that by this woman he had several children, and that on his death-bed he declared that he conscientiously regarded her as his wife, but that such had been his cowardliness, that he chose rather to confess adultery (concubinage) than what was then reckoned more criminal in an ecclesiastic—marriage.

It has been supposed that Skelton was curate of Trumpington near Cambridge¹ (celebrated as the scene of Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*), because at the end of one of his smaller poems are the following words ;

“ Auctore Skelton, rectore de Dis.
Finis, &c. Apud Trumpiuton scriptum² per Curatum ejus-

¹ “ In the Edition of his *Workes in 8vo. Lond. 1736*, which I have, at p. 272 he mentions *Trumpinton*, and seems to have been *Curate* there, 5. Jan. 1507. At p. 54 he also mentions *Swafham* and *Soham*, 2 Towns in *Cambridgeshire*, in *The Crowne of Lawrell*.” *Cole's Collections,—Add. MSS.* (Brit. Mus.) 5880, p. 199. To conclude from the mention of these towns that Skelton resided in Cambridgeshire is the height of absurdity, as the reader will immediately perceive on turning to the passage in question, *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 1416, vol. ii. 232.—Chalmers, on the authority of a MS. note by Kennet, a transcript of which had been sent to him, states that “ in 1512, Skelton was presented by Richard, abbot of Glastonbury, to the vicarage of Daltyng.” *Biog. Dict.* xxviii. 45: if Chalmers had consulted Wood's account of the poet, he might have learned that the rector of Diss and the vicar of Daltyng were different persons.

² The old ed. has “ scriuter.”

dein, quinto die Januarii Anno Domini, secundum computat. Angliæ, MDVII." ¹

But the meaning evidently is, that the curate of Trumpington had written out the verses composed by the rector of Diss; and that the former had borrowed them from the latter for the purpose of transcription, is rendered probable by two lines which occur soon after among some minor pieces of our author;

"Hanc volo transcribas, transcriptam moxque remittas
Pagellam; quia sunt qui mea scripta sciunt." ²

Anthony Wood affirms that "at Disse and in the diocese" Skelton "was esteemed more fit for the stage than the pew or pulpit." ³ It is at least certain that anecdotes of the irregularity of his life, of his buffoonery as a preacher, &c. &c. were current long after his decease, and gave rise to that tissue of extravagant figments which was put together for the amusement of the vulgar, and entitled the *Merie Tales of Skelton*.⁴

Churchyard informs us that Skelton's "talke was as he wraet [wrote];" ⁵ and in this propen-

¹ vol. i. 193.

² vol. i. 196.

³ *Ath. Oxon.* i. 50. ed. Bliss.

⁴ Reprinted in Appendix I. to this Memoir; where see also the extracts from *A C mery Talys*, &c.—The biographer of Skelton, in *Eminent Lit. and Scient. Men of Great Britain*, &c. (Lardner's *Cyclop.*), asserts that "he composed his *Merie Tales for the king and nobles*" !!! i. 279.

⁵ Lines prefixed to Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568 see Appendix I. to this Memoir.

sity to satire, as well in conversation as in writing, originated perhaps those quarrels with Garnesche, Barclay, Gaguin, and Lily, which I have now to notice.

As the four poems *Against Garnesche* were composed "by the kynges most noble commaundement," we may conclude that the monarch found amusement in the angry rhymes with which Skelton overwhelmed his opponent. Garnesche it appears, was the challenger in this contest;¹ and it is to be regretted that his verses have perished, because in all probability they would have thrown some light on the private history of Skelton. *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy*² bears a considerable resemblance to the verses against Garnesche; but the two Scottish poets are supposed to have carried on a sportive warfare of rude raillery, while a real animosity seems to have ex-

¹ "Sithe ye haue me chalyngyd, M[aster] Garnesche," &c.; see vol. i. 132.

² In the Notes on the poems *Against Garnesche* I have cited several parallel expressions from *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy*. That curious production may be found in the valuable edition of Dunbar's *Poems* (ii. 65) by Mr. D. Laing, who supposes it to have been written between 1492 and 1497 (ii. 420.) It therefore preceded the "flyting" of Skelton and Garnesche. I may add, that the last portion of our author's *Speke, Parrot* bears a considerable resemblance to a copy of verses attributed to Dunbar, and entitled *A General Satyre* (*Poems*, ii. 24); and that as the great Scottish poet visited England more than once, it is probable that he and Skelton were personally acquainted.

isted between our author and his adversary.¹ At the time of this quarrel (the exact date of which cannot be determined) Christopher Garnesche was gentleman usher to Henry the Eighth, and dignified with knighthood;² and (if Skelton may be credited) had risen from the performance of very menial offices to the station which he then occupied. As he had no claims on the remembrance of posterity, little is known concerning him; but since we have evidence that his services were called for on more than one occasion of importance, he must have been a person of considerable note. He is twice incidentally mentioned in connection with the royal sisters of Henry the Eighth. In 1514, when the Princess Mary embarked for France, in order to join her decrepit bridegroom Louis the Twelfth, Garnesche formed one of the numerous retinue selected to attend her, and had an opportunity of particularly distinguishing himself during that perilous voyage: "The ii. daye of October at the hower of foure of the clocke in the morenyng theys fayre ladye tooke her ship with

¹ At a later period there was a poetical "flyting" between Churchyard and a person named Camel, who had attacked a publication of the former called *Davie Dicars Dreame*; and some other writers took a part in the controversy: these rare pieces (known only by their titles to Ritson, *Bibliog. Poet.* p. 151, and to Chalmers, *Life of Churchyard*, p. 53) are very dull and pointless, but were evidently put forth in earnest.

² In the first poem *Against Garnesche* he is called "*Master*:" but see Notes, vol. iii. 123.

all her noble compaignie; and when they had sayled a quarter of the see, the wynde rose and seuered some of the shyppes to Caleys, and some in Flaunders, and her shippe with greate difficultie was brought to Bulleyn, and with great ieopardy at the entryng of the hauen, for the master ran the ship hard on shore, but the botes were redy and receyued this noble lady, and at the landyng *Sir Christopher Garnyshe* stode in the water, and toke her in his armes, and so caryed her to land, where the Duke of Vandosme and a Cardynall with many estates receyued her and her ladyes,"¹ &c. Again, in a letter, dated Harbottle 18th Oct. 1515, from Lord Dacre of Gilliland and T. Magnus to Henry the Eighth, concerning the confinement in childbed of Margaret widow of James the Fourth, &c. we find; "*Sir Christofer Garneis* came to Morpeth immediatly vpon the queneis delyueraunce, and by our aduice hath contynued there with suche stuff as your grace hath sent to the said quene your suster till Sondaye laste paste, whiche daye he delyuered your letter and disclosed your credence, gretely to the quenes comferte. And for somiche as the quene lieth as yet in childe bedde, and shall kepe her chambre these thre wookes at the leiste, we haue aduise the said *sir Christofer Garneis* to remaine at Morpeth till the queneis comyng thid-

¹ Hall's *Chron.* (vi. yere Hen. viii.) fol. xlviiii. ed. 1548.

der, and then her grace may order and prepare euery parte of the said stuf after her pleasure and as her grace semeth moste conuenient," &c.¹ A few particulars concerning Garnesche may be gleaned from the Books in the Public Record Office :

(Easter Term, 18 Hen. vii.) "*Cristofero* }
Garneys de regardo de denariis per Jo- } xl. li."
 hannem Crawford et al. per manuc. for.² }

(i. e. in reward out of moneys forfeited by John Crawford and another upon bail-bond,)

(1st Henry viii.) "Item to *Cristofer Gar-* }
nisshe for the kinges offring at S. Ed- } vj. s. viij. d."
 wardes shiryne the next day after the }
 Coronacion³ }

(Easter Term, 1-2 Henry viii.) "*Cristofero* }
Garneys vni generosorum hostiariorum } x. li.
 regis [one of the king's gentlemen- }
 ushers] de annuitate sua durante regis }
 beneplacito per annum }

videm Cristofero de feodo suo ad xx. li. }
 per annum pro termino vite sue⁴ } xx. li."

and we find that afterwards by letters patent dated 21st May, 7th Henry viii., in consideration of his services the king granted him an annuity of thirty

¹ *MS. Cott. Calig. B. vi. fol. 112.*

² *Auditor's Calendar of Files from 1485 to 1522, fol. 108 (b)*

³ *Privy Purse Accounts, A. 5. 16. p. 21.*

⁴ *Auditor's Calendar, &c. fol. 162 (b).*

pounds for life, payable half-yearly at the Exchequer.¹

(11th Henry viii.) "Item to *Sir Christofer Garnyshe knight* upon a warraunt for the hyre of his howse at Grenewyche² at x. li. by the yere for one half a yere due at Ester last and so after half yerely during x yeres³ } c. s."

(20th Henry viii.) "*Cristofero Garnyshe militi* de annuitate sua ad xxx l. per breve currens Rec. den. pro festo Michis ult. pret. viz. pro vno anno integro per manus Ricardi Alen⁴ } xxx. li."

see above: this entry is several times repeated, and occurs for the last time in 26th Henry viii.⁵

¹ *Auditor's Patent Book*, No. 1. fol. 6 (b).

² In an account of the visit of the Emperor Charles the Fifth to England in June 1522, among the lodgings which were occupied on that occasion at Greenwich we find mention of "Master Garnyshe house." See *Rutland Papers*, p. 82, (printed for the Camden Society.) That a knight was frequently called "Master," I have shewn in Notes, vol. iii. 123.

³ *Privy Purse Accounts*, A. 5, 17. p. 175.

⁴ *Teller's Book*, A. 3. 24. p. 293.

⁵ To these notices of Garnesche I may add the following letter, the original of which is in the possession of Mr. J. P. Collier:

"Pleas it your grace, We haue Receyued the Kyngs most graciouse letres dated at his manour of grenwich the xth day of Aprill, Wherby we perceyue his high pleasour is that we shulde take some substanciall direccion for the preparacion and furnyshing of all maner of vitailles aswell for man as for horse, to bee had in Redynesse against the commyng of his grace, his nobles with ther trayn; Like it your grace, so it is We haue not been in tymes past so greatly and sore destitute

Bale mentions among the writings of Alexander

this many yeres past of all maner of vitailles both for man and beist as we be now, not oonly by reason of a gret murryn of cattall which hath ben in thies partes, but also for that the Kings takers; lieng about the borders of the see coste next adionyng vnto vs, haue takyn and made provision therof contrarie to the olde ordnannce, so that we be vtterly destitute by reason of the same, and can in no wise make any substanciall provision for his highnes nor his trayn in thies partes, for all the bochers in this toun haue not substaunce of beoffs and motones to serue vs, as we be accompanied at this day, for the space of iiii wekes att the most. And also as now ther is not within this toun of Calais fewell sufficient to serue vs oon hole weke, the which is the great daunger and vnsuretie of this the Kings toun. Wherefore we most humbly besuch your grace, the premisses considered, that we by your gracious and fauorable helpe may haue not oonly Remedy for our beiffs and motones with other vitailles, but also that all maner of vitailers of this toun may repair and resorte with ther shippes from tyme to tyme to make ther purueyance of all maner of fewell from hensfurth for this toun oonly, without any let or Interrupcionn of the kings officers or takers, any commandment hertofore giffen to the contrarie not withstanding, for without that both the Kings Highnes, your grace, and all this toun shalbe vtterly disappoynted and disceyved both of vitailles and fewell, which god defend. At Calais the xviiith day of Aprill,

By your seruants,

John Peache,

Wyllym Sandys,

Edward Guldeferd,

Robert Wotton,

Crystoffyr Garneys.

To my Lorde cardynalls grace,

Legate a Latere and chanceler of England."

In *Proceed. and Ordin. of the Privy Council* (vol. vii. 183, 196), 1541, mention is made of a *Lady Garnishe* (probably the widow of Sir Christopher) having had a house at Calais; and

Barclay a piece "against Skelton."¹ It has not come down to us; but the extant works of Barclay bear testimony to the hearty dislike with which he regarded our author. At the conclusion of *The Ship of Fools* is this contemptuous notice of one of Skelton's most celebrated poems;

"Holde me excused, for why my will is good
Men to induce vnto vertue and goodnes;
I write no ieste ne tale of Robin Hood,
Nor sowe no sparkles ne sede of viciousnes;
Wise men loue vertue, wilde people wantonnes,
It longeth not to my science nor cunning,
For Philip the Sparow the Dirige to singe:"²

a sneer to which Skelton most probably alludes, when, enumerating his own productions in the *Garlande of Laurell*, he mentions,

"Of Phillip Sparow the lamentable fate,
The dolefull desteny, and the carefull chaunce,
Dyuysed by Skelton after the funerail rate;
*Yet sum there be therewith that take greuaunce,
And grudge therat with frownynge countenaunce;*
But what of that? hard it is to please all men;
Who list amende it, let hym set to his penne."³

That a portion of the following passage in Bar-

in *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary* (p. 120) we find under June 1543, "Item my lady garnyshe seruaunt for bringing cherys xiid."

¹ "Contra Skeltonum, Lib. i." *Script. Illust. Brit.* p. 723. ed. 1559.

² fol 259. ed. 1570.

³ vol. ii. 225.

clay's *Fourth Egloge* was levelled at Skelton, appears highly probable ;

“ Another thing yet is greatly more damnable:
 Of rascolde poetes yet is a shamfull rable,
 Which voyde of wisdomes presumeth to indite,
 Though they haue scantly the cunning of a snite;¹
 And to what vices that princes moste intende,
 Those dare these fooles solemnize and commende.
 Then is he decked as *Poete laureate*,
 When stinking Thais made him her graduate:
 When Muses rested, she did her season note,
 And she with Bacchus her camous² did promote.
 Such rascolde drames, promoted by Thais,
 Bacchus, Licoris, or yet by Testalis,
 Or by suche other newe forged Muses nine,
 Thinke in their mindes for to haue wit diuine;
 They laude their verses, they boast, they vaunt and iet,
 Though all their cunning be scantly worth a pet:
 If they haue smelled the artes triuiall,
 They count them Poetes hye and heroicall.
 Such is their foly, so foolishly they dote,
 Thinking that none can their playne errorr note:
 Yet be they foolishe, auoyde of honestie,
 Nothing seasoned with spice of grautie,
 Auoyde of pleasure, auoyde of eloquence,
 With many wordes, and fruitlesse of sentence;
 Unapt to learne, disdayning to be taught,
 Their priuate pleasure in snare hath them so caught;
 And worst yet of all, they count them excellent,
 Though they be fruitlesse, rashe and improuident.
 To such ambages who doth their minde incline,
 They count all other as priuate³ of doctrine,
 And that the faultes which be in them alone,
 Also be common in other men eche one.”⁴

¹ i. e. snipe.

² See Notes, vol. iii. 97. If this line alludes to Skelton, it preserves a trait of his personal appearance.

³ i. e. deprived, devoid.

⁴ sig. c. v. ed. 1570.

In the *Garlande of Laurell* we are told by Skelton, that among the famous writers of all ages and nations, whom he beheld in his vision, was

“ a frere of Fraunce men call *sir Gagwyne*,
That frownyd on me full angerly and pale;”¹

and in the catalogue of his own writings which is subsequently given in the same poem, he mentions a piece which he had composed against this personage,

“ *The Recule ageinst Gagwyne* of the Frenshe nacyoun.”²

Robert Gaguin was minister-general of the Matu-
rines, and enjoyed great reputation for abilities and learning.³ He wrote various works; the most important of which is his *Compendium supra Francorum gestis* from the time of Pharamond to the author's age. In 1490 he was sent by Charles the Eighth as ambassador to England, where he probably became personally acquainted with Skelton.

That Skelton composed certain Latin verses against the celebrated grammarian William Lily, we are informed by Bale,⁴ who has preserved the initial words, viz.

“ Urgeor impulsus tibi, Lilli, retundere:”

¹ Vol. ii. 186.

² Vol. ii. 222.

³ In a volume of various pieces by Gaguin, dated 1498, is a treatise on metre, which shews no mean acquaintance with the subject.

⁴ “ *Inuectivam in Guil. Liliū, Lib. i.*” *Script. Illust. Brit.* &c. p. 652. ed. 1559. The reader must not suppose from the

and that Lily repaid our poet in kind, we have the following proff;

“ *Lilii Hendecasyllabi in Schellonum ejus carmina calumniantem.*¹

“ Quid me, Scheltone, fronte sic aperta
 Carpis, vipereo potens veneno?
 Quid versus trutina meos iniqua
 Libras? dicere vera num licebit?
 Doctrinæ tibi dum parare famam
 Et doctus fieri studes poeta,
 Doctrinam nec habes, nec es poeta.”

It would seem that Skelton occasionally repented of the severity of his compositions, and longed to recall them; for in the *Garlande of Laurell*, after

description, “ Lib. i.,” that the invective in question extended to a volume: it was, I presume, no more than a copy of verses. Wood mentions that this piece was “ written in verse and very carping.” *Ath. Ox.* i. 52. ed. Bliss: but most probably he was acquainted with it only through Bale. He also informs us (i. 34) that Lily wrote a tract entitled “ *Apologia ad* { *Joh. Skeltonum.*
Rob. Whittington. ” for a copy of which I have sought in vain.

¹ See Weever’s *Fun. Monum.* p. 498. ed. 1631; Stowe’s Collections, *MS. Harl.* 540. fol. 57; and Fuller’s *Worthies*, (*Norfolk*.) p. 257. ed. 1662. “ And this,” says Fuller, “ I will do for W. Lilly, (though often beaten for his sake,) endeavour to translate his answer:

“ With face so bold, and teeth so sharp,
 Of viper’s venome, why dost carp?
 Why are my verses by thee weigh’d
 In a false scale? may truth be said?
 Whilst thou to get the more esteem
 A learned Poet fain wouldst seem,
 Skelton, thou art, let all men know it,
 Neither learned, nor a Poet.”

many of them have been enumerated, we mete with the following curious passage ;

“ Item *Apollo that whirllid vp his chare,*
That made sum to snurre and snuf in the wynde ;
It made them to skip, to stampe, and to stare,
Whiche, if they be happy, haue cause to beware
In ryming and raylyng with hym for to mell
For drede that he lerne them there A, B, C, to spell.

With that I stode vp, halfe sodenly afrayd ;
Suppleyng to Fame, I besought her grace,
And that it wolde please her, full tenderly I prayd,
Owt of her bokis Apollo to rase.

Nay, sir, she sayd, what so in this place
Of our noble courte is ones spoken owte,
It must nedes after rin all the worlde aboute.

God wote, theis wordes made me full sad ;
And when that I sawe it wolde no better be,
But that my peticyon wolde not be had,
What shulde I do but take it in gre ?
For, by Juppiter and his high mageste,
I did what I cowde to scrape out the scrollis,
*Apollo to rase out of her ragman rollis.”*¹

The piece which commenced with the words “Apollo that whirllid vp his chare,” and which gave such high displeasure to some of Skelton’s contemporaries, has long ago perished,—in spite of Fame’s refusal to erase it from her books !

The title-page of the *Garlande of Laurell*,² ed. 1523, sets forth that it was “studiously dyusyised at *Sheryfhotton Castell*,” in Yorkshire ; and there seems no reason to doubt that it was written by Skelton during a residence at that mansion. The

¹ Vol. ii. 235.

² See vol. ii. 170.

date of its composition is unknown ; but it was certainly produced at an advanced period of his life ;¹ and the Countess of Surrey, who figures in it so conspicuously as his patroness, must have been Elizabeth Stafford, daughter of Edward Duke of Buckingham, second wife of Thomas Howard Earl of Surrey, and mother of that illustrious Surrey "whose fame for aye endures." Sheriff-Hutton Castle was then in the possession of her father-in-law, the Duke of Norfolk,² the victor of Flodden Field ; and she was probably there as his guest, having brought Skelton in her train. Of this poem, unparalleled for its egotism, the greater part is allegorical ; but the incident from which it derives its name,—the weaving of a garland for the author by a party of ladies, at the desire of the Countess, seems to have had some foundation in fact.

From a passage in the poem just mentioned, we may presume that Skelton used sometimes to reside at the ancient college of the Bonhommes at Ashridge ;

"Of the Bonehoms of Ashrige besyde Barkamstede,
That goodly place to Skelton moost kynde,
 Where the sunk royall is, Crystes blode so rede,
 Whervpon he metrefyde after his mynde ;
 A pleasaunter place than Ashrige is, harde were to
 fynde," &c.³

¹ See Notes, vol. iii. 325.

² It was granted to him by the king for life.

³ Vol. ii. 235. Concerning this college, see Notes, vol. iii. 349

That Skelton once enjoyed the patronage of Wolsey, at whose desire he occasionally exercised his pen, and from whose powerful influence he expected preferment in the church, we learn from the following passages in his works :

“ Honorificatissimo, amplissimo, longeq̄ue reverendissimo in Christo patri, ac domino, domino Thomæ, &c. tituli sanctæ Cecilie, sacrosanctæ Romanæ ecclesie presbytero, Cardinali meritisimo, et apostolicæ sedis legato, a latereque legato superillustri, &c. Skeltonis laureatus, ora. reg., humillimum dicit obsequium cum omni debita reverentia, tanto tamque magnifico digna principe sacerdotum, totiusque justitiæ æquabilissimo moderatore, necnon præsentis opusculi fautore excellentissimo, &c., ad cujus auspiciatissimam contemplationem, sub memorabili prelo gloriosæ immortalitatis, præsens pagella felicitatur, &c.”¹

“Ad serenissimam Majestatem Regiam, pariter cum Domino Cardinali, Legato a latere honorificatissimo, &c.

Lautre Enuoy.

Perge, liber, celebrem pronus regem venerare
 Henricum octavum, resonans sua præmia laudis.
 Cardineum dominum pariter venerando salutes,
 Legatum a latere, et fiat memor ipse precare
 Prebendæ, quam promisit mihi credere quondam,
 Meque suum referas pignus sperare salutis
 Inter spemque metum.

¹ *A Replycation agaynst certayne yong scolers abiured of late,* f.c. vol. i. 230. In *Typograph. Antiq.* ii. 539. ed. Dibdin, where the *Replycation* is described and quoted from Heber's copy, we are told that it has “a Latin address to Thomas — who [*sic*] he [Skelton] calls an excellent patron,” &c. That the editor should have read the address without discovering that the said *Thomas* was Cardinal Wolsey, is truly marvelous.

Twene hope and drede
 My lyfe I lede,
 But of my spede
 Small sekernes;
 Howe be it I rede
 Both worde and dede
 Should be agrede
 In noblenes:
 Or els, &c." ¹

" To my Lorde Cardynals right noble grace, &c.

Lenuoy.

Go, lytell quayre, apace,
 In moost humble wyse,
 Before his noble grace,
 That caused you to deuise
 This lytel enterprise;
 And hym moost lowly pray,
 In his mynde to comprise
 Those wordes his grace dyd saye
 Of an ammas gray.
Je foy enterment en sa bone grace." ²

We also find that Skelton " gaue to my lord Cardynall " *The Boke of Three Fooles.* ³

What were the circumstances which afterwards alienated the poet from his powerful patron, cannot now be discovered: we only know that Skelton assailed the full-blown pride of Wolsey with a boldness which is astonishing, and with a fierce-

¹ *Garlande of Laurell*, vol. ii. 241.

² See vol. ii. 339. where this *Lenuoy* (which will be more particularly noticed presently) is appended to the poem *Howe the douty Duke of Albany, &c.*

³ Vol. i. 221.

ness of invective which has seldom been surpassed. Perhaps it would have been better for the poet's memory, if the passages just quoted had never reached us ; but nothing unfavourable to his character ought to be hastily inferred from the alteration in his feelings towards Wolsey while the cause of their quarrel is buried in obscurity. The provocation must have been extraordinary, which transformed the humble client of the Cardinal into his "dearest foe."

We are told by Francis Thynne, that Wolsey was his father's "olde enymye, for manye causes, but mostly for that my father had furthered Skelton to publishe his *Collin Cloute* againste the Cardinall, the moste parte of whiche Booke was compiled in my father's howse at Erithe in Kente."¹ But though *Colyn Cloute* contains passages which manifestly point at Wolsey, it cannot be termed a piece "*againste the Cardinall*:" and I have no doubt that the poem which Thynne had in view, and which by mistake he has mentioned under a wrong title, was our author's *Why come ye nat to Courte*. In *Colyn Cloute* Skelton ventured to aim only a few shafts at Wolsey: in *Why come* //

¹ *Animadversions vpon the annotacions and correctōns of some imperfeciōns of impressōnes of Chaucers Workes, &c.* p. 13,—in Todd's *Illust. of Gower and Chaucer*.

I may notice here, that among the *Harleian MSS.* (2252, fols. 156, 158) are two poems on the Cardinal, which in the Catalogue of that collection Wanley has described as "Skelton's libels;" but they are evidently not by him.

ye nat to Courte, and in *Speke, Parrot*, he let loose against him the full asperity of reproach.))

The bull appointing Wolsey and Campeggio to be legates *a latere* jointly, is dated July 27th, 1518, that appointing Wolsey to be sole Legate *a latere* 10th June, 1519; ¹ and from the first two passages which I have cited above (p. liii.) we ascertain the fact, that Wolsey continued to be the patron of Skelton for at least some time after he had been invested with the dignity of papal legate. If the third passage cited above (p. liv.) “Go lytell quayre, apace,” &c. really belong to the poem *How the douty Duke of Albany*, &c. to which it is appended in Marshe’s ed. of Skelton’s *Workes*, 1568, our author must have been soliciting Wolsey for preferment as late as November 1523: but his most direct satire on the Cardinal, *Why come ye nat to Courte*, was evidently composed anterior to that period; and his *Speke, Parrot* (which would require the scolia of a Tzetzes to render it intelligible) contains seeming allusions to events of a still earlier date. The probability (or rather

¹ Wolsey had previously been named a Cardinal in 1515.—Fiddes (*Life of Wolsey*, p. 99. ed. 1726) says that he became Legate *a latere* in 1516: but see *State Papers* (1830,) i. 9 (note.) Lingard’s *Hist. of Engl.* vi. 57. ed. 8vo, &c.—Hoping to ascertain the exact date of the *Replycacion*, &c. (which contains the first of the passages now under consideration,) I have consulted various books for some mention of the “young hereticks” against whom that piece was written; but without success.

certainty) is, that the L'Envoy, "Go, lytell quayre," &c. has no connexion with the poem on the Duke of Albany: in Marshe's volume the various pieces are thrown together without any attempt at arrangement; and it ought to be particularly noticed that between the poem against Albany and the L'Envoy in question, *another L'Envoy is interposed*.¹ Wolsey might have forgiven the allusions made to him in *Colyn Cloute*; but it would be absurd to imagine that, in 1523, he continued to patronize the man who had written *Why come ye nat to Courte*.

The following anecdote is subjoined from Hall: "And in this season [15 Henry viii.] the Cardinall by his power legantine dissolued the Conuocacion at Paules, called by the Archebishop of Cantorbury [Warham,] and called hym and all the clergie to his conuocacion to Westminster, which was neur seen before in Englande, wherof master Skelton, a mery Poet, wrote,

Gentle Paule, laie doune thy sweard,²
For Peter of Westminster hath shauen thy beard."³

¹ We cannot settle this point by a comparison of old editions, the poem against Albany and the two L'Envoys which follow it being extant only in the ed. of Marshe.—It may be doubted, too, if the L'Envoy which I have cited at p. liii. "*Perge, liber*," &c. belongs to the *Garlande of Laureli*, to which it is affixed in Marshe's edition as a *second* L'Envoy: in Fanes's edition of that poem, which I conceive to be the first that was printed, it is not found: the Cott. MS. of the *Garlande* is unfortunately imperfect at the end.

² i. e. sword.

³ *Chron.* (Hen. viii.) fol. cx. ed. 1548.

From the vengeance of the Cardinal,¹ who had sent out officers to apprehend him, Skelton took sanctuary at Westminster, where he was kindly received and protected by the abbot Islip,² with

¹ "Ob literas quasdam in Cardinalem Vuolsium inuectivas, ad Vuestinonasteriense tandem asyllum confugere, pro uita seruanda, coactus fuit: ubi nihilominus sub abbate Islepo fauorem inuenit." Bale, *Script. Illust. Brit.* p. 651. ed. 1559.— "Vbi licet Abbatis Islepi fauore protegeretur, tamen vitam ibi, quantumuis antea iucunde actam, tristi exitu conclusit." Pits, *De Illust. Angl. Script.* p. 701. ed. 1619.—"But Cardinal Wolsey (*impar congressus*, betwixt a poor Poet and so potent a Prelate) being inveighed against by his pen, and charged with too much truth, so persecuted him, that he was forced to take Sanctuary at Westminster, where Abbot Islip used him with much respect," &c. Fuller's *Worthies*, (*Norfolk*), p. 257. ed. 1662.—"He [Skelton] was so closely pursued by his [Wolsey's] officers, that he was forced to take sanctuary at Westminster, where he was kindly entertained by John Islipp the abbat, and continued there to the time of his death." Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* i. 51. ed. Bliss, who adds in a note; "The original MS. register of this sanctuary, which must have been a great curiosity, was in Sir Henry Spelman's library, and was purchased at the sale of that collection by Wanley for Lord Weymouth. MS. note in Wanley's copy of Nicholson's *Historical Library* in the Bodleian."

² John Islip was elected abbot in 1500, and died in 1532. see Widmore's *Hist. of West. Abbey*, 119, 123. "John Skelton . . . is said by the late learned Bishop of Derry, Nicholson (*Hist. Lib.* chap. 2.) to have first collected the Epitaphs of our Kings, Princes, and Nobles, that lie buried at the Abbey Church of Westminster: but I apprehend this to be no otherwise true, than that, when he, to avoid the anger of Cardinal Wolsey, had taken sanctuary at Westminster, to recommend himself to Islip, the Abbot at that time, he made some copies of verses to the memories of King Henry the

whom he had been long acquainted. In this asylum he appears to have remained till his death, which happened June 21st, 1529. What he is reported to have declared on his death-bed concerning the woman whom he had secretly married, and by whom he left several children, has been already mentioned: ¹ he is said also to have uttered at the same time a prophecy concerning the downfall of Wolsey. ² He was buried in the chancel of the neighbouring church of St. Margaret's;

Seventh and his Queen, and his mother the Countess of Richmond, and perhaps some other persons buried in this church." *Account of Writers, &c.* p. 5, appended to Widmore's *Enquiry into the time of the found. of West. Abbey.*—Widmore is mistaken: neither in Marshé's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, nor in the *Reges, Reginae, Nobiles, &c.*, 1603, is there any copy of verses by our author *on the Queen of Henry the Seventh*: see in vol. i. 198, 199, 217, the three pieces which I have given from those sources: two of them at least were composed before the poet had sought refuge at Westminster, for one (written at Islip's request) is dated 1512, and another, 1516: the third has no date.

¹ See p. xxxix.

² "De morte Cardinalis uaticinium edidit: & eius ueritatem euentus declarauit." Bale, *Script. Illust. Brit.* p. 652. ed. 1559.—"The word *Vates* being Poet or Prophet, minds me of this dying Skeltons prediction, foretelling the ruine of Cardinal Wolsey. Surely, one unskilled in prophecies, if well versed in Solomons Proverbs, might have prognosticated us much, that *Pride goeth before a fall.*" Fuller's *Worthies, Norfolk,*) p. 257. ed. 1662.—Did not this anecdote originate in certain verses of *Colyn Cloute*? See the fragment from *Lansdown MSS.* vol. ii. 141, note.

and, soon after, this inscription was placed over his grave,

*Joannes Skeltonus, vates Pierius, hic situs est.*¹

Concerning the personal appearance of Skelton we are left in ignorance; ² for the portraits which are prefixed to the old editions of several of his poems must certainly not be received as authentic representations of the author.³

¹ "Vuestmonasterii tandem, captiuitatis suæ tempore, mortuus est: & in D. Margaritæ sacello sepultus, cum hac inscriptione alabastrica: Johannes Skeltonus, vates Pierius, hic situs est. Animam egit 21 die Junii, anno Dñi 1529, relictis liberis." Bale, *Script. Illust. Brit.* p. 652. ed. 1559. See also Pits (*De Illust. Angl. Script.* p. 703. ed. 1619) and Fuller (*Worthies, Norfolk*, p. 257. ed. 1662,) who give *Joannes Skeltonus vates Pierius hic situs est* as the whole of Skelton's epitaph. Weever, however (*Fun. Monum.* p. 497. ed. 1631,) makes "*animam egit, 21 Junii 1529*" a portion of it, and in a marginal note substitutes "ejicit" for "*egit*," as if *correcting* the Latinity!! So too Wood (*Ath. Oxon.* i. 52. ed. Bliss.) who places "ejicit" between brackets after "*egit*," and states (what the other writers do not mention) that the inscription was put on the tomb "soon after" Skelton's death.

In the *Church-Wardens Accompts of St. Margaret's, Westminster* (Nichols's *Illust. of Manners and Expences*, &c. 4to. p. 9,) we find this entry;

£. s. d.

"1529. Item, of Mr. Skelton for viii tapers . . 0 2 8"

The institution of the person who succeeded Skelton as rector of Diss is dated 17th July: see first note on the present Memoir.

² See note, p. xlviij.

³ e. g. the portrait on the title-page of *Dyuers Balettys ana Hyties solucyous* (evidently from the press of Pynson; see Appendix II. to this Memoir) is given as a portrait of "Doctor

The chief satirical productions of Skelton (and the bent of his genius was decidedly towards satire) are *The Bowge of Courte*, *Colyn Cloute*, and *Why come ye nat to Courte*.—In the first of these, an allegorical poem of considerable invention, he introduces a series of characters delineated with a boldness and discrimination which no preceding poet had displayed since the days of Chaucer, and which none of his contemporaries (with the sole exception of the brilliant Dunbar) were able to attain: the merit of those personifications has been allowed even by Warton, whose ample critique on Skelton deals but little in praise;¹ and I am somewhat surprised that Mr. D'Israeli, who has lately come forward as the warm eulogist of our author,² should have passed over *The Bowge of Courte* without the slightest notice.—*Colyn Cloute*

Boorde" in the *Boke of Knowledge* (see reprint, sig. I); and (as Mr. F. R. Atkinson of Manchester obligingly informed me by letter some years ago) the strange fantastic figure on the reverse of the title-page of Faukes's ed. of the *Garlande of Laurell*, 1523 (poorly imitated in *The Brit. Bibliogr.* iv. 389) is a copy of an early French print.

¹ "Warton has undervalued him [Skelton]; which is the more remarkable, because Warton was a generous as well as a competent critic. He seems to have been disgusted with buffooneries, which, like those of Rabelais, were thrown out as a tub for the whale; for unless Skelton had written thus for the coarsest palates, he could not have poured forth his bitter and undaunted satire in such perilous times." Southey, *Select Works of Brit. Poets*, (1831), p. 61.

² *Amen. of Lit.* ii. 69.

is a general satire on the corruptions of the Church, the friars and the bishops being attacked alike unsparingly ; nor, when Skelton himself pronounced of this piece that " though his ryme be ragged, it hath in it some pyth,"¹ did he overrate its vigour and its weighty truth : *Colyn Cloute* not only shews that fearlessness which on all occasions distinguished him, but evinces a superiority to the prejudices of his age, in assailing abuses, which, if manifest to his more enlightened contemporaries, few at least had as yet presumed to censure.—In *Why come ye nat to Courte* the satire is entirely personal, and aimed at the all-powerful minister to whom the author had once humbly sued for preferment. While throughout this remarkable poem, Skelton either overlooks or denies the better qualities, the commanding talents, and the great attainments of Wolsey, and even ungenerously taunts him with the meanness of his origin ; he fails not to attack his character and conduct in those particulars against which a satirist might justly declaim, and with the certainty that invectives so directed would find an echo among the people. The regal pomp and luxury of the Cardinal, his insatiate ambition, his insolent bearing at the council-board, his inaccessibility to suitors, &c. &c. are dwelt on with an intensity of scornful bitterness, and occasionally give rise to vivid descriptions which

history assures us are but little exaggerated. Some readers may perhaps object, that in this poem the satire of Skelton too much resembles the "oyster-knife that hacks and hews," to which that of Pope was so unfairly likened¹); but all must confess that he wields his weapon with prodigious force and skill; and we know that Wolsey writhed under the wounds which it inflicted.

When Catullus bewailed the death of Lesbia's bird, he confined himself to eighteen lines and truly golden lines; but Skelton, while lamenting for the sparrow that was "slayn at Carowe," has engrafted on the subject so many far-sought and whimsical embellishments, that his epicede is really what the old editions term it,—“a boke.” *Phyllyp Sparowe* exhibits such fertility and delicacy of fancy, such graceful sportiveness, and such ease of expression, that it might well be characterized by Coleridge as “an exquisite and original poem.”²

In *The Tunnyng of Elynour Rummyng*, which would seem to have been one of Skelton's most popular performances, we have a specimen of his

¹ “Satire should, like a polish'd razor, keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen:
Thine is an oyster-knife that hacks and hews,” &c.

*Verses addressed to the imitator of the First Satire
of the Second Book of Horace (the joint composition
of Lord Hervey and Lady M. W. Montagu.)*

² *Remains*, ii. 163.

talent for the low burlesque ;—a description of a real ale-wife, and of the various gossips who keep thronging to her for liquor, as if under the influence of a spell. If few compositions of the kind have more coarseness or extravagance, there are few which have greater animation or a richer humour.

→ The *Garlande of Laurell*, one of Skelton's longest and most elaborate pieces, cannot also be reckoned among his best. It contains, however, several passages of no mean beauty, which shew that he possessed powers for the higher kind of poetry, if he had chosen to exercise them ; and is interspersed with some lyrical addresses to the ladies who weave his chaplet, which are very happily versified. In one respect the *Garlande of Laurell* stands without a parallel : the history of literature affords no second example of a poet having deliberately written sixteen hundred lines in honour of himself.

→ Skelton is to be regarded as one of the fathers of the English drama. His *Enterlude of Vertue*¹ and his *Comedy callyd Achademios*² have perished : so perhaps has his *Nigramansir* ;³ but his

¹ " *Of Vertu also the souerayne enterlude.*"

Garlande of Laurell, vol. ii. 221.

² " *His commedy, Achademios callyd by name.*" *Id.* p. 222.

³ See Appendix II. to this Memoir.—Mr. Collier is mistaken in supposing Skelton's " *paiantis that were played in Ioyows Garde* " to have been dramatic compositions : see Notes, vol. iii. 344.

Magnificence is still extant. To those who carry their acquaintance with our early play-wrights no farther back than the period of Peele, Greene, and Marlowe, this "goodly interlude" by Skelton will doubtless appear heavy and inartificial: its superiority, however, to the similar efforts of his contemporaries, is, I apprehend, unquestionable.¹

If our author did not invent the metre which he uses in the greater portion of his writings, and which is now known by the name *Skeltonical*, he was certainly the first who adopted it in poems of any length; and he employed it with a skill, which, after he had rendered it popular, was beyond the reach of his numerous imitators.² "The Skeltonical short verse," observes Mr. D'Israeli, speaking of Skelton's own productions, "contracted into five or six, and even four syllables, is wild and airy. In the quick returning rhymes, the playfulness of the diction, and the pungency of new words, usually ludicrous, often expressive, and sometimes felicitous, there is a stirring spirit which will be best felt in an audible reading. The velocity of his verse has a carol of its own. The

¹ A writer, of whose stupendous ignorance a specimen has been already cited (p. xl, note 4,) informs us that *Magnificence* "is one of the dullest plays in our language." *Eminent Lit. and Scient. Men of Great Britain, &c.* (Lardner's *Cyclop.*) i. 281.

² See Appendix III. to this Memoir, and *Poems attributed to Skelton*, vol. ii. 345.

chimes ring in the ear, and the thoughts are flung about like coruscations." ¹

Skelton has been frequently termed a Macaronic poet, but it may be doubted if with strict propriety; for the passages in which he introduces snatches of Latin and French are thinly scattered through his works. "This anomalous and motley mode of versification," says Warton, "is I believe supposed to be peculiar to our author. I am not, however, quite certain that it originated with Skelton." ² He ought to have been "quite certain" that it did *not*.³

¹ *Amen. of Lit.* ii. 69.

² *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 356.

³ "In hevyn blyse ye xalle wyn to be
Amonge the blyssyd company *omnium supernorum*
Ther as is alle merth joye and glee
Inter agmina angelorum
In blyse to abyde."
Coventry Mysteries,—MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii. fol. 112.

A reprint of Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes* having appeared in 1736, Pope took occasion, during the next year, to mention them in the following terms,—casting a blight on our poet's reputation, from which it has hardly yet recovered;

"Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And *bestly Skelton Heads of Houses* quote"—

Note—"Skelton, Poet Laureat to Hen. 8. a Volume of whose Verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of Ribaldry, Obscenity, and Billingsgate Language." *The First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace imitated*, 1737. But Pope was unjust to Skelton; for, though expressions of decided grossness occur in his writings, *they are comparatively*,

few; and during his own time, so far were such expressions from being regarded as offensive to decency, that in all probability his royal pupil would not have scrupled to employ them in the presence of Anne Bulleyn and her maids of honour.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

P. xxvii. The following verses are transcribed from a MS. (in the collection of the late Mr. B. H. Bright,) consisting of *Hymni*, &c., by Picius Mirandula:—

“*Pici Mirandulæ Curmen Extemporale.*”

Quid tibi facundum nostra in præconia fontem
Solvere collibuit,

Æterna vates, Skelton, dignissime lauro,

Castalidumque decus?

Nos neque Pieridum celebramus antra sororum,

Fonte nec Aonio

Ebibimus vatum ditantes ora liquores.

At tibi Apollo chelym [*sic*]

Auratam dedit, et vocalia plectra sorores;

Inque tuis labiis

Dulcior Hyblæo residet suadela liquore:

Se tibi Calliope

Infudit totam: tu carmine vincis olorem;

Cedit et ipse tibi

Ultro porrecta cithara Rhodopeius Orpheus:

Tu modulante lyra

Et mulcere feras et duras ducere quercus,

Tu potes et rapidos

Flexanimis fidibus fluviorum sistere cursus;

Flectere saxa potes.

Græcia Mæonio quantum debebat Homero,

Mantua Virgilio,

Tantum Skeltoni jam se debere fatetur

Terra Britanna suo:

Primus in hanc Latio deduxit ab orbe Camenas:

Primus hic edocuit

Exculte pureque loqui: te principe, Skelton,
 Anglia nil metuat
 Vel cum Romanis versa certare poetis.
 Vive valeque diu!"

P. xlv. To my notices of Garnesche add the following, (collected by Mr. D. E. Davy) from *Gent. Mag.* for Sept. 1844, p. 229:—

"Sir Christopher Garneys, knt., whom I suppose to be the person who was the object of Skelton's satire, was the second son of Edmund Garneys, esq. of Beccles, who was the second son of Peter Garneys, esq. of Beccles, whose eldest son, Thomas, was of Kenton. He, 'Sir Christopher,' was janitor of Caleys, and often employed in the wars temp. H. viii. . .

In a window of the chapel in the north aisle of St. Peter's Mancroft Church, Norfolk, was the following inscription: ' . . . anda . a . . Dei, pro animabus Thome Elys tercia vice hujus civitatis Norwici Majoris et Margarete consortis sue.—Orandumque est pro animabus Edmundi Garnysh armigeri, et Matilde ejus consortis, filie predictorum Thome Elis et Margarete, ac pro longo statu Christopheri Garnysh militis, dicti serenissimi Principis ville sue Calisie Janitoris.' See *Blomf. Norf.* vol. iv. p. 199. [vol. ii. 628. ed. fol.]

'A description of the Standards borne in the field by Peers and Knights in the reign of Hen. Eighth, from a MS. in the College of Arms marked I. 2. Compiled between the years . 510 and 1525.'—Syr Christoffer Garnys. 'A on a wreath, Argent & Gules, an arm erased below the elbow, and erect proper, holding a falchion Argent, pomel and hilt Or, the blade imbrued in 3 places Gules. (Imperfect.)—Arms. Argent a chevron Azure between 3 escallops Sable.' *Excerpta Historica*, p. 317.

'Standards, temp. H. viii. Harl. MS. 4632. Syr Xr'ofer Garneyshe. Blue. The device, on a wreath Argent and Gules, an arm erased, grasping a scymitar, Proper.—Motto, "Oublere ne dois." Collect. Topog. vol. iii. p. 64.

'The names of the Englishmen which were sent in Ambassade to the French King, before the Qwenes Landing, and oder Gentilmen in their Compaigne.'—'Sir Christopher Garveys' (inter al.).—Leland's Collect. vol. ii. p. 704.

In the *Athenæum* for July 18, 1840, p. 572, there is a long letter, dated 'at Morpeth, the xxviiij day of Decembre,' and signed 'C. Garneys,' whom the editor supposes to have been one of the medical attendants sent by the King, upon the illness of Queen Margaret: it was more probably [certainly, see p. xliiii.] Sir Christ. Garneys, knt.

Sir Christopher was knighted at Touraine, 25 Dec., 5 H. viii. 1513, and married Jane, daughter of She died 27th March, 1552. Her will was dated 27th Aug. 1550, and proved 12th May, 1552; she was buried at Greenwich. Her husband was dead when she made her will. She names her son, Arthur Dymoke, esq. Bequeathes most of her personal estate for charitable purposes."

APPENDIX 1.

MERIE TALES OF SKELTON

(see Memoir, p. xl.);

AND NOTICES OF SKELTON FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

MERIE TALES
Newly Imprinted
& made by Ma-
ster Skelton
Poet
Laureat.

¶ Imprinted at London
in Fleetstreet beneath the
Conduit at the signe of S.
John Euangelist,
by Thomas
Colwell.
[12^{mo}. n. d.]

Here begynneth certayne
merye tales of Skelton,
Poet Lauriat.

¶ How Skelton came late home to Oxford from Abington. Tale i.

SKELTON was an Englysheman borne as Skogyn was, and hee was educated & broughte vp in Oxfoorde: and there was he made a poete lauriat. And on a tyme he had ben at Abington to make mery, wher that he had eate salte meates, and hee did com late home to Oxforde, and he did lyc in an ine named y^e Tabere whyche is now the Angell, and hee dyd drynke, & went to bed. About midnight he was so thyrstie or drye that hee was constrained to call to the tapster for drynke, & the tapster harde him not. Then hee cryed to hys oste & hys ostes, and to the ostler, for drinke; and no man wold here hym: alacke, sayd Skelton, I shall peryshe for lacke of drynke! what reamedye? At the last he dyd crie out and sayd, Fyer, fyer, fyer! When Skelton hard euery man bustled hymselfe vpward, & some of them were naked, & some were halfe asleepe and amased, and Skelton dyd crye, Fier, fier, styll, that euerye man knewe not whether to resort; Skelton did go to bed, and the oste and ostis, & the tapster with the ostler, dyd runne to Skeltons chamber with candles lyghted in theyr handes, saying, Where, where, where is the fyer? Here, here, here, said Skelton, & poynted hys fynger to hys moouth, saying, Fetch me some drynke to quanche the fyer and the heate and the drinesse in my mouthe: & so they dyd. Wherefore it is good for euerye man to helpe nys owne selfe in tyme of neede wythe some policie or craft: so bee it there bee no deceit nor falshed vsed.

¶ How Skelton drest the Kendallman in the sweat time. [Tale ii.]

On a time Skelton rode from Oxforde to London with a Kendallman, and at Uxbridge they beyted. The Kendallman layd hys cap vpon the borde in the hall, and he went to serue hys horse. Skelton tooke y^e Kendalmans cappe, and dyd put betwixte the linyng & the vtter syde a dishe of butter: and when the Kendalman had drest hys horse, hee dyd come in to diner, and dyd put on hys cappe (that tyme the sweating sycknes was in all Englande); at the last, when the butter had take heate of the Kendallmans heade, it dyd begynne to run ouer hys face and aboute hys cheekes. Skelton sayde, Syr, you sweate soore: beware yt you haue not the sweatynge sycknesse. The Kendalman sayde, By the mysse, Ise wrang; I bus goe tyll bed. Skelton sayd, I am skild on phisicke, & specially in the sweatynge sycknesse, that I wyll warant any man. In gewd faith, saith the Kendallman, do see, and Ise bay for your skott to London. Then sayde Skelton, Get you a kerchiefe, and I wyll bryng you abed: the whiche was donne. Skelton caused the capp to bee sod in hoat lee, & dryed it: in the mornyng Skelton and the Kendallman dyd ride merely to London.

¶ Howe Skelton tolde the man that Chryst was very busye in the woodes with them that made fagots. Tale iii

When Skelton did cum to London, ther were manye men at the table at diner. Amongest all other there was one sayde to Skelton, Be you of Oxforde or of Cambridge a scoler? Skelton sayd, I am of Oxford. Syr, sayde the man, I will put you a question: you do know wel that after Christ dyd rise from death to life, it was xl. days after ere he dyd ascend into heauen, and hee was but certaine times wyth hys discyples, and when that he did appeare to them, hee dyd neuer tary longe amongest them, but sodainely vanished from them; I wold fayne know (saith the man to Skelton) where Chryste was all these xl. dayes. Where hee was, saythe Skelton, God knoweth; he was verye busye in the woods

among hys labourers, that dyd make fagottes to burne here-tickes, & such as thou art the whych doest aske such diffuse questions: but nowe I wyll tell thee more; when hee was not with hys mother & hys disciples, hee was in Paradyce, to comforte the holye patriarches and prophets soules, the which before he had fet out of hell. And at the daye of hys ascen-cion, hee tooke them all vp wyth him into heauen.

¶ Howe the Welshman dyd desyre Skelton to ayde hym in hys sute to the kynge for a patem to sell dryncke. The iiii. Tale.

Skelton, when he was in London, went to the kynges courte, where there did come to hym a Welshman, saying, Syr, it is so, that manye dooth come vpp of my country to the kyngs court, and some doth get of the kyng by patent a castell, and some a parke, & some a forest, and some one fee and some another, and they dooe lyue lyke honest men; and I shoulde lyue as honestly as the best, if I myght haue a patyne for good dryncke: wherefore I dooe praye you to write a fewe words for mee in a lytle byll to geue the same to the kynges handes, and I wil geue you well for your labour. I am contented, sayde Skelton. Syt downe then, sayde the Welshman, and write. What shall I wryte? sayde Skelton. The Welshman sayde, Wryte dryncke. Nowe, sayd the Welshman, wryte, more dryncke. What now? sayde Skelton. Wryte nowe, a great deale of dryncke. Nowe, sayd the Welshman, putte to all thys dryncke a littell crome of breade, and a great deale of dryncke to it, and reade once agayne. Skelton dyd reade, Dryncke, more dryncke, & a great deale of dryncke, and a lytle crome of breade, and a great deale of dryncke to it. Then the Welsheman sayde, Put out the litle crome of breade, and sett in, all dryncke, and no breade: and if I myght haue thys sygnd of the kyng, sayde the Welsheman, I care for no more as longe as I dooe lyue. Well then, sayde Skelton, when you haue thys signed of the kyng, then will I labour for a patent to haue bread, that you wyth your dryncke, and I with the bread, may fare well, and seeke our liuinge with bagge and staffe.

¶ Of Swanborne the knaue, that was buried vnder St Peters wall
in Oxford. [Tale v.]

There was dwelling in Oxford a stark knaue, whose name was Swanborn; and he was such a notable knaue that, if any scoler had fallen out thone wyth thother, the one woulde call thother Swanborn, the whyche they dyd take for a worsor worde than knaue. Hys wife woulde diuers tymes in the weeke kimbe his head with a iii. footed stoole: then hee woulde runne out of the doores wepinge, and if anye man had asked hym what he dyd aile, other whyle he woulde saye hee had the megrym in hys head, or ells, there was a great smoke wythin the house: & if the doores were shut, hys wyfe woulde beate him vnder the bed, or into the bench hole, and then he woulde looke out at the cat hole; then woulde his wife saye, Lookest thou out, whoreson? Yea, woulde he saye, thou shalt neuer let me of my manly lookes. Then with her distaff she would poore in at hym. I knewe him when that he was a boye in Oxforde; hee was a littell olde fellowe, and woulde lye as fast as a horse woulde trotte. At last hee dyed, and was buried vnder the wall of S. Peters church. Then Skelton was desyred to make an epitaphé vpon the churche wall, and dyd wryte wyth a role, saying, Belsabub his soule saue, *Qui iacet hic hec* a knaue: *Jam scio*¹ *mortuus est, Et iacet hic hec* a beast: *Sepultus*² *est* amonge the weedes: God forgiue him his misdeedes!

¶ Howe Skelton was complayned on to the bishop of Norwich
Tale vi.

Skelton dyd keepe a musket at Dys, vpon the which he was complayned on to the bishop of Norwyche. The byshoppe

¹ *scio*] Old ed. "sci."

² *Sepultus*] Old ed. "Sepuitus."—This epitaph is made up from portions of Skelton's verses on John Clarke and Adam Uddersal: see vol. i. 188, 192.

sent for Skelton. Skelton dyd take two capons, to geue theym for a presente to the byshop. And as soone as hee had saluted the byshopp, hee sayde, My lorde, here I haue brought you a couple of capons. The byshop was blynde, and sayde, Who bee you? I am Skelton, sayd Skelton. The byshop sayd, A hoare head! I will none of thy capons: thou keep-est vnhappye rule in thy house, for the whyche thou shalt be punished. What, sayde Skelton, is the winde at that doore? and sayd, God be with you, my lorde! and Skelton with his capons went hys way. The byshop sent after Skelton to come agayne. Skelton sayde, What, shal I come¹ agayne to speake wythe a madde man? At last hee retourned to the byshop, whyche sayde to hym, I would, sayd the byshop, that you shoulde not lyue suche a sclaunderouse lyfe, that all your parisshe shoulde not wonder & complaine on you as they dooe: I pray you amende, and hereafter lyue honestlye, that I heare no more suche woordes of you; and if you wyll tarye dynner, you shall be welcome; and I thanke you, sayde the byshoppe, for your capons. Skelton sayde, My lord, my capons haue proper names; the one is named Alpha, the other is named Omega: my lorde, sayd Skelton, this capon is named Alpha, thys is the fyrst capon that I dyd euer geue to you; and this capon is named Omega, and this is the last capon that euer I wil giue you: & so fare you well, sayd Skelton.

¶ Howe Skelton, when hee came from the bishop, made a sermon.
Tale vii.

Skelton the nexte Sondaye after wente into the pulpet to prech, and sayde, *Vos estis, vos estis*, that is to saye, You be, you be. And what be you? sayd Skelton: I saye, that you bee a sorte of knaues, yea, and a man might saye worse then knaues; and why, I shall shew you. You haue complayned of mee to the bysop that I doo keepe a fayre wench in my housc: I dooe tell you, if you had any fayre wienes, it were some what to helpe me at neede; I am a man as you be: you

¹ *shal I come*] Old ed. "*shall I I come.*"

haue foule wyues, and I haue a faire wenche, of the whyche I haue begotten a fayre boye, as I doe thinke, and as you all shall see. Thou wyfe, sayde Skelton, that hast my childe, be not afraid; bring me hither my childe to me: the whyche was doone. And he, shewynge his childe naked to all the parishe, sayde, How saye you, neibours all? is not this child as fayre as is the beste of all yours? It hathe nose, eyes, handes, and feete, as well as any of your: it is not lyke a pygge, nor a calfe, nor like no foule nor no monstrous beast. If I had, sayde Skelton, broughte forthe thys chylde without armes or legges, or that it wer deformed, being a monstrous thyng, I woulde neuer haue blamed you to haue complayned to the bishop of me; but to complain without a cause, I say, as I said before in my antethem, *vos estis*, you be, and haue be, & wyll and shall be knaues, to complayne of me wythout a cause resonable. For you be presumptuous, & dooe exalte yourselues, and therefore you shall be made low: as I shall shewe you a famyller example of a parish priest, the whyche dyd make a sermon in Rome. And he dyd take that for hys antethem, the which of late dayes is named a theme, and sayde, *Qui se exaltat humiliabitur, et qui se¹ humiliat exaltabitur*, that is to say, he that doth exalte himselfe or dothe extoll hymselfe shalbe made meke, & he that doth humble hymselfe or is meke, shalbe exalted, extoulled, or eleuated, or sublimated, or such lyke: and that I will shewe you by this my cap. This cappe was fyrste my hoode, when that I was studente in Jucalico, & then it was so proude that it woulde not bee contented, but it woulde slippe and fall from my shoulders. I perceyynge thys that he was proude, what then dyd I? shortly to conclude, I dyd make of hym a payre of breches to my hose, to brynge hym lowe. And when that I dyd see, knowe, or perceyue that he was in that case, and almoste worne cleane oute, what dyd I then to extoll hym vppe agayne? you all may see that this my cap was made of it that was my breches. Therefore, sayde Skelton, *vos estis*,

¹ *Qui se exaltat humiliabitur, et qui se*] Old ed. "*Que se exaltat humiliabitui, et qese.*"

therefore you bee, as I dyd saye before: if that you exalte yourselfe, and cannot be contented that I haue my wenche still, some of you shall weare hornes; and therefore *vos estis*: and so farewell. It is merye in the hall, when bearded wagge all.

¶ How the fryer asked leaue of Skelton to preach at Dys, which Skelton wold not grant. Tale viii.

There was a fryer y^e whych dydde come to Skelton to haue licencè to preach at Dys. What woulde you preache there? sayde Skelton: dooe not you thynke that I am sufficiente to preache there in myne owne cure? Syr, sayde the freere, I am the lymyter of Norwych, and once a yeare one of our placè dothe vse to preache wyth you, to take thè deuocion of the people; and if I may haue yoor good wll, so bee it, or els I will come and preach against your will, by the authoritie of the byshope of Rome, for I haue hys bulles to preache in euerye place, and therefore I wyll be there on Sondaye nexte cummyng. Come not there, freere, I dooe counsell thee, sayd Skelton. The Sundaye nexte followyng Skelton layde watch for the comyng of the frere: and as sone as Skelton had knowledge of the freere, he went into the pulpet to preache. At last the freere dyd come into the churche with the bishoppe of Romes bulles in hys hande. Skelton then sayd to all hys parishe, See, see, see, and poynted to thee fryere. All the parish gased on the frere. Then sayde Skelton, Maisters, here is as wonderfull a thyng as euer was seene: you all dooe knowe that it is a thyng daylye seene, a bulle dothe begette a calfe; but here, contrarye to all nature, a calfe hath gotten a bulle; for thys fryere, beeynge a calfe, hath gotten a bulle of the byshoppe of Rome. The fryere, beyng ashamed, woulde neuer after that time presume to preach at Dys.

¶ How Skelton handled the fryer that woulde needes lye with him in his inne. Tale ix.

As Skelton ryd into y^e countre, there was a frere that hap

ened in at an alehouse wheras Skelton was lodged, and there the frere dyd desire to haue lodgyng. The alewife sayd, Syr, I haue but one bed whereas master Skelton doth lye. Syr, sayd the frere, I pray you that I maye lye with you. Skelton said, Master freere, I doo vse to haue no man to lye with me. Syr, sayd the frere, I haue lyne with as good men as you, and for my money I doo looke to haue lodgyng as well as you. Well, sayde Skelton, I dooe see than that you wyll lye with me. Yea, syr, sayd the frere. Skelton did fill all the cuppes in the house, and whittled the frere, that at the last, the frere was in myne eames peason. Then sayde Skelton, Mayster freere, get you to bed, and I wyll come to bed within a while. The frere went, and dyd lye vpright, and snorted lyke a sowe. Skelton wente to the chaumber, and dyd see that the freere dyd lye soe; sayd to the wyfe, Geue me a washyng betle. Skelton then caste downe the clothes, and the freere dyd lye starke naked: then Skelton dyd shite vpon the freeres nauil and bellye; and then he did take the washyng betle, and dyd strike an harde stroke vpon the nauill & bellye of the freere, and dyd put out the caudell, and went out of the chaumber. The freere felt hys bellye, & smelt a foule sauour, had thought hee had ben gored, and cried out and sayde, Helpe, helpe, helpe, I am kyllled! They of the house with Skelton wente into the chaumber, and asked what the freere dyd ayle. The freere sayde, I am kyllled, one hath thrust me in the bellye. Fo, sayde Skelton, thou dronken soule, thou doost lye; thou hast beshydden thyselfe. Fo, sayde Skelton, let vs goe oute of the chaumber, for the knaue doothe stynke. The freere was ashame-l, and cryed for water. Out with the whoreson, sayd Skelton, and wrap the sheetes togyther, and putte the freere in the hogge sty, or in the barne. The freere said, geue me some water into the barne: and there the freere dyd washe himselfe, and dydde lye there all the nyght longe. The chaumber and the bedde was dressed, and the sheetes shyfted; and then Skelton went to bed.

¶ Howe the cardynall desyred Skelton to make an epitaphe vpon his graue. Tale x.

Thomas Wolsey, cardynall and archbyshop of Yorke, had made a regall tombe to lye in after hee was deade: and he desyred Master Skelton to make for his tombe an epytaphe, whyche is a memoriall to shewe the lyfe with the actes of a noble man. Skelton sayde, If it dooe lyke your grace, I canne not make an epytaphe vnlesse that I do se your tombe. The cardynall sayde, I dooe praye you to meete wyth mee to morowe at the West Monesterye, and there shall you se my tombe a makynge. The pointment kept, and Skelton, seyng the sumptuous coste, more pertaynyng for an emperoure or a maxymyous kynge, then for suche a man as he was (although cardynals wyll compare wyth kyngs), Well, sayd Skelton, if it shall like your grace to creepe into thys tombe whiles you be alyue, I can make an epitaphe; for I am sure that when that you be dead you shall neuer haue it. The whyche was verified of truthe.

¶ Howe the hostler dyd bite Skeltons mare vnder the taylor, for biting him by the arme. Tale xi.

Skelton vsed muche to ryde on a mare; and on a tyme hee happened into an inne, wher there was a folish ostler. Skelton said, Ostler, hast thou any mares bread? No, syr, sayd the ostler: I haue good horse bread, but I haue no mares bread. Skelton saide, I must haue mares bread. Syr, sayde the ostler, there is no mares bred to get in all the towne. Well, sayd Skelton, for this once, serue my mare wyth horse bread. In the meane time Skelton commaunded the ostler to saddle his mare; & the hosteler dyd gyrde the mare hard, and the hostler was in hys ierkyn, and hys shirte sleues wer aboute his elbowes, and in the girding of the mare hard the mare bitte the hostler by the arme, and bitte him sore. The hostler was angry, and dyd bite the mare vnder the taylor, saying, A whore, is it good byting by the bare arme? Skelton sayde then, Why, fellowe, haste thou hurt my mare?

Yea, sayde the hostler, ka me, ka thee: yf she dooe hurte me I wyll displease her.

¶ Howe the cobler tolde maister Skelton, it is good sleeping in a whole skinne. Tale xii.

In the parysshe of Dys, whereas Skelton was person, there dwelled a cobler, beyug halfe a souter, which was a tall man and of greate slouen, otherwyse named a slouche. The kynges maiestye hauynge warres byyonde the sea, Skelton sayd to thys aforsayd doughtie man, Neybour, you be a tall man, and in the kynges warres you must bere a standard. Astander! said the cobler, what a thing is that? Skelton saide, It is a great banner, such a one as thou dooest vse to beare in Rogacyon weeke; and a lordes, or a knyghtes, or a gentlemannes arnes shall bee vpon it; and the souldiers that be vnder the aforesayde persons fayghtynge vnder thy banner. Fayghtynge! sayde the cobbeler; I can no skil in faighting. No, said Skelton, thou shalte not fayght, but holde vp, and aduance the banner. By my fay, sayd the cobler, I can no skill in the matter. Well, sayd Skelton, there is no reamedie but thou shalte forthe to dooe the kynges seruice in hys warres, for in all this countrey there is not a more likelier manne to dooe suche a ¹ feate as thou arte. Syr, sayde the cobbeler, I wyll geue you a fatte capon, that I maye bee at home. No, sayde Skelton, I wyll not haue none of thy capons; for thou shalte doe the kyng seruice in his wars. Why, sayd the cobler, what shuld I doo? wyll you haue me to goe in the kynges warres, and to bee killed for my labour? then I shall be well at ease, for I shall haue my mendes in my nown handes. What, knaue, sayd Skelton, art thou a coward, hauyng so great bones? No, sayde the cobler, I am not afearde: it is good to slepe in a whole skinne. Why, said Skelton, thou shalte bee harnesssed to keepe away the strokes from thy skynne. By my fay, sayde the cobler, if I must needes forthe, I will sec howe yche shall bee ordered. Skel-

¹ a] Old ed. "as."

on dyd harnessse the doughtye squirell, and dyd put an helmet on his head; and when the helmet was on the coblers heade, the cobler sayde, What shall those hoales serue for? Skelton sayd, Holes to looke out to see thy enemyes. Yea, sayde the cobler, then am I in worsere case then euer I was; for then one may come and thrust a nayle into one of the holes, and prycke out myne eye. Therefore, said the cobler to Master Skelton, I wyll not goe to warre: my wyfe shall goe in my steade, for she can fyghte and playe the deuell wyth her distaffe, and with stole, staffe, cuppe, or candlestickke; for, by my fay, I cham sicke; I chill go home to bed; I thinke I shall dye.

¶ How Master Skeltons miller deceyued hym manye tymes by playng the theefe, and howe he was pardoned by Master Skelton, after the stealinge awaye of a preest oute of his bed at midnight.
Tale xiii.

When Maister Skelton dyd dwell in the countrey, hee was agreede with a miller to haue hys corne grounde tolle free; and manye tymes when hys mayden[s] shoulde bake, they wanted of their mele, and complained to their mystres that they could not make their stint of breade. Mystres Skelton, beeynge verye angrye, tolde her husbände of it. Then Master Skelton sent for his miller, and asked hym howe it chanced that hee deceyued hym of his corne. I! saide John miller; nay, surely I neuer deceyued you; if that you can proue that by mee, do with mee as you lyst. Surely, sayd Skelton, if I doe fynde thee false anye more, thou shalt be hanged up by the necke. So Skelton apoynted one of hys seruauntes to stand at the mill whyle the corne was a grinding. John myller, beyng a notable theefe, would feyn haue deceued him as he had don before, but beyng afrayd of Skeltons seruaunte, caused his wyfe to put one of her chyldren into ye myll dam, and to crye, Help, help, my childe is drowned! With that, John myller and all went out of the myll; & Skeltons seruaunte, being dilygent to helpe the chyld, thought not of the meale, and the while the myllers boye was redy wyth a sacke, and stole awaye the corne; so when they had taken vnder the

childe, and all was safe, they came in agayne; & so the seruaunt, hauyng hys gryste, went home mistrustyng nothyng; and when the maydes came to bake againe, as they dyd before, so they lacked of theyr meale agayne. Master Skelton calde for hys man, and asked him howe it chaunced that he was deceaued; & hee sayd that hee coulde not tell, For I dyd your commaundement. And then Master Skelton sent for the myller, and sayde, Thou hast not vsed me well, for I want of my mele. Why, what wold you haue me do? sayde the miller; you haue set your own man to watche mee. Well, then, sayd Skelton, if thou doest not tell me which waye thou hast played the theefe wyth mee, thou shalt be hanged. I praye you be good master vnto me, & I wyll tell you the trutthe: your seruaunt wold not from my myll, & when I sawe none other remedye, I caused my wyfe to put one of my chylde into the water, & to crie that it was drowned; and whiles wee were helpyng of the chylde out, one of my boyes dyd steale your corne. Yea, sayde Skelton, if thou haue suche pretie fetcheis, you can dooe more then thys; and therefore, if thou dooeste not one thyng that I shall tell thee, I wyll folow the lawe on thee. What is that? sayd the myller. If that thou dooest not steale my cuppe of the table, when I am sette at meate, thou shalt not eskape my handes. O good master, sayd John miller, I pray you forgeue me, and let me not dooe thys; I am not able to dooe it. Thou shalt neuer be forgeuen, sayde Skelton, withoute thou dooest it. When the miller sawe no remedye, he went & charged one of hys boyes, in an euenyng (when that Skelton was at supper) to sette fyre in one of hys hogges sties, farre from any house, for doying any harme. And it chaunced, that one of Skeltons seruauntes came oute, and spied the fire, and hee cryede, Helpe, helpe! for all that my master hath is lyke to be burnt. Hys master, hearing this, rose from hys supper with all the companie, and went to quenche the fyre; and the while John miller came in, and stole away hys cuppe, & went hys way. The fire being quickly slaked, Skelton came in with his frendes, and reasoned wyth hys frendes which way they thought the fyre shoulde come; and euerye man made answer as thei thought good. And as they wer

resonyng, Skelton called for a cup of beare; and in no wise his cuppe whyche hee vsed to drynke in woulde not be founde. Skelton was verye angrie that his cup was mysynge, and asked whiche waye it shoulde bee gone; and no manne coulde tell hym of it. At last he bethought him of the miller, & sayd, Surely, he, that theefe, hath done this deede, and he is worthye to be hanged. And hee sent for the miller: so the miller tolde hym all howe hee had done. Truly, sayd Skelton, thou art a notable knaue; and withoute thou canste doo one other feate, thou shalte dye. O good master, sayde the miller, you promised to pardon me, and wil you now breake your promise? I. sayd Skelton; wythout thou canste steale the sheetes of my bed, when my wyfe and I am aslepe, thou shalte be hanged, that all suche knaues shall take ensample by thee. Alas, sayd the miller, whych waye shall I dooe this thinge? it is vnpossible for me to get them while you bee there. Well, sayde Skelton, withoute thou dooe it, thou knowest the daunger. The myller went hys way, beyng very heauy, & studyed whiche waye he myght doo thys deede. He hauynge a little boy, whyche knewe all the corners of Skeltons house & where hee lay, vpon a night when they were all busie, the boie crepte in vnder his bed, wyth a potte of yeste; and when Skelton & hys wyfe were fast aslepe, hee ail to noynted the sheetes with yeste, as farre as hee could reache. At last Skelton awaked, & felt the sheetes all wete; waked his wife, and sayd, What, hast thou beshitten the bed? and she sayd, Naye, it is you that haue doone it, I thynke, for I am sure it is not I. And so theare fel a great strife betweene Skelton and his wyfe, thinkyng that the bedd had ben beshitten; and called for the mayde to geue them a cleane payre of shetes. And so they arose, & the mayde tooke the foule sheetes and threw them vnderneath the bed, thinkynge the nexte morning to haue fetched them away. The next time the maydes shuld goe to washyng, they looked all about, and coulde not fynde the sheetes; for Jacke the myllers boy had stollen them away. Then the myller was sent for agayne, to knowe where the sheetes were become: & the myller tolde Mayster Skelton all how he deuised to steale the sheetes. Howe say ye? sayde Skelton to hys

frendes; is not this a notable thief? is he not worthy to be hanged that canne dooe these deedes? O good maister, quoth the miller, nowe forgeue mee accordyng to your promise; for I haue done all that you haue commaunded mee, and I trust now you wyll pardon me. Naye, quoth Skelton, thou shalt doo yet one other feate, and that shall bee thys; thou shalt steale maister person out of hys bed at mid-night, that he shall not know where he is become. The miller made great mone and lamented, saying, I can not tel in the world howe I shall dooe, for I am neuer able to dooe this feate. Well, sayde Skelton, thou shalt dooe it, or els thou shalt fynde no fauour at my hands; and therefore go thy way. The miller beyng sorye, deuysed with himselfe which way he might bryng this thing to passe. And ii. or iii. nyghtes after, gathered a number of snailes, & greed with the sexten of the churche to haue the key of the churche dore, and went into the churche betwene the houres of a xi. and xii. in the night, & tooke the snayles, and lyghted a sorte of little waxe candles, & set vpon euerie snayle one, & the snayles crepte about the churche wyth the same candels vpon their backes; and then he went into the vestrey, and put a cope vpon hys backe, & stode very solemnely at the hye alter with a booke in hys hand; and afterwarde tolled the bell, that the preest lyinge in the churche yard might heare him. The preest, hearyng the bell tolle, starte oute of his slepe, and looked out of hys windowe, and sawe suche a lyght in the church, was very muche amased, and thought surely that the churche had ben on fire, and wente for to see what wonder it shoulde be. And when he came there, he founde the church dore open, and went vp into the quier; and see the miller standyng in hys vestementes, and a booke in hys hand, praying deuoutly. & all the lyghtes in the church, thought surely with hymselfe it was some angeil come downe from heauen, or some other great miracle, blessed hymselfe and sayde, In the name of the Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Ghoste, what art thou that standest here in thys hollye place? O, sayde the myler, I am saynt Peter, whych kepe¹ the keyes of heauen gate,

¹ kepe] Old ed. "kepte."

and thou knowest that none can enter into heauen excepte I let hym in; and I am sent oute from heauen for thee. For me! quoth the preest: good saynt Peter, worship maye thou be! I am glad to heare that newes. Because thou hast done good dedes, sayd the myller, and serued God, hee hath sent for thee afore domes day come, that thou shalt not knowe the troubles of y^e worlde. O, blessed be God! sayde the preest; I am very well contented for to goe: yet if it woulde please God to let me go home and distrybute such things as I haue to the poore, I woulde bee very glad. No sayde the miller; if thou doest delite more in thy goodes then in the joyes of heauen, thou art not for God; therefore prepare thyselfe, and goe into this bagge which I have brought for thee. The miller hauyng a great quarter sacke, the poore priest wente into it, thynkyng verylye hee had gon to heauen, yet was very sory to parte from hys goodes; asked saynt Peter how long it wold be ere he came there. The miller sayd he should be there quickly; and in he got the priest, and tied vp the sacke, and put out the lightes, & layed euery thyng in their place, and tooke the preest on his backe, & locked the church dores, & to go: and when he came to go ouer the church stile, the preest was verye heauye, and the miller caste hym ouer the stile that the priest cryed oh. O good seint Peter, sayde the preeste, whyther goe I nowe? O, sayde the myller, these bee the panges that ye must abyde before you come to heauen. O, quoth the preest, I would I were there once! Vp he got the priest agayn, & caried hym tyll hee came to the toppe of an hye hyll, a litle from hys house, and caste hym downe the hyll, that hys head had many shrewde rappes, that hys necke was almost burst. O good saynt Peter, said the priest, where am I nowe? You are almost nowe at heauen; & caried hym with much a doo, tyll nee came to hys owne house, and then the miller threwe him ouer the threshold. O good saynte Peter, sayde the preeste, where am I nowe? thys is the soreste pange that euer I bydde. O, sayd the ¹ myller, geue God thanks that thou haste had

¹ *the*] Old ed. "that."

pacience to abide all thys payne, for nowe thou arte goyng
 vppe into heauen; and tyed a rope aboute the sacke, and
 drewe hym vppe to the toppe of the chymnye, and there let him
 hang. O good S. Peter, tell me nowe where I am, sayde the
 preest. Marye, sayd he, thou art now in the tope of John
 millers chimney. A vengeance on thee, knaue! sayde the
 preeste: hast thou made me beleue al this while that I was
 goyng vp into heauen? well, nowe I am here, & ever I come
 downe again, I wil make thee to repent it. But John myller
 was gladd that he had brought hym there. And in the morn-
 yng the sexten rang all in to seruise; & when the people were
 come to church, the preest was lackynge. The parish asked
 the sexten wher the preest was; and the sexten sayd, I can
 not tell: then the parrishe sent to master Skelton, and tolde
 howe their prieste was lacking to saye them seruise. Mays-
 ter Skelton meruayled at that, and bethought hym of the
 crafty dooyng of the miller, sent for John myller; and when
 the miller was come, Skelton sayd to the miller, Canst thou
 tell wher the parish preest is? The myller vp and told him
 all togyther how he had doone. Maister Skelton, considering
 the matter, sayde to the miller, Why, thou vnreuerent knaue,
 hast thou hauled the poore preest on this fashion, and putte
 on the holy ornaments vpon a knaues backe? thou shalt be
 hanged, & it coste me all the good I haue. John miller fell
 vppon his knees, and desyred maister Skelton to pardon hym;
 For I dyd nothyng, sayd the miller, but that you sayd you
 woulde forgeue me. Nay, not so, sayd Skelton; but if thou
 canst steale my gelding out of my stable, my two men watch-
 ing him, I will pardon thee; and if they take thee, they shall
 strike of thy heade; for Skelton thought it better that such
 a false knaue shoulde lose hys head then to liue. Then John
 miller was very sad, & bethought him how to bring it to
 passe. Then he remembred that ther was a man left hang-
 yng vppon the galowes the day before, went preuely in the
 nyght and tooke him downe, and cut of his head, and put it
 vpon a pole, & brake a hole into the stable, and put in a can-
 dle lighted, thrustyng in the head a lytle & a lytle. The men
 watchyng the stable, seynge that, got them selues neare to the
 hole (thinkyng that it was his head), & one of them wyth

hys sworde cutte it of. Then they for gladnesse presented it vnto theyr master, leauynge the stable doore open: then John miller went in, and stole away the gelding. Master Skelton, lookyng vppon the head, sawe it was the theues head that was left hangyng vpon the galowes, sayd, Alas, how ofte hath this false knaue deceiued vs! Go quickly to the stable agayne, for I thinke my geldyng is gone. Hys men, goyng backe agayn, found it euen so. Then they came agayn, and told their maister hys horse was gone. Ah, I thought so, you doltish knaues! said Skelton; but if I had sent wise men about it, it had not ben so. Then Skelton sent for the miller, and asked hym if hee coulde tell where hys horse was. Safe ynough, maister, sayde the miller: for hee tolde Skelton all the matter how hee had done. Well, sayd Skelton, consydyeryng hys tale, sayd, that he was worthie to bee hanged, For thou doost excell all the theeues that euer I knew or heard of; but for my promise sake I forgeue thee, vpon condition thou wilte become an honest man, & leaue all thy crafte & false dealyng. And thus John miller skaped vnpunished.

¶ How Skelton was in prison at the commaundement of the cardynall. [Tale xiv.]

On a tyme Skelton did meete with certain frendes of hys at Charyng crosse, after that hee was in prison at my lord cardynals commaundement: & his frende sayd, I am glad you bee abrode amonge your frendes, for you haue ben long pent in. Skelton sayd, By the masse, I am glad I am out indeede, for I haue ben pent in, like a roche or fissh, at Westminster in prison. The cardinal, hearing of those words, sent for him agayne. Skelton kneling of hys knees before hym, after long communication to Skelton had, Skelton desyred the cardynall to graunte hym¹ a boun. Thou shalt haue none, sayd the cardynall. Thassistence desirid that he might haue it graunted, for they thought it should be some merye pastime that he wyll shewe your grace. Say on,

¹ *hym*] Old ed. "gym."

thou hore head, sayd the cardynall to Skelton. I pray your grace to let me lye doune and wallow, for I can kneele no longer.

¶ Howe the vinteners wife put water into Skeltons wine. Tale xv.

Skelton did loue wel a cup of good wyne. And on a daye he dyd make merye in a tauerne in London: and the morow after hee sent to the same place againe for a quart of y^e same wine he drunke of before; the whiche was cleue chaunged & brued again. Skelton perceiuing this, he went to the tauerne, & dyd sytte down in a chaire, & dyd sygh very sore, and made great lamentacion. The wife of the house, perceiuinge this, said to master Skelton, Howe is it with you, master Skelton? He answered and said, I dyd neuer so euill; and then he dyd reache another greate syghe, sayinge, I am afraide that I shal neuer be saued, nor cum to heauen. Why, said the wife, shuld you dispaire so much in Goddes mercy? Nay, said he, it is past all remedye. Then said the wife, I dooe praye you breake your mind vnto mee. O, sayd Skelton, I would gladlye shewe you the cause of my dolour, if that I wist that you would keepe my counsell. Sir, said shee, I haue ben made of counsel of greater matters then you can shew me. Naye, nay, said Skelton, my matter passeth all other matters, for I think I shal sinke to hell for my great offences; for I sent thys daye to you for wyne to say masse withall; and wee haue a stronge lawe that euery priest is bounde to put into hys chalice, when hee doth singe or saye masse, some wyne and water; the which dothe signifye the water & bloude that dyd runne oute of Chrystes syde, when Longeous the blynde knyght dyd thrust a speare to Christes harte; & thys daye I dyd put no water into my wyne, when that I did put wine into my chalys. Then said the vintiners wife, Be mery, maister Skelton, and keepe my counsell, for, by my faythe, I dyd put into the vessell of wyne that I did send you of to day x. gallandes of water; and therefore take no thought, maister Skelton, for I warraunt you. Then said Skelton, Dame, I dooe beshrewe thee for thy laboure, for I thought so muche before; for through such vses & brewyng

of wyne maye men be deceyued, and be hurte by drynkinge of suche euell wyne; for all wines must be strong, and fayre, and well coloured; it must haue a redolent sauoure; it must be colde, and sprinklynge in the peece or in the glasse.

¶ Thus endeth the merie Tales of Maister Skelton, very pleasaunt for the recreacion of minde.

NOTICES OF SKELTON

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

From the imperfect copy of *A C Mery Talys*, small fol. printed by John Rastell. (See Singer's reprint, p. 55.)

"Of mayster Skelton that broughte the bysshop of Norwiche ii fesauitys. xl.

It fortuneth ther was a great varyance bitwen the bysshop of Norwych and one mayster Skelton a poyet lauryat; in so much that the bysshop commaundyd hym that he shuld not come in his gatys. Thys mayster Skelton dyd absent hymselfe for a long seson. But at the laste he thought to do hys dewty to hym, and studyed weys how he myght obtayne the bysshopys fauour, and determynyd himself that he wold come to hym wyth some present, and humble hymself to the byshop; and gat a cople of fesantes, and cam to the bysshoppys place, and requyred the porter he myghte come in to speke wyth my lord. This porter, knowyng his lordys pleasure, wold not suffer him to come in at the gatys; wherfor thys mayster Skelton went on the bakysde to seke some other way to come in to the place. But the place was motyd that he cowlde se no way to come ouer, except in one place where there lay a long tree ouer the motte in maner of a brydge, that was fallyn down wyth wynd; wherfore thys mayster Skelton went along vpon the tree to come ouer, and whan he was almost ouer, hys fote slyppyd for lak of sure fotyng, and fel into the mote vp to myddyll; but at the last

he recoueryd hymself, and, as well as he coude, dried hymself ageyne, and sodenly cam to the byshop, beyng in hys hall, than lately rysen from dyner: whyche, whan he saw Skelton commyng sodenly, sayd to hym, Why, thow caytyfe, I warnyd the thow shuldys neuer come in at my gatys, and chargyd my porter to kepe the out. Forsoth, my lorde, quod Skelton, though ye gaue suche charge, and though your gatys by neuer so suerly kept, yet yt ys no more possible to kepe me out of your dorys than to kepe out crowes or pyes; for I cam not in at your gatys, but I cam ouer the mote, that I haue ben almost drownyd for my labour. And shewyd hys clothys how euyll he was arayed, whych causyd many that stode therby to laughe apace. Than quod Skelton, Yf it lyke your lordeshyp, I haue brought you a dyshe to your super, a copple of fesantes. Nay, quod the byshop, I defy the and thy fesautys also, and, wrech as thou art, pyke the out of my howse, for I wyll none of thy gyft how [*something lost here*] Skelton than, consyderynge that the bysshoppe called hym fole so ofte, sayd to one of hys famylyers thereby, that though it were euyll to be christened a fole, yet it was moche worse to be confyrmyd a fole of suche a bysshoppe, for the name of confyrmacyon muste nedes abyde. Therefore he ymagened howe he myghte auoyde that confyrmacyon, and mused a whyle, and at the laste, sayde to the byshope thus, If your lordeshype knewe the names of these fesantes, ye wold [be] contente to take them. Why, caytefe, quod the bisshoppe hastily and augrey, [what] be theyr names? Ywys, my lorde, quod Skelton, this fesante is called Alpha, which is, in primys the fyrst, and this is called O, that is, novissimus the last; and for the more playne vnderstandynge of my mynde, if it plesse your lordeshype to take them, I promyse you, this Alpha is the fyrste that euer I gaue you, and this O is the laste that euer I wyll gyue you whyle I lyue. At which answere all that were by made great laughter, and they all de[s]ired the bisshoppe to be good lorde vnto him for his merye conceytes: at which [earnest entrey, as it] wente, the bysshope was contente to take hym vnto his fauer agayne.

By thys tale ye may se that mery conceytes dothe [a man

more] good than to frete hymselfe with a[n]ger] and melan-
choly.”

From *Tales, and quicke answeres, very mery, and pleasant to
redc.* 4to. n.d., printed by Thomas Berthelet. (See Sing-
er's reprint, p. 9.)

“Of the beggers answere to M. Skelton the poete. xiii.

A **POURE** begger, that was foule, blacke, and lothlye to be-
holde, cam vpon a tyme vnto mayster Skelton the poete, and
asked him his almes. To whom mayster Skelton sayde, I
praye the gette the awaye fro me, for thou lokeste as though
thou camest out of helle. The poure man, perceyuing he
wolde gyue him no thyng, answerd, For soth, syr, ye say
trouth; I came oute of helle. Why dyddest thou nat tary
styl there? quod mayster Skelton. Mary, syr, quod the beg-
ger, there is no roume for such poure beggers as I am; all is
kepte for suche gentyll men as ye be.”

Prefixed to *Pilghy pleasaunt and profitable workes of maister
Skelton, Poete Laureate. Nowe collected and newly published.
Anno 1568.* 12mo.

“IF slouth and tract of time
(That wears eche thing away)
Should rust and canker worthy artes,
Good works would soen decay.
If suche as present are
Forgoeth the people past,
Our selu[e]s should soen in silence slepe,
And loes renom at last.
No soyll nor land so rude
But som odd men can shoe:

Than should the learned pas unknowne,
 Whoes pen & skill did floe?
 God sheeld our slouth¹ wear sutch,
 Or world so simple nowe,
 That knowledgē scaept without reward
 Who sercheth vertue throwe,
 And paints forth vyce aright,
 And blames abues of men,
 And shoes what lief desarues rebuke,
 And who the prayes of pen.
 You see howe forrayn realms
 Aduance their poets all;
 And ours are drowned in the dust,
 Or flong against the wall.
 In Fraunce did Marrot raigne;
 And neighbour thear vnto
 Was Petrark, marching full with Dantte,
 Who erst did wonders do;
 Among the noble Grekes
 Was Homere full of skill;
 And where that Ouid norisht was
 The soyll did florish still
 With letters hie of style;
 But Virgill wan the fraes,²
 And past them all for deep engyen,
 And made them all to gaes
 Upon the bookes he made:
 Thus eche of them, you see,
 Wan prayse and fame, and honor had,
 Eche one in their degree.
 I pray you, then, my friendes,
 Disdaine not for to vewe
 The workes and sugred verses fine
 Of our raer poetes newe;

¹ *slouth*] Old ed. "sloulth."

² *fraes*] i. e. phrase.—In the *Muses Library*, 1737, p. 138. this word is altered to "bayes."

Whoes barborus language rued
 Perhaps ye may mislike;
 But blame them not that ruedly playes
 If they the ball do strike,
 Nor skorne not mother tünge,
 O babes of Englishe breed!
 I haue of other language seen,
 And you at full may reed
 Fine verses trimly wrought,
 And coutcht in comly sort;
 But neuer I nor you, I troe,
 In sentence plaine and short
 Did yet beholde with eye,
 In any forraine tonge,
 A higher verse, a staetly[er] style,
 That may be read or song,
 Than is this daye indeede
 Our Englishe verse and ryme,
 The grace wherof doth touch y^e gods,
 And reatch the cloudes sometime.
 Thorow earth and waters deepe
 The pen by skill doth passe,
 And featly nyps the worldes abuse,
 And shoes vs in a glasse
 The vertu and the vice
 Of euery wyght alyue:
 The hony combe that bee doth make
 Is not so sweete in hyue
 As are the golden leues
 That drops from poets head,
 Which doth surmount our common talke
 As farre as dros doth lead:
 The flowre is sifted cleane,
 The bran is cast aside,
 And so good corne is knowen from chaffe,
 And each fine graine is spide.
 Peers Plowman was full plaine,
 And Chausers spreet was great;

Earle Surry had a goodly vayne;
Lord Vaus the marke did beat,
And Phaer did hit the pricke
In thinges he did translate,
And Edwards had a special gift;
And diuers men of late
Hath helpt our Englishe toung,
That first was baes and brute:—
Ohe, shall I leaue out Skeltons name,
The blossome of my frute,
The tree wheron indeed
My branchis all might groe?
Nay, Skelton wore the lawrell wreath,
And past in schoels, ye knoe;
A poet for his arte,
Whoes iudgment suer was hie,
And had great practies of the pen,
His works they will not lie;
His terms to taunts did lean,
His talke was as he wraet,
Full quick of witte, right sharp of words,
And skilfull of the staet;
Of reason riep and good,
And to the haetfull mynd,
That did disdain his doings still,
A skornar of his kynd;
Most pleasant euery way,
As poets ought to be,
And seldom out of princis grace,
And great with eche degre.
Thus haue you heard at full
What Skelton was indeed;
A further knowledge shall you haue,
If you his bookes do reed.
I haue of meer good will
Theas verses written heer,
To honour vertue as I ought,
And make his fame apear,

That whan the garland gay
 Of lawrel leaues but laet:
 Small is my pain, great is his prayes,
 That thus sutch honour gaet.

Finis quod Churchyarde."

From *Johannis Parkhrsti Ludicra siue Epigrammata Juuenilia*. 1573, 4to.

"De Skeltono vate & sacerdote.

SKELTONUS grauidam reddebat forte puellam,
 Insigni forma quæ peperit puerum.
 Illico multorum fama hæc peruenit ad aures,
 Esse patrem nato sacrificum puero.
 Skeltonum facti non pœnitet aut pudet; ædes
 Ad sacras festo sed venit ipse die:
 Pulpita conscendit facturum verba popello;
 Inque hæc prorupit dicta vir ille bonus;
 Quid vos, O scurræ, capit admiratio tanta?
 Non sunt eunuchi, credite, sacrifici:
 O stolidi, vitulum num me genuisse putatis?
 Non genui vitulum, sed lepidum puerum;
 Sique meis verbis non creditis, en puer, inquit;
 Atque e suggesto protulit, ac abiit."

p. 103.

From *A Treatise Against Iudicial Astrologie. Dedicated to the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Egerton Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale, and one of her Maiesties most honorable priuie Councill. Written by John Chamber, one of the Prebendaries of her Maiesties free Chappell of Windsor, and Fellow of Eaton Coliege.* 1601. 4to.

"Nor much vnlike to merrie Skelton, who thrust his wife out at the doore, and receiued her in againe at the window. The storie is well known how the bishop had charged him to thrust his wife out of the doore: but that which was but a meriment in Skelton," &c. p. 99.

"So that the leape yeare, for any thing I see, might well vse the defence of merie Skelton, who being a priest, and hauing a child by his wife, euerie one cryed out, Oh, Skelton hath a child, fie on him, &c. Their mouthes at that time he could not stop: but on a holy day, in a mery mood, he brought the child to church with him, and in the pulpit stript it naked, and held it out, saying, See this child: is it not a pretie child, as other children be, euen as any of yours? hath it not legs, armes, head, feet, limbes, proportioned euery way as it shuld be? If Skelton had begot a monster, as a calfe, or such like, what a life should poore Skelton haue had then? So we say for the leape yeare, if it had changed the nature of things, as it is charged, how should it haue done then to defende itselfe?" p. 113.

From *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster: containing the mad merry pranks she played in her life time, not onely in performing sundry quarrels with diuers ruffians about London: But also how valiantly she behaued her selfe in the warres of Bolloingne.* 1635. 4to. (Of this tract there is said to have been a much earlier edition. I quote from the reprint in *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, 1816.)

“CHAP. II.

Containing how he [the carrier] placed her in Westminster, and what shee did at her placing.

AFTER the carrier had set vp his horse, and dispatcht his lading, hee remembred his oath, and therefore bethought him how he might place these three maides: with that hee called to minde that the mistresse at the Eagle in Westminster had spoken diuers times to him for a seruant; he with his cariage passed ouer the fields to her house, where he found her sitting and drinking with a Spanish knight called sir James of Castile, doctor Skelton, and Will Sommers; told her how hee had brought vp to London three Lancashire lasses, and seeing she was oft desirous to haue a maid, now she should take her choyce which of them she would haue. Marry, quoth shee, (being a very merry and a pleasant woman,) carrier, thou commest in good time; for not onely I want a maid, but heere bee three gentlemen that shall giue me their opinions, which of them I shall haue. With that the maids were bidden come in, and she intreated them to giue their verdict. Streight as soone as they saw Long Meg, they began to smile; and doctor Skelton in his mad merry veire, blessing himselfe, began thus:

Domine, Domine, vnde hoc ?

What is she in the gray cassock ?

Me thinkes she is of a large length,

Of a tall pitch, and a good strength,

With strong armes and stiffe bones;

This is a wench for the nones:

Her lookes are bonny and blithe,
 She seemes neither lither nor lithe,
 But young of age,
 And of a merry visage,
 Neither beastly nor bowsie,
 Sleepy nor drowsie,
 But faire fac'd and of a good size;
 Therefore, hostesse, if you be wise,
 Once be ruled by me,
 Take this wench to thee;
 For this is plaine,
 Shee'l doe more worke than these twaine:
 I tell thee, hostesse, I doe not mocke;
 Take her in the gray cassocke.

What is your opinion? quoth the hostesse to sir James of Castile. Question with her, quoth he, what she can do, and then Ile giue you mine opinion: and yet first, hostesse, aske Will Sommers opinion. Will smiled, and swore that his hostesse should not haue her, but king Harry should buy her. Why so, Will? quoth doctor Skelton. Because, quoth Will Sommers, that she shall be kept for breed; for if the king would marry her to long Sanders of the court, they would bring forth none but souldiers. Well, the hostesse demanded what her name was. Margaret, forsooth, quoth she. And what worke can you doe? Faith, little, mistresse, quoth she, but handy labour, as to wash and wring, to make cleane a house, to brew, bake, or any such drudgery: for my needle, to that I haue beene little vsed to. Thou art, quoth the hostesse, a good lusty wench, and therefore I like thee the better: I haue here a great charge, for I keepe a victualling house, and diuers times there come in swaggering fellowes, that, when they haue eat and dranke, will not pay what they call for: yet if thou take the charge of my drinke, I must be answered out of your wages. Content, mistresse, quoth she; for while I serue you, if any stale cutter comes in, and thynkes to pay the shot with swearing, hey, gogs wounds, let me alone! Ile not onely (if his clothes be worth it) make him pay ere hee passe, but lend him as many bats as his crag will

carry, and then throw him out of doores. At this they all smiled. Nay, mistresse, quoth the carrier, 'tis true, for my poore pilch here is able with a paire of blew shoulders to sweare as much; and with that he told them how she had vsed him at her comming to London. I cannot thinke, quoth sir James of Castile, that she is so strong. Try her, quoth Skelton, for I haue heard that Spaniards are of wonderfull strength. Sir James in a brauery would needs make experience, and therefore askt the maide if she durst change a box on the eare with him. I, sir, quoth she, that I dare, if my mistresse will giue me leaue. Yes, Meg, quoth she; doe thy best. And with that it was a question who should stand first: Marry, that I will, sir, quoth she; and so stood to abide sir James his blow; who, forcing himselfe with all his might, gaue her such a box that she could scarcely stand, yet shee stirred no more than a post. Then sir James he stood, and the hostesse willed her not spare her strength. No, quoth Skelton; and if she fell him downe, Ile giue her a paire of new hose and shoone. Mistresse, quoth Meg (and with that she stroke vp her sleecue,) here is a foule fist, and it hath past much drudgery, but, trust me, I thinke it will giue a good blow: and with that she raught at him so strongly, that downe fell sir James at her feet. By my faith, quoth Will Sommers, she strikes a blow like an oxe, for she hath strooke down an asse. At this they all laught. Sir James was ashamed, and Meg was entertained into seruice."

" CHAP. IV.

Containing the merry skirmish that was betweene her and sir James of Castile, a Spanish knight, and what was the end of their combat.

There was a great suter to Meg's mistresse, called sir James of Castile, to winne her loue: but her affection was set on doctor Skelton; so that sir James could get no grant of any fauour. Whereupon he swore, if hee knew who were her paramour, hee would runne him thorow with his rapier. The mistresse (who had a great delight to bee pleasant) made a match betweene her and Long Meg, that she should goe drest

In gentlemen's apparell, and with her sword and buckler goe and meet sir James in Saint Georges field[s]; if she beat him, she should for her labour haue a new petticoate. Let me alone, quoth Meg; the deuill take me if I lose a petticoate. And with that her mistress deliuered her a suit of white sattin, that was one of the guards that lay at her house. Meg put it on, and tooke her whinyard by her side, and away she went into Saint Georges fields to meet sir James. Presently after came sir James, and found his mistress very melancholy, as women haue faces that are fit for all fancies. What aile you, sweetheart? quoth he; tell me; hath any man wronged you? if he hath, be he the proudest champion in London, Ile haue him by the eares, and teach him to know, sir James of Castile can chastise whom he list. Now, quoth she, shall I know if you loue me: a squaring long knaue, in a white sattin doublet, hath this day monstrously misused me in words, and I haue no body to reuenge it; and in a brauery went out of doores, and bad the proudest champion I had come into Saint Georges fields and quit my wrong, if they durst: now sir James, if euer you loued mee, learne the knaue to know how he hath wronged me, and I will grant whatsoever you request at my hands. Marry, that I will, quoth he; and for that you may see how I will vse the knaue, goe with me, you and master doctor Skelton, and be eye-witnesses of my manhood. To this they agreed; and all three went into Saint Georges fields, where Long Meg was walking by the windmills. Yonder, quoth she, walkes the villain that abused me. Follow me, hostesse, quoth sir James; Ile goe to him. As soone as hee drew nigh, Meg began to settle herselfe, and so did sir James: but Meg past on as though she would haue gone by. Nay, sirrah, stay, quoth sir James; you and I part not so, we must haue a bout ere we passe; for I am this gentlewomans champion, and flatly for her sake will haue you by the eares. Meg replied not a word; but only out with her sword: and to it they went. At the first bout Meg hit him on the hand, and hurt him a little, but endangered him diuers times, and made him giue ground, following so hotly, that shee strucke sir James' weapon out of his hand; then when she saw him disarm'd, shee stept within him, and, drawing

her ponyard, swore all the world should not saue him. Oh, saue mee, sir! quoth hee; I am a knight, and 'tis but for a womans matter; spill not my blood. Wert thou twenty knights, quoth Meg, and were the king himselve heere, hee should not saue thy life, vnlesse thou grant mee one thing. Whatsoeuer it bee, quoth sir James. Marry, quoth shee, that is, that this night thou wait on my trencher at supper at this womans house; and when supper is done, then confesse me to be thy better at weapon in any ground in England. I will do it, sir, quoth he, as I am a true knight. With this they departed, and sir James went home with his hostesse sorrowfull and ashamed, swearing that his adversary was the stoutest man in England. Well, supper was prouided, and sir Thomas Moore and diuers other gentlemen bidden thither by Skeltons means, to make vp the jest; which when sir James saw inuited, hee put a good face on the matter, and thought to make a slight matter of it, and therefore beforehand told sir Thomas Moore what had befallen him, how entring in a quarrell of his hostesse, hee fought with a desperate gentleman of the court, who had foiled him, and giuen him in charge to wait on his trencher that night. Sir Thomas Moore answered sir James, that it was no dishonour to be foyled by a gentleman [of England?], sith Cæsar himselve was beaten backe by their valour. As thus they were discanting of the valour of Englishmen, in came Meg marching in her mans attire: euen as shee entered in at the doore, This, sir Thomas Moore, quoth sir James, is that English gentleman whose prowesse I so highly commend, and to whom in all valour I account myselfe so inferiour. And, sir, quoth shee, pulling off her hat, and her haire falling about her eares, hee that so hurt him to day is none other but Long Meg of Westminster; and so you are all welcome. At this all the company fell in a great laughing, and sir James was amazed that a woman should so wap him in a whinyard: well, hee as the rest was faine to laugh at the matter, and all that supper time to wait on her trencher, who had leaue of her mistris that shee might be master of the feast; where with a good laughter they made good cheere, sir James playing the proper page, and Meg sitting in her maiesty. Thus was sir James

disgraced for his loue, and Meg after counted for a proper woman."

Scogan and Skelton, 1600, a play by Richard Hathwaye and William Rankins, is mentioned in Henslowe's MSS.: see Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell,) iii. 324.

Notices of Skelton may also be found in:—

A Dialogue bothe pleasaunt and pietifull, wherein is a godlie regiment against the Feuer Pestilence, with a consolation and comforte againste death. Newlie corrected by William Bullein, the authour thereof. 1573, 8vo. Of this piece I have seen only the above ed.; but it appeared originally in 1564. It contains notices of several poets, introduced by way of interlude or diversion in the midst of a serious dialogue; and (at p. 17) Skelton is described as sitting "in the corner of a Piller, with a frostie bitten face, frownyng," and "wrytyng many a sharpe Disticons" against Wolsey—

"How the Cardinall came of nought,
And his Prelacie solde and bought," &c.

(15 verses chiefly made up from Skelton's works).—*The Rewarde of Wickednesse, discoursing the sundrye monstrous abuses of wicked and vngodly Wordelings, &c. Newly compiled by Richard Robinson, seruaunt in householde to the right honorable Earle of Shrewsbury, &c.* 4to, n.d. (The Address to the Reader dated 1574,) at sig. Q 2.—*A Discourse of English Poetrie, &c., By William Webbe, Graduate,* 1586, 4to, at sig. c iii.—*The Arte of English Poesie, &c.* (attributed to one Puttenham: but see D'Israeli's *Amen. of Lit.* ii. 278, sqq.), 1589, 4to, at pp. 48, 50, 69.—*Fovre Letters, and certaine Sonnets: Especially touching Robert Greene, &c.* (by Gabriell Harvey,) 1592, 4to, at p. 7.—*Pierces Supererogation or a New Prayse of the Old Asse, &c.* [by] *Gabriell Huruey,* 1593, 4to, at p. 75.—*Palladis Tamia. Wits Treasury Being the Second part of Wits Com*

monwealth. By Francis Meres, &c., 1598, 12mo, at p. 279.—*Virgidemiarvm. The three last Bookes. Of byting Satyres* (by Joseph Hall,) 1598, 12mo, at p. 83.—*The Downfall of Robert Earle of Huntington, Afterward called Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde, &c.* (by Anthony Munday,) 1601, 4to. In this play, which is supposed to be a rehearsal previous to its performance before Henry the Eighth, Skelton acts the part of Friar Tuck.—In *The Death of Robert, Earle of Huntington, &c.* (by Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle,) 1601, 4to, which forms a Second Part to the drama just described, Skelton, though his name is not mentioned throughout it, is still supposed to act the Friar. *Miscellanea*, written out by "Johnes Mauritius" between 1604 and 1605—*MS. Reg. 12. B. v.*—contains (at fol. 14,) and attributes to Skelton, a well-known indelicate *jeu d'esprit*.—*Pimlyco, or Runne Red-Cap. Tis a mad world at Hogsdon*, 1609, 4to. Besides a notice of Skelton, this poem contains two long quotations from his *Elynour Rummyng*.—*Cornu-copiæ. Pasquils Night-Cap: Or Antidot for the Head-ache* (by Samuel Rowlands,) 1612, 4to, at sig. O 2 and sig. Q 3. The second notice of Skelton in this poem is as follows;

" And such a wondrous troupe the Hornpipe treads,
 One cannot passe another for their heads,
 That shortly we shall haue (*as Skelton iests*)
 A greater sort of horned men than beasts: "

but I recollect nothing in his works to which the allusion can be applied.—*An Halfe-pennyworth of Wit, in a Pennyworth of Paper. Or, The Hermites Tale. The third Impression.* 1613, 4to. At p. 16 of this poem is a tale said to be "in Skeltons rime"—to which, however, it bears no resemblance.—*The Shepheards Pipe* (by Browne and Withers,) 1614, 12mo, in Eglogue i., at sig. C 7,—*Hypercritica; or A Rule of Judgment for writing, or reading our History's, &c.* By Edmund Bolton, Author of *Nero Cesar* (published by Dr. Anthony Hall together with *Nicolai Triveti Annañium Continuatio, &c.*), 1722, 8vo, at p. 235. At what period Bolton wrote this treatise is uncertain: he probably completed it about 1618; see Haslewood's Preface to *Anc. Crit. Essays*,

&c. ii. xvi.—*Poems: By Michael Drayton Esquire*, n.d. folio, at p. 283.—*The Golden Fleece Divided into three Parts, &c.*, by *Orpheus Junior* [Sir William Vaughan], 1626, 4to, at pp. 83, 88, 93, of the Third Part. In this piece “Scogin and Skelton” figure as “the chiefe Aduocates for the Dogrel Rimers by the procurement of Zoilus, Momus, and others of the Popish Sect.”—*The Fortunate Isies, and their Union. Celebrated in a Masque designed for the Court, on the Twelfth-night*, 1626, by Ben Jonson. In this masque are introduced “Skogan and Skelton, in like habits as they lived:” see Jonson’s *Works*, viii. ed. Gifford: see also his *Tale of a Tub* (licensed 1633), *Works*, vi. 231.—*Wit and Fancy In a Maze. Or the Incomparable Champion of Love and Beautie. A Mock-Romance, &c. Written originally in the British Tongue, and made English by a person of much Honor. Si foret in terris rideret Democritus.*¹ 1656, 12mo. In this romance (p. 101) we are told that “[In Elysium] the Brittish Bards (forsooth) were also ingaged in quarrel for Superiority; and who think you threw the Apple of Discord amongst them, but Ben Jonson, who had openly vaunted himself the first and best of English Poets Skelton, Gower, and the Monk of Bury were at Dagers-drawing for Chawcer:” and a marginal note on “Skelton” informs us that he was “Henry 4. his Poet Lawreat, who wrote disguises for the young Princes”!

¹ Such is the title-page of the copy now before me: but some copies (see *Restituta*, iv. 196) are entitled *Don Zara del Fogo, &c.* 1656; and others *Romancio-Mastix, or a Romance of Romances, &c.* By Samuel Holland. Gent. 1660.

APPENDIX II.

LIST OF EDITIONS, &c.

Here begynneth a lytell treatyse named the bowge of courte.
Colophon,
*Thus endeth the Bowge of courte. Enprynted at Westmyn-
ster By me Wynkyn the Worde. 4to, n.d.*
On the title-page is a woodcut of a fox and a bear.

Here begynneth a lytell treatyse named the bowge of courte.
Colophon,
*Thus endeth the Bowge of courte Enprynted at London By
Wynken de Worde in flete strete, at the sygne of the sonne. 4to,
n.d.*
On the title-page is a woodcut of three men and a woman.

*Here folowythe dyuers Balettys and dyties solacyous deuysyd by
Master Skelton Laureat.*
Colophon, *Cum priuilegio.*
4to, n.d., and without printer's name, but evidently from
the press of Pynson. (Consisting of 4 leaves.)
On the title-page is a woodcut representing Skelton seated
in his study, crowned with a laurel wreath, and over his head,
'Arboris omne genus viridi concedite lauro' (see *Memoir*,
p. lx. note.)

It contains—

The ballad, "My darlyng dere, my daysy floure," &c.

The verses, "The auncient acquaintance, madam, betwen vs twayne," &c.

The verses, "Knolege, acquayntance, resort, faouour with grace." &c.

The Latin verses, "Cuncta licet cecidisse putas," &c., with an English translation, "Though ye suppose," &c.

The verses, "Go, pytyous hart, rasyd with dedly wo," &c.

Skelton Laureate agaynste a comely Coystrowne that curyously chauntyd And curryshly cowntred, And madly in hys Musykkys mokyshly made, Agaynste the .ix. Musys of polytyke Poems & Poetty's matryculat.

Colophon,

Cum priuilegio.

4to, n.d., and without printer's name, but evidently from the press of Pynson. (Consisting of 4 leaves.)

On the title-page is a woodcut, the same as in the last mentioned tract, but with a different border.

It contains—

The verses mentioned in the title-page.

"Contra aliū Cātitātē & Organisantē Asinum, qui impugnat Skeltonida pierium Sarcasmos."

"Skelton Laureat uppon a deedmans hed y^t was sent to hym from an honorable Jētyllwoman for a token Deuysyd this gostly medytacyon in Englysh Couenable in sentence Comēdable, Lamētable, Lacrymable, Profyttable for the soule."

The verses, "Womanhod, wanton, ye want," &c.

Honorificatissimo, Amplissimo, longeque reuerendissimo in Christo patri: Ac domino, domino Thomæ &c. Tituli sanctæ Cecilie, sacrosanctæ Romanæ ecclesie presbytero Cardinali meritisimo, et Apostolicæ sedis legato. A latereque legato superilustri &c. Skeltonis laureatus Ora, reg. Humillimum, dicit

obsequium cum omni debita reuerentia, tanto tamque magnifico digna principe sacerdotum, totiusque iustitiæ equabilissimo moderatore. Necnon presentis opusculi fautore excellentissimo &c. Ad cuius auspiciatissimam contemplationem, sub memorabili prelo gloriose immortalitatis presens pagella felicitatur &c.

A replicacion agaynst certayne yong scolers, abiured of late &c.

Argumentum.

*Crassantes nimium, Nimium sterilesque labruscas
(Vinea quas domini sabaot non sustinet ultra
Laxius expandi) nostra est resecare uoluntas.
Cum priuilegio a rege indulto.*

Colophon,

Thus endeth the Replicacyon of Skel. L. &c. Imprinted by Richard Pynson, printer to the kynyes most noble grace. 4to, n.d.

A ryght delectable tratyse vpon a goodly Garlande or Chapelet of Laurell by mayster Skelton Poete laureat studyously dyuyssed at Sheryfhotton Castell. In y^e foreste of galtres, wher in ar cōprysye many & dyuers solacyons & ryght pregnant allectyues of syngular pleasure, as more at large it doth apere in y^e proces folowynge.

Colophon,

Here endith a ryght delectable tratyse vpon a goodly garlonde or chapelet of laurell dyuyssed by mayster Skelton Poete laureat.

Imprynte by me Rycharde faukes dwelhydg [sic] in durā rent or els in Powlis chyrche yarde at the sygne of the A. B. C. The yere of our lorde god .M.CCCCC.XXIII. The .iii. day of Octobre, 4to.

On the title-page is a woodcut representing Skelton seated in his study, and on the reverse of the title-page a woodcut (copied from a French print—see *Memoir*, p. lx. note,)—a whole-length figure of a man holding a branch in one hand

and a flower in the other,—having at top the words “ Skelton Poeta,” and at bottom the following verses;

*Eterno mansura die dum sidera fulgent
Equora dumq; tument hec laurea nostra virebit.
Hinc nostrum celebre et nomē referetur ad astra
Vndiq; Skeltonis memorabitur altera donis [alter Adonis].*

On the reverse of A ii. are small woodcuts of “ The queene of Fame ” and “ Dame Pallas.” After the colophon is the device of the printer, “ Richard Fakes.”

Magnyfycence, A goodly interlude and a mery deuysed and made by mayster Skelton poet laureate late deceasyd.

Colophon, *Cum priuilegio.*

folio, n.d., and without printer's name.

This edition was in all probability from Rastell's press.

Here after foloweth the boke of Phyllyp Sparowe compyled by mayster Skelton Poete Laureate.

Colophon,

Prynted at London at the poultry by Rycharde Kele.

12mo, n.d. On reverse of the last leaf is a woodcut representing Phyllyp Sparowe's tomb.

An edition by Kele, 4to, n.d., is mentioned in *Typogr. Antig.* iv. 305, ed. Dibdin: but qy.?

Here after foloweth a litle booke of Phyllyp Sparow, compiled by Mayster Skellō Poete Laureate.

Colophon,

Imprynted at London in paules churche yerde by Robert Toy.

12mo, n.d. On reverse of the last leaf is the same woodcut as in the ed. last described.

Here after foloweth a litle boke of Phillip sparow. Compyled by mayster Skelton Poete Laureate.

Colophon,

Imprinted at London in poules churchyard, at the sygne of the Sunne, by Antony Kitson.

Colophon in some copies,

Imprinted at London in poules churchyard at the sygne of the Tomb, by Abraham Weale [sic].

Colophon in some other copies,

Imprinted at London in Foster-lane by Ihon Walley.

12mo, n.d.

An edition *Imprinted at London in paules churche yerde by John Wyght*, with a woodcut of "Phyllyp Sparowes tomb" on the last page, is mentioned in *Typogr. Antiq.* iv. 379. ed. Dibdin.

Here after foloweth certaine bokes cōpyled by mayster Skeltō, Poet Laureat, whose names here after shall appere.

Speake Parot.

The death of the noble Prynce Kynge Edwarde the fourth.

A treatyse of the Scottes.

Ware the Hawke.

The Tunnyng of Elymoure Rummyng.

Colophon,

Thus endeth these lytle workes compyled by maister Skelton Poet Laureat.

Imprynted at London, in Crede Lane, by John Kynge and Thomas Marche.

12mo, n.d.

Heare after foloweth certain bokes Compiled by Master Skelton, Poet Laureat, whose names here after doth appere.

(Enuineration of pieces as above.)

Imprynted at London by Ihon Day.

Colophon,

Thus endeth these litle works compiled by maister Skelton, Poet Laureat.

12mo, n.d.

Here after foloweth certayne bokes, cōpyled by mayster Skelton, Poet Laureat, whose names here after shall appere.

(Enumeration of pieces as above.)

Printed at London by Richard Lant, for Henry Tab, dwelling in Pauls churchyard, at the sygne of Judith.

Colophon,

Thus endethe these lytell workes compyled by mayster Skelton Poet Laureat. And prynted by Richard Lant, for Henry Tab, dwelling in Poules churche yard at the sygne of Judith.

12mo, n.d. On the fly-leaf of the copy which I used, but perhaps not belonging to it, was pasted a woodcut representing the author, with the words "Skelton Poet" (copied from Pynson's ed. of *Dyuers Balettys*, &c., and the same as that on the reverse of the last leaf of Kele's ed. of *Why come ye nat to Courte.*)

An edition printed for *W. Bonham*, 1547, 12mo, is mentioned by Warton, *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 336 (note,) ed. 4to.

The various editions of these "certaine bokes" contain, besides the pieces specified on the title-page, the following poems—

"All noble men, of this take hede," &c. [prefixed to the eds. of *Why come ye nat to Courte.*]

"Howe euery thing must haue a tyme."

"Prayer to the Father of Heauen."

"To the seconde Person."

"To the Holy Ghost."

Here after foloweth a lital boke called Colyn Cloute compyled by mayster Skelton poete Laureate.

Quis cōsurgat mecū aduersus malignantes, aut quis stabit mecū aduersus operantes iniquitatem. Nemo domine.

Colophon,

Imprinted at London by me Rycharde Kele dwelling in the poultry at the long shop vnder saynt Mykldredes chyrche.

12mo, n.d.

An edition by Kele, 4to, n.d., is mentioned in *Typogr. Antiq.* iv. 305. ed. Dibdin: but qy.?

Here after foloweth a litle booke called Colyn Clout compilea by master Skellon Poete Laureate.

Quis cōsurgat, &c. (as above.)

Colophon,

Imprinted at London in Paules Churche yarde at the Sygne of the Rose by Iohn Wyghte.

12mo, n.d.

Here after foloweth a litle boke called Colyn Clout compiled by master Skellon Poete Laureate.

Quis consurgat, &c. (as above.)

Colophon,

Imprinted at London in Paules Churche yarde at the Sygne of the Sunne by Anthony Kytson.

Colophon in some copies,

Imprinted at London in Paules Churche yarde at the Sygne of the Lambe by Abraham Veale.

12mo, n.d.

An edition *Imprinted at London* by — [Thomas Godfray.] *Cum priuilegio regali*, is mentioned in *Typogr. Antiq.* iii. 71. ed. Dibdin.

Here after foloweth a lytell boke, whiche hath to name, Why come ye nat to courte, compyled by mayster Skellon poete Laureate.

Colophon,

Imprinted at london by me Richard kele dwelling in the poultry at the longe shop vnder saynt mykldredes chyrch.

12mo, n.d. On the reverse of the title-page is a woodcut

representing two figures, one of them perhaps meant for Wolsey, the other headed "Skelton;" and on the reverse of the last leaf is a woodcut (copied from Pynson's ed of *Dyuers Balettys*, &c.) with the words "Skylton poyet."

An edition by Kele, 4to, n.d., is mentioned in *Typogr. Antiq.* iv. 305. ed. Dibdin: but qy.?

Here after foloweth a little booke, whiche hath to name Whi come ye not to courte, compiled by mayster Skeltō Poete Laureate.

Colophon,

Imprynted at London in Paules churche yarde at the Sygne of the Rose by John Wyyght.

12mo, n.d. On the reverse of the title-page is a woodcut, which I am unable to describe, because in the copy used by me it was much damaged as well as pasted over.

Here after foloweth a litle boke whyche hath to name, whye come ye not to Courte. Compyled by mayster Skelton Poete Laureate.

Colophon,

Imprynted at London in Poules church yard at the syne of the sunne by Anthony Kytson.

Colophon in some copies,

Imprynted at London in Poules church yard at the syne of the Lamb by Abraham Veale.

Colophon in some other copies,

Imprynted at London in Foster lane by John Wallye

12mo, n.d.

An edition, *Imprynted at London, in Paules church yarde at the Sygne of the Bell by Robert Toy*, is mentioned in *Typogr. Antiq.* iii. 576. ed. Dibdin.

Pithy pleasaunt and profitable workes of maister Skelton, Poete Laureate. Nowe collected and newly published. Anno 1568 Imprinted at London in Fletestrate, neare vnto saint Dunstones church by Thomas Marshe. 12mo.

On the reverse of the title-page are the Latin lines, "Salve, plus decies," &c. (see vol. i. 197); next, Churchyard's verses, "If slouth and tract of time," &c. (see Appendix I. p. xciv); and then the contents of the volume are thus enumerated;

"Workes of Skelton newly collected by I. S. as foloweth.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| 1. The crowne of lawrel. | 15. Colyn Clout. |
| 2. The bouge of court. | 16. Philip sparowe. |
| 3. The duke of Albany. | 17. Of a comly Coystrowne. |
| 4. Speake parrot. | [Contra alium Cautitā- |
| 5. Edward the fourth. | tem & Organisantem |
| 6. Against the Scottes. | Asinam, &c.] |
| [Chorus de Dys contra | 18. Upō a deadmās heed. |
| Scottes, &c. | 19. To maistris Anne. |
| Chorus de dis, &c. su- | 20. Of thre fooles. |
| per triumphali victoria | 21. En parlement a Paris. |
| contra gulos, &c.] | 22. Epitaphes of two knaues |
| 7. Ware the hauke. | of dise. |
| [Libertas veneranda, &c. | [Diligo rustineum, &c.] |
| All noble men of this | 23. Lamentation for Nor- |
| take hede, &c.] | wiche. |
| 8. Howe euery thinge must | 24. Against y ^e Scottes [i. e. |
| haue a time. | against Dundas]. |
| 9. A prayer to the father | 25. Praise of y ^e palntre. |
| of heauen. | [Diligo rusticum, &c.] |
| 10. To y ^e second person. | 26. Bedel quōdā Belial. |
| 11. To the holy ghost. | 27. The dolorus death of |
| 12. The tunning of Elinour | the Lord Percie Erle |
| Rumming. | of Northumber- |
| 13. The relucēt mirror. | lande. |
| 14. Why come ye not to | [Ad magistrum Ruk- |
| court. | shaw.] |

- | | |
|---|--|
| 28. Epitaphium Margarete
countisse de Derbi. | 31. A parable by William
Cornishe in y ^e Fleete. |
| 29. Epita. Hen. septi. | 32. Against venomous
tongues. |
| 30. Eulogium pro suorum
temporum. | 33. Of Calliope. |

How the very dull poem (31) by William Cornishe came to be inserted in this collection, I know not: but I may just observe that it is found (with a better text) in *MS. Reg. 18. D. ii.* where it immediately precedes Skelton's verses on the Death of the Earl of Northumberland.

"Now synge we, as we were wont," &c.—in an imperfect volume (or fragments of volumes) of black-letter *Christmas Carolles*,—*Bibliograph. Miscell.* (edited by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.) 1813, 4to, p. 48.

Concerning the comparatively modern edition of *Elynour Rummyngye*, 1624, 4to (celebrated for the imaginary portrait of Elynour,) see Notes, vol. iii. 88 sqq.

Wood mentions as by Skelton (*Ath. Oxon.* i. 52. ed. Bliss)—*Poetical Fancies and Satyrs*, Lond. 1512, Oct.
Tanner mentions (*Biblioth.* p. 676)—*Miseries of England under Henry vii.* Lond. . . . 4to. [Qy. is it the same piece as *Vox Populi, Vox Dei* ?]
Warton mentions (*Hist. of E. P.* ii. 336, note, ed. 4to)—
A collection of Skelton's pieces printed for A. Scolocker, 1682, 12mo.

Bliss mentions (add. to Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* i. 53)—

A collection of Skelton's pieces *printed in 12mo by A. Scho-
loker, n.d., and*

Another *by John Wight in 8vo, 1588.*

Of Skelton's drama, *The Nigramansir*, the following account is given by Warton:—

"I cannot quit Skelton, of whom I yet fear too much has been already said, without restoring to the public notice a play, or MORALITY, written by him, not recited in any catalogue of his works, or annals of English typography; and, I believe, at present totally unknown to the antiquarians in this sort of literature. It is, *The NIGRAMANSIR, a morall ENTERLUDE and a pithie written by Maister SKELTON laureate and plaid before the king and other estatys at Woodstoke on Palme Sunday.* It was printed by Wynkin de Worde in a thin quarto, in the year 1504.¹ It must have been presented before king Henry the seventh, at the royal manor or palace, at Woodstock in Oxfordshire, now destroyed. The characters are a Necromancer or conjurer, the devil, a notary public, Simonie, and Philargyria or Avarice. It is partly a satire on some abuses in the church; yet not without a due regard to decency, and an apparent respect for the dignity of the audience. The story, or plot, is the tryal of SIMONY and AVARICE: the devil is the judge, and the notary public acts

¹ "My lamented friend Mr. William Collins, whose Odes will be remembered while any taste for true poetry remains, shewed me this piece at Chichester, not many months before his death: and he pointed it out as a very rare and valuable curiosity. He intended to write the HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION OF LEARNING UNDER LEO THE TENTH, and with a view to that design, had collected many scarce books. Some few of these fell into my hands at his death. The rest, among which, I suppose, was this INTERLUDE, were dispersed."

as an assessor or scribe. The prisoners, as we may suppose, are found guilty, and ordered into hell immediately. There is no sort of propriety in calling this play the *Necromancer*: for the only business and use of this character, is to open the subject in a long prologue, to evoke the devil, and summon the court. The devil kicks the necromancer, for waking him so soon in the morning: a proof that this drama was performed in the morning, perhaps in the chapel of the palace. A variety of measures, with shreds of Latin and French, is used: but the devil speaks in the octave stanza. One of the stage-directions is, *Enter Balsebub with a Berde*. To make him both frightful and ridiculous, the devil was most commonly introduced on the stage wearing a visard with an immense beard. Philargyria quotes Seneca and saint Austin: and Simony offers the devil a bribe. The devil rejects her offer with much indignation: and swears by the *foule Eumenides*, and the hoary beard of Charon, that she shall be well fried and roasted in the unfathomable sulphur of Cocytus, together with Mahomet, Pontius Pilate, the traitor Judas, and king Herod. The last scene is closed with a view of hell, and a dance between the devil and the necromancer. The dance ended, the devil trips up the necromancer's heels, and disappears in fire and smoke." *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 360. ed. 4to.

In the *Garlande of Laurell* (vol. ii. 221, sqq.) Skelton enumerates many of his compositions which are no longer extant.

PIECES ATTRIBUTED TO SKELTON.

Verses presented to King Henry the Seventh at the feast of St. George celebrated at Windsor in the third year of his reign—first printed by Ashmole (see vol. ii. 345 of the present work.)

The Epitaffe of the moste noble and valyaunt Jaspas late Duke of Beddeforde, printed by Pynson, 4to, n.d. (see vol. ii. 347.)

Elegy on King Henry the Seventh—an imperfect broadside (see vol. ii. 362.)

Merie Tales Newly Imprinted & made by Mister Skelton Poet Laureat. Imprinted at London in Fleetstreet beneath the Conduit at the signe of S. John Euangelist, by Thomas Colwell, 12mo, n.d. (see the preceding Appendix.) Warton, *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 336 (note,) gives the date 1575 to these tales,—on what authority I know not.

Other pieces might be mentioned.

MSS.

Of the death of the noble prince, Kynge Edwarde the forth. In a vol. belonging to Miss Richardson Currur, which has furnished a stanza hitherto unprinted (vol. i. 3.)

Vpon the doulourus dethe and muche lamentable chaunce of the most honorable Erle of Northumberlande. MS. Reg. 18 D ii. fol. 165 (vol. i. 8.)

Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale. Fairfax MS.—Add. MSS. (Brit. Mus.) 5465, fol. 109 (vol. i. 35.)

Poems against Garnesche. MS. Harl. 367, fol. 101. Now for the first time printed (vol. i. 132.)

“*Wofully araid,*” &c. Fairfax MS.—Add. MSS. 5465, fol. 76 and fol. 86 (Brit. Mus.): and MS. copy in a very old hand on the fly-leaves of *Boetius de Discip. Schol. cum notabili commento, Daventrie*, 1496, 4to (in the collection of the late Mr. Heber,) which has supplied several stanzas hitherto unprinted (vol. i. 165.)

“*I, liber, et propera, regem tu pronus adora,*” &c. MS. C. C. C.—No. ccccxxxii. of Nasmith's *Catal.* p. 400 (vol. i. 172.)

“*Salve plus decies quam sunt momenta dierum,*” &c. Add. MSS. (Brit. Mus.) 4787, fol. 224 (vol. i. 197.)

Colyn Cloute. MS. Harl. 2252, fol. 147 (vol. ii. 125.)—In MS. Lansdown 762, fol. 75, is a fragment of this poem, “The profecy of Skelton” (vol. ii. 141.)

Garlande of Laurell. MS. Cott. Vit. E X. fol. 200; very imperfect (vol. ii. 170.)

Speke, Parrot. MS. Harl. 2252, fol. 133, which has supplied much now for the first time printed (vol. ii. 245.)

Diodorus Siculus translated into English [by Skelton poet-laureat]. MS. C. C. C.—No. ccclvii. of Nasmith's *Catal.* p. 362.

For the following account of this MS. I am indebted to Mr. Thomas Wright:—

“MS. Corp. Chr. Camb. No. 357.

At the head of the first folio—‘Interpretatio Skeltoni poetæ Laureati,’ written in a different hand from the MS. (by Nasmith said to be by Archb. Parker himself) over something which has been erased, but which seems to have been ‘Prohemye of Poggius.’

At the end of this preface is written in the same hand as MS. ‘Thus endeth the prohemye of Poggius.’ fol. 2 verso.

At fol. 3 begins ‘The prohemy of Diodorus thauctour.’ This ends at fol. 7 thus,—

¶ ‘Now we wyll enforce to begynne our processe historyall. quod Skelton.

¶ Here endeth the prohemy of all the hole processe.’

The words ‘quod Skelton’ are written in rather a different hand, and with different ink, but apparently contemporary. I think it not impossible that they may have been added by the original hand at another time.

It is imperfect at the end: but on a leaf bound up with it is written in a much later hand (perhaps by Parker,) ‘Hec charta de industria vacua relicta est, ut occasio daretur juveni in litteris exercitato aggrediendi translationem historiæ que hic diminuta est, ut sic humeri sui vires experiatur quid ferre valeant, quidve recusent, tum cognoscat quid hic translator prestiterit, fortassis non ita facile in hoc genere a multis superandus.’”

Tanner (*Biblioth.* p. 676. ed. 1748) mentions the following two pieces as extant in his day among the MSS. of Lincoln Cathedral Library (see *Memoir*, pp. xxi, xxiii.)—

Methodos Skeltonidis laureati, sc. Præcepta quedam moralia Henrico principi, postea Henr. viii, missa, Dat. apud Eltham A.D. MDI. Principium deest.

Carmen ad principem, quando insignitus erat ducis Ebor. titulo
Pr. "Si quid habes, mea Musa."

MSS. OF PIECES ATTRIBUTED TO SKELTON.

Vox Populi, vox Dei. MS. 2567 Cambridge Public Library.
MS. Harl. 367. fol. 130 (see vol. ii. 364.)

The Image of Ipocrysy. MS. Lansdown 794 (see vol. ii. 388.)

Other pieces might be mentioned.

APPENDIX III.

EXAMPLES

OF

THE METRE CALLED SKELTONICAL.

The Genealogye of Heresy. Compyled by Ponce Pantolabus. Imprynted at London In Pater noster rowe. At the signe of our ladye pytye [some copies, our fadyr Pyte] By Johan Redman. *Ad imprimendum solum*, 1542: another edition was printed by Robert Wyer: vide *Typograph. Antiq.* iii. 59, 182. ed. Dibdin (the size of them not mentioned.) The author was John Huntingdon.

These editions I have not seen: the whole of the tract, however, seems to be quoted in *A mysterye of inyquyte contayned within the heretycall Genealogye of Ponce Pantolabus, is here both dysclosed & confuted By Johan Bale An. M.D.XLII.* 12mo, Geneva, 1545, from which I subjoin the following passages:

“ Blynde obstynacye
Begate heresy, e,
By a myschaunce,
Of dame ignoraunce.
Heresye begate
Stryfe and debate.

Debate and ambycyon
 Begate supersticyon.
 Supersticion playne
 Begate disdayne.
 Dyedayne of trowthe
 Begate slowthe.
 Slowthe & sluggyshnesse
 Begate wylfulnessse.
 Wylfulnessse, verelye
 Nygh cosyne to heresy, e,
 Begate myschefe,
 Father of Wyclefe,
 Which ded bringe inne
 His grandfather synne.
 After this brother
 Came forth an other;
 His name to discusse,
 Menne called him **Husse;**
 He and his cumpanye
 Began in Germanye.
 And after that
 Came in a gnat
 Of the same kynde,
 Whose sowle is blynde;
 His name you shall here,
 Menne call him **Luthere.**
 He by his meane
 Hath bannyshed cleane
 Out of that coste
 The Holye Ghoste,
 And hath brought inne
 Lyberte and synne.
 Next after him,
 Is his chefe lym
 One Melanchtonus,
Nequaquam bonus.
 Next after this whelpe
 Came in to helpe

One Oecolampadius,
With his brother Zuinglius.

And for this tyme
Here endeth my ryme,
The Genealogye
Of stynkyng hereseye:
Wherin I requyre
And humblye desyre
All menne ywys
That shall rede this,
Aboue all thinge
To praye for our kyng,
And the quene also
Where so euer she go,
And for the sauegarde
Of our prince Edward,
Whom I praye Jesu
Longe to contynewe!
Amen."

From *A pore helpe*.

*The bukler and defence
Of mother holy kyrke,
And weapē to driue hence
Al that against her wircke.*

12mo, without date or printer's name.

"Wyll none in all this lande
Step forth and take in hande
These felowes to withstande,
In nombre lyke the sande,
That with the Gospell melles,
And wyll do nothyng elles
But tratlyngē tales telles

Agaynst our holy prelatie
 And holy churches dygnitie,
 Sayinge it is but papistrie,
 Yea, fayned and hipocrisy,
 Erronious and heresy,
 And taketh theyr auctoritie
 Out of the holy Euangelie,
 All customes ceremoniall
 And rytes ecclesiasticall,
 Not grounded on Scripture,
 No longer to endure?
 And thus, ye maye be sure,
 The people they alure
 And drawe them from your lore,
 The whiche wyll greve you sore;
 Take hede, I saye, therefore,
 Your nede was neuer more.
 But sens ye be so slacke,
 It greueth me, alacke,
 To heare behynde your backe
 Howe they wyll carpe and cracke,
 And none of you that dare
 With¹ one of them compare.
 Yet some there be that are
 So bolde to shewe theyr ware,
 And is no priest nor deacon,
 And yet wyll fyre his becone
 Agaynst suche fellowes frayle,
 Make out with tothe and nayle,
 And hoyste vp meyne sayle,
 And manfully to fyght,
 In holy prelates ryght,
 With penne and ynke and paper,
 And lyke no triflynge iaper
 To touche these felowes indede

¹ *With*] Old ed. "Whiche."

With all expedient spede,
And not before it nede:
And I indede am he
That wayteth for to se
Who dare so hardy be
To encounter here with me;
I stande here in defence
Of some that be far hence,
And can both blysse and sence,
And also vndertake
Ryght holy thynges to make,
Yea, God within a cake;
And who so that forsake
His breade shall be dowe bake;
I openly professe
The holy blyssed masse
Of strength to be no lesse
Then it was at the fyrst:
But I wolde se who durst
Set that amonge the worst,
For he shulde be accurst
With boke, bell, and candell,
And so I wolde hym handell
That he shulde ryght well knowe
Howe to escape, I trowe,
So hardy on his heade,
Depraue our holy breade,
Or els to prate or patter
Agaynst our holy watter.
This is a playne matter,
It nedeth not to flatter:
They be suche holy thynges
As hath ben vsed with kynges;
And yet these lewde loselles,
That bragge vpon theyr Gospelles,
At ceremonies swelles,
And at our christined belles,
And at our longe gownes,
And at your shauen crownes,

And at your typ[i]ttes fyne,
 The iauelles wyll repyne.
 They saye ye leade euyl lyues
 With other mennes wyues,
 And wyll none of your owne,
 And so your sede is sowne
 In other mennes grounde,
 True wedlocke to confounde;
 Thus do they rayle and raue,
 Callynge enery priest knaue,
 That loueth messe to saye,
 And after ydle all daye:
 They wolde not haue you playe
 To dryue the tyme awaye,
 But brabble on the Byble,
 Whiche is but impossible
 To be learned in all your lyfe;
 Yet therin be they ryfe,
 Whiche maketh all this stryfe," &c.

FROM *The Vpcheringe of the Messe: Inprinted at Lodon by
 John Daye and Willyam Seres, 12mo, n.d.*

" Who hath not knowen or herd
 How we were made ascard
 That, magre of our beard,
 Our messe shulde cleane awaye,
 That we did dayly saye,
 And vtterly decaye
 For euer and for aye?
 So were we brought in doubt
 That all that are deuout
 Were like to go withoute
 The messe that hath no peere,
 Which longe hath taried here,
 Yea, many an hundreth yere,

And to be destitute
 Of that whiche constitute
 Was of the highe depute
 Of Christe and his apostles;
 Althoughe none of the Gospels
 No mention maketh or tells,
 We must belue (what ells?)
 Of things done by councells,
 Wherein the high professours,
 Apostlique successours,
 Take holde to be possessours;
 And some were made confessours;
 Some of them were no startars,
 But were made holi martars:
 Yet plowmen, smythes, & cartars,
 With such as be their hartars,
 Will enterprise to taxe
 Thes auneyent mens actes
 And holy fathers factes.
 Thoughe messe were made bi men,
 As popes nyne or ten,
 Or many more, what then?
 Or not of Scripture grounded,
 Is yt therfore confounded
 To be a supersticion?
 Nay, nay, they mysse the quission:
 Make better inquyssicion;
 Ye haue an euyll condicion
 To make suche exposicion;
 Ye thinke nothings but Scripture
 Is only clene and pure;
 Yes, yes, I you ensure,
 The messe shalbe hir better,
 As light as ye do set hir.
 The Scripture hath nothing
 Wherby profyte to bryng,
 But a lytyll preaching,
 With tattling and teaching;

And nothing can ye espie
 Nor se with outwarde eye,
 But must your ears applie
 To learnyng inwardlye;
 And who so it will folowe,
 In goods though he may walow,
 If Scripture once him swalowe,
 She wyll vndo him holowe;
 Wherfore no good mes singers
 Will come within hir fyngers,
 But are hir vnder styngers,
 For she wolde fayne vndo
 All such as lyueth so.

To the messe she is an enymye,
 And wolde distroye hir vtterlye,
 Wer not for sum that frendfully
 In time of nede will stand hir by.
 Yet is the messe and she as lyke
 As a Christian to an heretike:
 The messe hath holy vestures,
 And many gay gestures,
 And decked with clothe of golde
 And vessells many folde,
 Right galaunt to beholde,
 More then may well be tolde,
 With basen, ewer, and towell,
 And many a prety jwelle,
 With goodly candellstyckes,
 And many proper tryckys,
 With cruetts gilt and chalys,
 Wherat some men haue malice,
 With sensers, and with pax,
 And many other knackys,
 With patent, and with corporas.
 The fynest thing that euer was.
 Alasse, is it not pitie
 That men be no more wittye
 But on the messe to iest,
 Of all suche thinge the best?

For if she were supprest,
A pyn for all the rest.

.
A, good mestres Missa,
Shal ye go from vs thissa?
Wel, yet I muste ye kissa:
Alacke, for payne I pyssa,
To se the mone here issa,
Because ye muste departe!
It greueth many a herte
That ye should from them start:
But what then? tushe, a farte!
Sins other shifte is none,
But she must neades be gone,
Nowe let vs synge eche one,
Boeth Jak and Gyll and Jone,
Requiem eternam,
Lest *penam sempiternam*
For *vitam supernam,*
And *vmbam infernam*
For *veram lucernam,*
She chaunce to enherite,
According to hir merite.

Pro cuius memoria
Ye maye wel be soria;
Full smale maye be your *gloria,*
When ye shal heare thys storia;
Then wil ye crie and roria,
We shal se ¹ hir no moria:
Et dicam vobis quare
She may no longer *stare,*
Nor here with you *regnare,*
But trudge *ad ultra mare,*
And after *habitare*
In regno Plutonico
Et euo acronyco,

¹ se] Old ed. "so."

Cum cetu Babilonico
Et cantu diabolico,
 With pollers and piller[s],
 And al hir well willers,
 And ther to dwel euer:
 And thus wil I leaue hir.”

From *Phylogamus*, 12mo, without date or printer's name—of which the title-page and five leaves are preserved in a volume of Ballads and Fragments in the British Museum. The late Mr. Douce has written below the title-page “Probably by Skelton;” but it is certainly not his.

“ Gyue place, ye poetes fine,
 Bow doune now & encline;
 For nowe y^e Muses nyne,
 So sacred and diuine
 In Parnase holy hyll
 Haue wrought theyr worthy wyll,
 And by theyr goodly skyll
 Vppon that myghty mountayne
 In Hellycons fountayne, &c.

.
 O poete so impudent,
 Whyche neuer yet was studente,
 To thee the goddess prudente
 Minerua is illudente!
 Thou wrytest thynges dyffuse,
 Incongrue and confuse,
 Obfuscate and obtuse;
 No man the lyke doth use
 Among the Turckes or Jewes;
 Alwayes inuentyng newes
 That are incomparable,
 They be so fyrme and stable.

Lyke as a shyppes able,
Wythout ancre and cable,
Roother, maste, or sayle,
Pully, rope, or nayle,
In wynde, weather, or hayle,
To guyde both top and tayle,
And not the course to fayle;
So thys our poet maye,
Wythout a stopp or staye,
In cunnyng wend the way,
As wel by darke as day,
And neuer go astray,
Yf yt be as they saye.
O poet rare and recent,
Dedecorate and indecent,
Insolent and insensate,
Contendyng and condensate,
Obtused and obturate,
Obumbylate, obdurate,
Sparyng no priest or curate,
Cyuylyan or rurate,
That be alredy marryed,
And from theyr vow bene varyed,
Wherto the Scrypture them caried!
They myght as wel haue taryed;
I sweare by the north doore rood,
That stowte was whyle he stood,
That they had bene as good
To haue solde theyr best blew hood,
For I am in suche a moode,
That for my power and parte,
Wyth all my wyt and arte,
Wyth whole intent and harte,
I wyl so at them darte," &c.

The Coppye of a letter, sent by John Bradford to the right honorable lordes the Eroles of Arundel, Darbie, Shrewsbury, & Pembroke, declaring the nature of spaniardes, and discovering the most detestable treasons, whiche they have pretended moste falselye againste oure moste noble kyngdome of Englande Whereunto is added a tragical blast of the papisticall trôpet for mayntenance of the Popes kingdome in Englande. by T. E. If ye beleue the trueth, ye saue your liues, &c. 12mo, and without date or printer's name on the title-page: the copy now before me is imperfect at the end, where perhaps both are given. According to Herbert's *Ames's Typ. Antiq.* iii. 1582, this piece was printed in 1555.

In the two subjoined passages (perhaps in more) of this tract, the author adopts the Skeltonic metre, though the whole is printed as prose:—

“ There be many other noble menne [among the Spaniards, besides the duke of Medena-zelie] vndoubtedly very wise and politik, which can throughe their wisdome binde themselues for a time from their nature, and applye their condicions to the maners of those menne with whom they would gladlye bee frended; whose mischeuouse maners a man shal neuer knowe, till he come vnder their subiection. But then shall ye perceiue perfectly their puffed pride, with many mischeffes beside, their prowling and poling, their bribinge and shauing, their most deceitfull dealing, their bragging and bosting, their flatteringe and faininge, their abominable whore-huntyng, with most ruffull ruling, | their doings vnjust, | with insaciate lust, | their stout stubbernes, | croked crabbednes, | and vnumeasurable madnes, | in enui, pride, and lecherie, | which, thei saie, God loueth hartelie, | vaine glorie and hipocrisie, | with al other vilanie | of what kinde soeuer it be; | supersticion, desolacion, extorcion, adulacion, dissimulacion, exaltacion, suppression, inuocacion, and all abominacion; with innumerable moe mischeues, whiche I coulede vlainlie declare, that no nacion in the world can suffer. Their masking and mumbling | in the holi time of lent | maketh

many wiues brente, | the king being present, | nighte after
 nighte, | as a prince of moste mighte, | which hath power in
 his hande | that no man dare withstande: | yet if that were
 the greatest euil, | we might suffer it wel, | for there is no
 man liuing | but would suffer the king | to haue wife, sister,
 daughter, maide and all, | bothe great & smal, | so many as
 he liste, | no man would him resist; | but the worst of all the
 companie | must haue my wife priuelie, | when I am present
 bi; | this is more vilanie, | that one muste kepe the dore; |
 will not that greue you sore? | & dare not speake for your
 life, | when another hath youre wife," | &c. Sig. B i.

"Ye wil say, the Spaniards kepe their olde rentaking:
 how can that be, when euery poore man must pay yerely for
 euery chimney in his house, and euery other place that is to
 make fire in, as ouen, fornes, and smithes forge, a Frenche
 crowne? wil Englishmen, or can thei, suffer to be poled and
 pilled moste miserably, in payeng continually suche poling
 pence and intollerable tollages for all maner graine and breade,
 befe, beare and mutton, goose, pigge and capone, henne, mal-
 lard and chicken, milk, butter and chese, egges, apples &
 peares, | wine white and reade, | with all other wines beside, |
 salt white and graye? | al thinges must pay; | small nuttes
 and wallnuttes, | cheries and chestnuttes, | plumbes, damas-
 sens, philbeardes, and al | both gret & smal, | whatsouer thei
 maye se, | to fede the pore commenalte; | salmon and hear-
 ing; | this is a shamefull thing; | tench, ele or conger; | this
 shall kepe vs vnder, | and make vs die for hunger; | flounders,
 floucke, plaice or carpe; | here is a miserable warke | that
 Englande must abide | to maintaine Spanishe pride," &c.
 Sig. F ii.

From *Doctour Double Ale*,—12mo, without printer's name or date.

“ Although I lacke intelligence,
 And can not skylle of eloquence,
 Yet wyll I do my diligence
 To say sumtling or I go hence,
 Wherein I may demonstrate
 The figure, gesture, and estate
 Of one that is a curate,
 That harde is and endure,
 And earnest in the cause
 Of piuish popish lawes,
 That are not worth two strawes,
 Except it be with dawes,
 That knoweth not good from euels,
 Nor Gods worde from the deuels,
 Nor wyll in no wise heare
 The worde of God so cleare,
 But popishnes vpreare,
 And make the pope Gods peare.

.
 Now let vs go about
 To tell the tale out
 Of this good felow stout,
 That for no man wyll dout,
 But kepe his olde condicions
 For all the newe comyssions,
 And vse his supersticions,
 And also mens tradycions,
 And syng for dead folkes soules,
 And reade hys beaderolles,
 And all such tninges wyll vse
 As honest men refuse:
 But take hym for a cruse,
 And ye wyll tell me newes;
 For if he ons begyn,
 He leaueth nought therin;

He careth not a pyn
 How much ther be wythin,
 So he the pot may wyn,
 He wyll it make full thyn;
 And wher the drinke doth please
 There wyll he take his ease,
 And drinke therof his fyll,
 Tyll ruddy be his byll;
 And fyll both cup and can,
 Who is so glad a man
 As is our curate than?
 I wolde ye knewe it, a curate
 Not far without Newgate;
 Of a parysh large
 The man hath mikle charge,
 And none within this border
 That kepeth such order,
 Nor one a this syde Nauerne
 Louyth better the ale tauerne:
 But if the drinke be small,
 He may not well withall;
 Tush, cast it on the wall!
 It fretteth out his gall;
 Then seke an other house,
 This is not worth a louse,
 As dronken as a mouse,
Monsyre gybet a vous!
 And ther wyll byb and bouse,
 Tyll heuy be his brouse.

.
 Thus may ye beholde
 This man is very bolde,
 And in his learning olde
 Intendeth for to syt:
 I blame hym not a whyt,
 For it wolde vexe his wyt,
 And cleane agaynst his earning,
 To folow such learning

As now a dayes is taught;
 It wolde sone bryng to naught
 His olde popish brayne,
 For then he must agayne
 Apply hym to the schole,
 And come away a fole,
 For nothing shulde he get,
 His brayne hath bene to het
 And with good ale so wet;
 Wherefore he may now set
 In felde and in medes,
 And pray vpon his beades,
 For yet he hath a payre
 Of beades that be right fayre,
 Of corall, gete, or ambre,
 At home within his chambre;
 For in matins or masse
 Primar and portas,
 And pottes and beades,
 His lyfe he leades:
 But this I wota,
 That if ye nota
 How this *idiota*
 Doth folow the pota,
 I holde you a grota
 Ye wyll rede by rota
 That he may were a cota
 In Cocke Lorels ¹ bota.
 Thus the durty doctour,
 The popes oune proctour,
 Wyll bragge and boost
 Wyth ale and a toost,
 And lyke a rutter
 Hys Latin wyll vtter,
 And turne and tosse hym,
 Wyth *tu non possum*

¹ *Lorels*] Old ed. "losels."

Loquere Latinum ;
 This *alum finum*
 Is *bonus* then *vinum ;*
Ego volo quare
Cum tu drinkare
Pro tuum caput,
Quia apud
Te propiciacio,
Tu non potes facio
Tot quam ego ;
Quam librum tu lego,
Caue de me
Apponere te :
Juro per Deum
Hoc est lifum meum,
Quia drinkum stalum
Non facere malum.
 Thus our *dominus* dodkin
 Wyth *ita vera* bodkin
 Doth leade his lyfe,
 Which to the ale wife
 Is very profitable:
 It is pytie he is not able
 To mayntayne a table
 For beggers and tinkers
 And all lusty drinkers,
 Or captayne or beddle
 Wyth dronkardes to meddle.
 Ye cannot, I am sure,
 For keping of a cure
 Fynde such a one well,
 If ye shulde rake hell:
 And therefore nowe
 No more to you,
Sed perlegas ista,
Si velis, papista ;
 Farewell and adewe,
 With a whirlary whewe,

And a tirlary tyype;
Beware of the whyppe.”

From *A Commemoration or Dirige of Bastarde Edmonde Boner, alias Sauvage, vsurped Bisschoppe of London. Compiled by Lemeke Auale. Episcopatum eius accipiet alter. Anno Domini. 1569. Imprinted by P. O. 8vo. (a tract, chiefly in verse and of various metres: see Notes, vol. iii. 47.)*

“ *The fyste lesson.*

Homo natus.

“ *Homo natus*

Came to heauen gatus.
Sir, you do come to latus,
With your shorne patus:
Frequentia falsa Euangelii,
For the loue of your bealie,
Cum auro & argento,
You loued the rules of Lento,
Whiche the Pope did inuento:
You are *spurius de muliere,*
Not legittimate nor lawful here:
*O quam*¹ *venenosa pestis,*
Fur, periurus, latro, mechus,
*Homicidis*² *tantum decus!*
De salute animarum,
Of Christes flocke thou hadest small **carum:**
Thou art *filius populi:*
Go, go to *Constantinopoli,*
To your maister the Turke;
There shall you lurke

¹ *O quam, &c.*] A line which ought to have rhymed with this one is wanting.

² *Homicidis*] Old ed. “*Homicidus.*”

Among the heathen soules.
 Somtyme your shorne brethren of Poules
 Were as blacke as moules,
 With their cappes fower forked,
 Their shoes warme corked;
 Nosed like redde grapes,
 Constant as she apes,
 In nature like blacke monkes,
 And shoote in sparowes trunks,
 And boule when thei haue dinde,
 And kepe them from the winde;
 And thei whiche are not able
 Doe sitte still at the table,
 With colour scarlet pale,
 So small is their good ale:
 Thus from God thei did tourne,
 Long before their church did burne.

Then when riche men wer sicke,
 Either dedde or quicke,
Valde diligenter notant
Vbi diuites egrotant;
Ibi currunt, nec cessabunt
Donec ipsos tumilabunt;
Oues alias tondunt,
Et perochias confundunt.

These felowes pilde as ganders,
 Muche like the friers of Flanders,
 Whiche serue Sathan about the cloisters,
 Thei loue red wine and oisters.

Qui vult Satanæ seruire,
Clastrum debet introire,
 And euer haue suche an hedde
 As bastarde Boner that is dedde.
 He would for the Pope take paine;
 Therefore help, you friers of Spain,
 You enquisiters, take paine:
 It is a greate maine
 Vnto the Pope, your hedde,
 That Boner is thus dedde,

And buried in a misers graue,
 Like a common k[naue].
 Lo, lo, now is he dedde,
 That was so well fedde,
 And had a softe bedde!
Estote fortis in bello,
 Good Hardyng and thy fellowe;
 If you be papistes right,
 Come steale hym awaie by night,
 And put hym in a shrine;
 He was the Popes deuine;
 Why, shall he be forgotten,
 And lye still and rotten?
 Come on, and doe not fainte;
 Translate with spede your sainct,
 And put hym in a tombe:
 His harte is now at Rome.
 Come forth, you loughtes of Louen,
 And steale awaie this slouen:
 You are so full of ire,
 And popishe desire,
 And Romishe derision,
 And hellishe deuision,
 Therefore I am sure
 Your kyngdome will not dure."

Sig. B iii.

.

“ Responde.

Ne recorderis peccata,
 But open heauen gata,
 Sainct Peter, with your kaies;
 Shewe my lorde the right waies:
 He dwelt ones at Poules,
 And had cure of our soules:
 I wisse, he was not a baste,
 But holie, meke, and chaste;
 It is a greate pitie
 That he is gone from our citie;

A man of greate honor;
 O holy saint Boner!
 You blessed friers
 That neuer wer liers,
 And you holy nunnes
 That neuer had sonnes,
 Set this child of grace
 In some angelles place."

Sig. B vii.

From

*A Skeltonicall Salutation,
 Or condigne gratulation,
 And iust vexation
 Of the Spanish Nation,
 That in a bravado,
 Spent many a Crusado,
 In setting forth an Armado
 England to invado.*

Imprinted at London for Toby Cooke. 1589, 4to.

" O king of Spaine,
 Is it not a paine
 To thy heart and braine
 And euery vaine,
 To see thy traine
 For to sustaine,
 Withouten gaine,
 The worlds disdaine,
 Which doth dispise
 As toies and lies,
 With shoutes and cries,
 Thy enterprise,
 As fitter for pies
 And butter-flies,
 Then men so wise?

O waspish king,
 Wheres now thy sting,
 Thy dart or sling,
 Or strong bow-string,
 That should vs wring,
 And vnderbring,
 Wlio euery way
 Thee vexes and pay,
 And beare the sway
 By night and day,
 To thy dismay,
 In battle array,
 And every fray?
 O pufte with pride,
 What foolish guide
 Made thee provide
 To over-ride
 This land so wide
 From side to side
 And then, vntride,
 Away to slide,
 And not to abide,
 But all in a ring
 Away to fling?
 O conquering,
 O vanquishing,
 With fast flying,
 And no replying,
 For feare of frying!

.
 But who but Philippus,
 That seeketh to nip vs,
 To rob vs, and strip vs,
 And then for to whip vs,
 Would ever haue ment,
 Or had intent,
 Or hither sent
 Such ships of charge,
 So strong and so large,

Nay, the worst barge,
Trusting to treason,
And not to reason,
Which at that season
To him was geson,
As doth appeare
Both plaine and cleare
To far and neere,
To his confusion,
By this conclusion,
Which thus is framed,
And must be named
Argumentum a minore,
Cum horrore et timore?
If one Drake o,
One poore snake o,
Make vs shake o,
Tremble and quake o,
Were it not, trow yee,
A madnes for me
To vndertake
A warre to make
With such a lande,
That is so mande,
Wherein there be
Of certaintie
As hungrie as he
Many a thousand more,
That long full sore
For Indian golde,
Which makes men bolde?" &c.

See also—*Jacke of the Northe*, &c. printed (most incorrectly) from C.C.C. MS. in Hartshorne's *Anc. Met. Tales*, p. 288.—*A recantation of famous Pasquin of Rome*. An. 1570. Imprinted at London by John Daye, 8vo, which (known to me only from *Brit. Bibliog.* ii. 269) contains Skeltonical passages.—*The Riddles of Heraclitus and Democritus*. Printed at London by Ann Hatfield for John Norton, 1598, 4to, which (known to me only from *Restituta*, i. 175) has Skeltonical rhymes on the back of the title-page.—*The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll*. As it hath bene sundrie times Acted by the Children of Powles, 1600, 4to, which has some Skeltonical lines at sig. C 4.—*The Downfall of Robert Earle of Huntington*, &c. (by Anthony Munday,) 1601, 4to, and *The Death of Robert, Earle of Huntington*, &c. (by Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle), 1601, 4to, (two plays already noticed, p. cvi.), in which are various Skeltonical passages.—*Hobson's Horse-load of Letters, or a President for Epistles*. *The First Part*, 1617, 4to, which concludes with three epistles in verse, the last entitled "A merry-mad Letter in Skeltons rime," &c.—*Poems: By Michael Drayton Esquire*, &c., n.d., folio, which contains, at p. 301, a copy of verses entitled "A Skeltoniad."—*The Fortunate Isles*, &c. 1626, a masque by Ben Jonson (already noticed, p. cvii.), in which are imitations of Skelton's style.—*All The Workes of John Taylor The Water-poet*, &c. 1630, folio, which contains, at p. 245, "A Skeltonicall salutation to those that know how to reade, and not marre the sense with hacking or mis-construction" (printed as prose).—*Hesperides: or, The Works Both Humane & Divine of Robert Herrick Esq.*, 1648, 8vo, among which, at pp. 10, 97, 268, are verses in Skelton's favourite metre.—*The Works of Mr. John Cleveland, Containing his Poems, Orations, Epistles, Collected into One Volume*, 1687, 8vo, in which may be found, at p. 306, a piece of disgusting grossness (suggested by Skelton's *Elynour Rummynge*), entitled "The Old Gill."

A poem called *Philargyrie of greate Britayne*, 1551, printed (and no doubt written) by Robert Crowley, has been frequently

mentioned as a "Skeltonic" composition, but improperly, as the following lines will shew;

"Gene eare awhyle,
 And marke my style,
 You that hath wyt in store;
 For wyth wordes bare
 I wyll declare
 Thyngs done long tyme before.
 Sometyme certayne
 Into Britayne,
 A lande full of plentie,
 A gyaunte greate
 Came to seke meate,
 Whose name was Philargyrie," &c.

"See also," says Warton (*Hist. of E. P.* ii. 358, note, ed. 4to), "a doggrel piece of this kind, in imitation of Skelton, introduced into Browne's *Sheperd's Pipe*,"—a mistake; for the poem of Hoccleve (inserted in *Eglogue* i.), to which Warton evidently alludes, is neither doggrel nor in Skelton's manner.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN SKELTON.

THE
FOETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN RABBIT

POEMS OF SKELTON.

OF THE DEATH

OF THE NOBLE PRINCE, KYNGE EDWARDE THE FORTH,

PER SKELTONIDEM LAUREATUM.*

Miseremini mei, ye that be my frendis !

This world hath formed me downe to fall :
How may I endure, when that eueri thyng endis ?
What creature is borne to be eternall ?

* From the ed. by Kyngge and Marche of *Certaine bokes compiled by Mayster Skelton*, n. d.—collated with the same work, ed. Day, n. d., and ed. Lant, n. d.; with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568; occasionally with the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, 1587 (in the earlier eds. of which the poem was incorporated,) and with a contemporary ms. in the possession of Miss Richardson Currer, which last has furnished a stanza hitherto unprinted.

Now there is no more but pray for me all :
 Thus say I Edward, that late was youre kynge,
 And twenty two yeres ruled this imperyall,
 Some vnto pleasure, and some to no lykyng :
 Mercy I aske of my mysdoynge ;

What auayleth it, frendes, to be my foo, ■
 Sith I can not resyst, nor amend your com-
 plaining ?

Quia, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio !

I slepe now in molde, as it is naturall
 That erth vnto erth hath his reuerture :
 What ordeyned God to be terestryall,
 Without recours to the erth of nature ?
 Who to lyue euer may himselfe assure ?
 What is it to trust on mutabilyte,
 Sith that in this world nothing may indure ?
 For now am I gone, that late was in prosperyte : 20
 To presume thervvpon, it is but a vanyte,
 Not certayne, but as a cheryfayre, full of wo :
 Reygned not I of late in greate felycite ?

Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio !

Where was in my lyfe such one as I,
 Whyle lady Fortune with me had continu-
 aunce ?
 Graunted not she me to haue victory,
 In England to rayne, and to contribute
 Fraunce ?
 She toke me by the hand and led me a daunce,

And with her sugred lyppes on me she smyled ; 30

But, what for her dissembled countenaunce,
I coud not beware tyl I was begyled :

Now from this world she hath me excyled,

When I was lothyst hens for to go,
And I am in age but, as who sayth, a chylde,

Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio !

I se wyll,* they leve that doble my 3eris :

This dealid this world with me as it lyst,
And hathe me made, to 3ow that be my perys,

Example to thynke on Had I wylt : 40

I storyd my cofers and allso my chest
With taskys takynge of the comenalte ;

I toke ther tresure, but of ther pray3eris mist ;
Whom I beseche with pure humylyte

For to forgeve and have on me pety ;

I was 3our kynge, and kept 3ow from 3owr foo :
I wold now amend, but that wull not be,

[*Quia,*] *ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio !*

I had ynough, I held me not content,

Without remembraunce that I should dye ; 50
And more euer to incroche redy was I bent,

I knew not how longe I should it occupy :

I made the Tower stronge, I wylt not why ;

I knew not to whom I purchased Tetersall ;

I amendid Douer on the mountayne hie,

* *I se wyll, &c.*] This stanza only found in *ms.*

And London I prouoked to fortify the wall ;
 I made Notingham a place full royall,
 Wyndsore, Eltam, and many other mo :
 Yet at the last I went from them all,
Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio !

Where is now my conquest and victory ?
 Where is my riches and my royal aray ?
 Where be my coursers and my horses hye ?
 Where is my myrth, my solas, and my play ?
 As vanyte, to nought al is wandred away.
 O lady Bes, longe for me may ye call !
 For I am departed tyl domis day ;
 But loue ye that Lorde that is soueraygne of all.
 Where be my castels and buyldynges royall ?
 But Windsore alone; now I haue no mo,
 And of Eton the prayers perpetuall,
Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio !

Why should a man be proude or presume hye ?
 Saint Bernard therof nobly doth trete,
 Seyth a man is but a sacke of stercorry,
 And shall returne vnto wormis mete.
 Why, what cam of Alexander the greate ?
 Or els of stronge Sampson, who can tell ?
 Were not wormes ordeyned theyr flesh to frete ?
 And of Salomon, that was of wyt the well ?
 Absolon profferyd his heare for to sell,
 Yct for al his bewte wormys ete him also ;
 And I but late in honour dyd excel,
Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio !

I haue played my pageyond, now am I past ;

Ye wot well all I was of no great ye'd :

This al thing concluded shalbe at the last,

When death approchyth, then lost is the felle :

Then sythen this world me no longer vphelde,

Nor nought would conserue me here in my place, ■

In manus tuas, Domine, my spirite vp I yelde,
Humbly beseching thé, God, of thy grace !

O ye cürtes commyns, your hertis vnbrace

Benyngly now to pray for me also ;

For ryght wel you know your kyng I was,

Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio !

POETA SKELTON

LAUREATUS LIBELLUM SUUM METRICE ALLOQUITUR.*

*Ad dominum properato meum, mea pagina, Percy,
 Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit ;
 Ad nutum celebris tu prona repone leonis
 Quæque suo patri tristia justa cano.
 Ast ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente volutet
 Fortunam, cuncta quæ malefida rotat.
 Qui leo sit felix, et Nestoris occupet annos ;
 Ad libitum cujus ipse paratus ero.*

SKELTON LAUREAT

VPON THE

DOULOUR[U]S DETHE AND MUCHE LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE

OF THE MOST HONORABLE ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE.

I WAYLE, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh ful sore
 The dedely fate, the dolefulle desteny
 Of hym that is gone, alas, without restore,
 Of the bloud royall descending nobelly ;

* From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, collated with a copy of the poem in a ms. vol. now in the British Museum (*MS. Reg.* 18. D ii fol. 165,) which formerly belonged to the fifth Earl of Northumberland, son of the nobleman whose fate is here lamented: vide *Account of Skelton*, &c This elegy was printed by Percy in his *Reliques of An. Engl. Poet.* (i. 95, ed. 1794,) from the ms. just mentioned.

Whose lordshyp doutles was slayne lamentably
 Thorow treson, again him compassed and wrought,
 Trew to his prince in word, in dede, and thought.

Of heuenly poems, O Clyo, calde by name
 In the colege of Musis goddes hystoriall,
 Adres thé to me, whiche am both halt and lame 10
 In elect vterauce to make memoryall!
 To thé for souccour, to thé for helpe I call,
 Mine homely rudnes and dryghnes to expell
 With the freshe waters of Elyconys well.

Of noble actes aunciently enrolde
 Of famous pryncis and lordes of astate,
 By thy report ar wont to be extold,
 Regestringe trewly euery formáre date;
 Of thy bountie after the vsuall rate
 Kyndell in me suche plenty of thy noblès, 20
 These soꝛowfulle dites that I may shew expres.

In sesons past, who hath herde or sene
 Of formar wrytyng by any presidente
 That vilane hastarddis in their furious tene,
 Fulfilled with malice of froward entente,
 Confetered togeder of commonn concente
 Falsly to slee theyr moste singuler good lord?
 It may be regestrede of shamefull recorde.

So noble a man, so valiaunt lord and knyght,
 Fulfilled with honor, as all the world doth ken; 30

At his commaundement which had both day and
nyght

Knyghtes and squyers, at euery season when
He calde vpon them, as meniall household men;
Were not these commons vncurteis karlis of kind
To slo their owne lord? God was not in their
mynd.

And were not they to blame, I say, also,
That were aboute him, his owne seruants of
trust,

To suffre him slayn of his mortall fo?
Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the dust;
They bode not till the rekenyng were discust; *
What shuld I flatter? what shuld I glose or
paint?
Fy, fy for shame, their hartes were to faint.

In England and Fraunce which gretly was re-
douted,

Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland stode
in drede,
To whom great estates obeyed and lowted,
A mayny of rude villayns made hym for to
blede;
Unkyndly they slew him, that help them oft at
nede:

He was their bulwark, their paues, and their wall,
Yet shamfully they slew hym; that shame mot
them befall!

I say, ye comoners, why wer ye so stark mad? 50

What frantyk frensy fyll in your brayne?

Where was your wit and reson ye should haue
had?

What wilful foly made yow to ryse agayne

Your naturall lord? alas, I can not fayne:

Ye armyd you with will, and left your wit behynd;

Well may ye¹ be called comones most vnkynd.

He was your chefteyne, your shelde, your chef
defence,

Redy to assyst you in euery time of nede;

Your worshyp depended of his excellence:

Alas, ye mad men, to far ye did excede; 60

Your hap was vnhappy, to ill was your spede:

What moued you againe him to war or to fyght?

What alyde you to sle your lord again all ryght?

The ground of his quarel was for his souerain
lord,

The well concerning of all the hole lande,

Demandyng suche duties as nedes most acord

To the ryght of his prince, which shold not be
withstand;

For whose cause ye slew him with your owne
hand:

But had his noble men done wel that day,

Ye had not bene able to haue sayd hym nay. 70

¹ ye] So ms. Dyce, "you." C.

But ther was fals packing, or els I am begylde ;
 How be it the mater was euydent and playne,
 For if they had occupied their spere and their
 shi'de,

This noble man doutles had not bene slayne.

But men say they wer lynked with a double
 chaine,

And held with the comones vnder a cloke,
 Which kindeled the wild fyr that made al this
 smoke.

The commons renyed ther taxes to pay,
 Of them demaunded and asked by the kyng ;
 With one voice importune they plainly sayd nay ;
 They buskt them on a bushment themselfe in
 baile to bring,
 Againe the kyngs plesure to wrestle or to
 wring ;

Bluntly as bestis with boste and with crye
 They sayd they forsed not, nor carede not to dy.

The nobelnes of the north, this valiant lord and
 knight,

As man that was innocent of trechery or traine,
 Presed forth boldly to withstand the myght,

And, lyke marciall Hector, he faught them
 agayne,

Vygorously vpon them with might and with
 Trustyng in noble men that were with him there ;
 But al they fled from hym for falshode or fere.

Barones, knyghtes, squiers, one and all,
 Together with seruauntes of his famuly,
 Turned their backis, and let their master fal,
 Of whos [life] they counted not a flye ;
 Take vp whose wold, for ther they let him ly.
 Alas, his gold, his fee, his annual rent
 Upon suche a sort was ille bestowd and spent!

He was enuironde aboute on euery syde
 With his enemyes, that wer starke mad and
 wode ;
 Yet while he stode he gaue them woundes
 wyde :
 Allas for ruth ! what thoughe his mynd wer
 gode,
 His corage manly, yet ther he shed his blode :
 Al left alone, alas, he foughte in vayne !
 For cruelly among them ther he was slayne.

Alas for pite ! that Percy thus was spylt,
 The famous Erle of Northumberland ;
 Of knyghtly prowes the sword, pomel, and hylt,
 The myghty lyon doutted by se and lande ;
 O dolorous chaunce of Fortunes froward hande !
 What man, remembryng howe shamfully he was
 slaine,

From bitter weping himself can restrain ?

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war !
 O dolorous tewisday, dedicate to thy name,

When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man
to mar!

O ground vngracious, vnhappy be thy fame,
Which wert endyed with rede bloud of the
same
Most noble erle! O foule mysuryd ground,
Whereon he gat his finall dedely wounde!

O Atropos, of the fatall systers iii 120
Goddess most cruel vnto the lyfe of man,
All merciles, in thé is no pite!

O homicide, which sleest all that thou can,
So forcibly vpon this erle thou ran,
That with thy sword, enharpit of mortall drede,
Thou kit asonder his perfight vitall threde!

My wordes vnpullysht be, nakide and playne,
Of aureat poems they want ellumynynges;
But by them to knowlege ye may attayne
Of this lordes dethe and of his murdrynges; 130
Which whils he lyued had fuyson of euery
thing,

Of knights, of squyers, chyf lord of toures and
towne,
'Tyl fykkell Fortune began on hym to frowne:

Paregall to dukes, with kynges he might compare,
Surmountinge in honor al erlis he did excede;
To all countreis aboute hym reporte me I dare;
Lyke to Eneas benigne in worde and dede,

Valiant as Hector in euery marciall nede,
 Prouydent, discrete, circumspect, and wyse,
 Tyll the chaunce ran agayne hym of Fortunes
 double dyse.

What nedeth me for to extoll his fame
 With my rude pen enkankered all with rust,
 Whose noble actes show worshiply his name,
 Transendyng far myne homly Muse, that
 muste
 Yet somewhat wright supprised with herty
 lust,

Truly reportyng his right noble estate,
 Immortally whiche is immaculate?

His noble blode neuer destayned was,
 Trew to his prince for to defend his ryght,
 Doblens hatyng fals maters to compas, 150
 Treytory and treason he banysht out of syght,
 With truth to medle was al his holl delyght,
 As all his countrey can testyfy the same :
 To sle suche a lorde, alas, it was great shame !

If the hole quere of the Musis nyne
 In me all onely wer set and comprysed,
 Enbrethed with the blast of influence deuyne,
 As perfytylly as could be thought or deuised ;
 To me also allthough it were promised
 Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence, 160
 All were to lytell for his magnificence.

O yonge lyon, but tender yet of age,
 Grow and encrease, remembre thyn estate ;
 God thé assyst unto thyn herytage,
 And geue thé grace to be more fortunate !
 Agayn rebellyones arme thé to make debate ;
 And, as the lyone, whiche is of bestes kyng,
 Unto thy subiectes be curteis and benygne.

I pray God sende thé prosperous lyfe and long,
 Stable thy mynde constant to be and fast, 170
 Ryght to mayntayn, and to resyst all wronge :
 All flaterying faytors abhor and from thé
 cast ;
 Of foule detraction God kepe thé from the
 blast !

Let double delyng in thé haue no place,
 And be not lyght of credence in no case.

With heuy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,
 Eche man may sorow in his inward thought
 This lordes death, whose pere is hard to fynd,
 Algife Englund and Fraunce were thorow
 saught.

Al kynges, all princes, al dukes, well they
 ought,
 Both temporall and spiritual, for to complayne
 This noble man, that crewelly was slayne :

More specially barons, and those knyghtes bold,
 And al other gentilmen with him enterteined

In fee, as menyall men of his housold,
 Whom he as lord worshyply mainteyned ;
 To sorowful weping they ought to be con-
 strained,
 As oft as they call to theyr remembraunce
 Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

O perlese Prince of heuen emperyall ! 190
 That with one word formed al thing of noughte ;
 Heuen, hell, and erthe obey unto thy call ;
 Which to thy resemblaunce wondersly hast
 wrought
 All mankynd, whom thou full dere hast
 bought,
 With thy bloud precious our finauce thou did pay,
 And vs redemed from the fendys pray ;

To thé pray we, as Prince incomparable,
 As thou art of mercy and pyte the well,
 Thou bring unto thy joye eterminable
 The soull of this lorde from all daunger of hell, 200
 In endles blys with thé to byde and dwell
 In thy palace aboue the orient,
 Where thou art Lord and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,
 Mayden most pure, and Goddes moder dere,
 To sorowful hartes chef comfort and solace,
 Of all women O flowre withouten pere !
 Pray to thy Son aboue the sterris clere,

He to vouchesaf, by thy mediacion,
To pardon thy seruaunt, and brynge to saluacion. 210

In joy triumphaunt the heuenly yerarchy,
With all the hole sorte of that glorious place,
His soull mot receyue into theyr company,
Thorow bounty of Hym that formed all solace;
Wel of pite, of mercy, and of grace,
The Father, the Sonn, and the Holy Ghost,
In Trinitate one God of myghtes moste !

*Non sapit, humanis qui certam ponere rebus
Spem cupit: est hominum, raraque ficta fides.*

TETRASTICHON SKELTON. LAUREATI AD MAGISTRUM RUK-
SHAW, SACRÆ THEOLOGIÆ EGREGIUM PROFESSOREM.

*Accipe nunc demum, doctor celeberrime Rukshaw,
Carmina, de calamo quæ cecidere meo;
Et quanquam placidis non sunt modulata camenis,
Sunt tamen ex nostro pectore prompta pio.*

Vale feliciter, virorum laudatissime.

SKELTON LAUREATE

AGAYNSTE

*A comely coystrowne, that curyowsly chawntyd,
and curryshly countred, and madly in hys
musykkys mokkyshly made agaynste the ix Musys
of polytyke poems and poettys matryculat.**

OF all nacyons vnder the heuyn,
These frantike foolys I hate most of all ;
For though they stumble in the synnys seuyn,
In peuyshnes yet they snapper and fall,
Which men the viii dedly syn call.
This peuysh proud, thys prendergest,
When he is well, yet can he not rest.

A swete suger lofe and sowre bayardys bun

Be sumdele lyke in forme and shap,
The one for a duke, the other for dun, 10

A maunchet for morell theron to snap.

Hys hart is to hy to haue any hap ;
But for in his gamut carp that he can,
Lo, Jak wold be a jentylman !

* This poem, and the three pieces which follow it, are given from a tract of four leaves, n. d., and without printer's name (but evidently from the press of Pynson,) collated with Marshes ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

Wyth, Hey, trolly, loly, lo, whip here, Jak,
 Alumbek sodyldym syllorym ben !
 Curyowsly he can both counter and knak
 Of Martyn Swart and all hys mery men.
 Lord, how Perkyn is proud of hys pohen !
 But ask wher he fyndyth among hys monacordys ²⁰
 An holy water clarke a ruler of lordys.

He can not fynd it in rule nor in space :
 He solfyth to haute, hys trybyll is to hy ;
 He braggyth of his byrth, that borne was full bace ;
 Hys musyk withoute mesure, to sharp is hys
 my ;
 He trymmyth in hys tenor to counter pyrdewy ;
 His dyscant is besy, it is withoute a mene ;
 To fat is hys fantsy, hys wyt is to lene.

He lumbryth on a lewde lewte, Roty bully joyse,
 Rumbyll downe, tumbyll downe, hey go, now,
 now !
 He fumblyth in hys fyngeryng an vgly good
 noyse,
 It semyth the sobbyng of an old sow : ²²
 He wold be made moch of, and he wyst how ;
 Wele sped in spyndels and turnyng of tauellys ;
 A bungler, a brawler, a pyker of quarellys.

Comely he clappyth a payre of clauycordys ;
 He whystelyth so swetely, he makyth me to
 swete ;

His descant is dassed full of dyscordes ;
 A red angry man, but easy to intrete :
 An vssher of the hall fayn wold I get, 40
 To poynte this proude page a place and a rōme,
 For Jak wold be a jentylman, that late was a grome.

Jak wold jet, and yet Jyll sayd nay ; [the best :
 He counteth in his countenance to checke with
 A inalaperte medler that pryeth for his pray,
 In a dysh dare he rush at the rypest ;
 Dremyng in dumpys to wrangyll and to wrest :
 He fyndeth a proporcyon in his prycke songe,
 To drynk at a draught a larg and a long.

Nay, iape not with hym, he is no small fole, 50
 It is a solemnpne syre and a solayne ;
 For lordes and ladyes lerne at his scole ;
 He techyth them so wysely to solf and to fayne,
 That neyther they synge wel prycke songe nor
 playne :
 Thys docter Deuyas commensyd in a cart,
 A master, a mynstrell, a fydler, a farte.

What though ye can cownter *Custodi nos* ?
 As well it becomyth yow, a parysh towne clarke,
 To syng *Sospitati dedit agros* :
 Yet bere ye not to bold, to braule ne to bark 60
 At me, that medeled nothyng with youre wark :
 Correct fyrst thy self ; walk, and be nought !
 Deme what thou lyst, thou knowyst not my thought.

A prouerbe of old, say well or be styll:
 Ye are to vnhappy occasyons to fynde
 Vppon me to clater, or els to say yll.
 Now haue I shewyd you part of your proud
 mynde;
 Take thys in worth, the best is behynde.
 Wryten at Croydon by Crowland in the Clay,
 On Candelmas euyn, the Kalendas of May. 70

CONTRA ALIUM CANTITANTEM ET ORGANISANTEM ASINUM,
 QUI IMPUGNABAT SKELTONIDA PIERIUM, SARCASMOS.

*Præponenda meis non sunt tua plectra camenis,
 Nec quantum nostra fistula clara tua est:
 Sæpe licet lyricos modularis arundine psalmos,
 Et tremulos calamis concinis ipse modos;
 Quamvis mille tuus digitus dat carmine plausus,
 Nam tua quam tua vox est mage docta manus;
 Quamvis cuncta facis tumida sub mente superbus,
 Grator est Phæbo fistula nostra tamen.
 Ergo tuum studeas animo deponere fastum,
 Et violare sacrum desine, stulte, virum.*

Qd Skelton, laureat.

SKELTON LAUREAT,

*Vppon a deedmans hed, that was sent to hym from
an honorable jentyllwoman for a token, deuysyd
this gostly medytacyon in Englysh couenable, in
sentence comendable, lamentable, lacrymable, pro-
fyttable for the soule.*

YOURE vgly tokyn
My mynd hath brokyn
From worldly lust ;
For I haue dyscust
We ar but dust,
And dy we must.

It is generall
To be mortall :
I haue well espyde
No man may hym hyde
From Deth holow eyed,
With synnews wyderyd,
With bonys shyderyd,
With hys worme etyn maw,
And his gastly jaw
Gaspyng asyde,
Nakyd of hyde,
Neyther flesh nor fell.

10

Then, by my counsell,
Loke that ye spell
Well thys gospell :

20

For wher so we dwell
 Deth wyll us qwell,
 And with us mell.

For all oure pamperde paunchys,
 Ther may no fraunchys,
 Nor worldly blys,
 Redeme vs from this :
 Oure days be datyd,
 To be chekmatyd 80
 With drawttys of deth,
 Stoppyng oure breth ;
 Oure eyen synkyng,
 Oure bodys stynkyng,
 Oure gummys grynnyng,
 Oure soulys brynnyng.
 To whom, then, shall we sew,
 For to haue rescew,
 But to swete Jesu,
 On vs then for to rew? 80

O goodly chyld
 Of Mary mylde,
 Then be oure shyld !
 That we be not exyld
 To the dyne dale
 Of boteles bale,
 Nor to the lake
 Of fendys blake.

But graunt vs grace
 To se thy face,
 And to purchase

Thyne heuently place,
 And thy palace,
 Full of solace,
 About the sky,
 That is so hy ;
 Eternally
 To beholde and se
 The Trynyte !

Amen.

Myrres vous y.

WOMANHOD, wanton, ye want ;
 Youre medelyng, mastres, is manerles ;
 Plente of yll, of goodnes skant,
 Ye rayll at ryot, recheles :
 To prayse youre porte it is nedeles ;
 For all your draffe yet and youre dreggys,
 As well borne as ye full oft tyme beggys.

Why so koy and full of skorne ?
 Myne horse is sold, I wene, you say ;
 My new furryd gowne, when it is worne, 10
 Put vp youre purs, ye shall non pay.
 By crede, I trust to se the day,
 As proud a pohen as ye sprede,
 Of me and other ye may haue nede.

Though angelyk be youre smylyng,
 Yet is youre tong an adders' tayle,
 Full lyke a scorpyon styngyng
 All those by whom ye haue auayle:
 Good mastres Anne, there ye do shayle:
 What prate ye, praty pyggysny?
 I truste to quyte you or I dy.

Your key is mete for euery lok,
 Your key is comen and hangyth owte;
 Your key is redy, we nede not knok,
 Nor stand long wrestyng there aboute;
 Of youre doregate ye haue no doute:
 But one thyng is, that ye be lewde:
 Holde youre tong now, all beshrewde!

To mastres Anne, that farly swete,
 That wonnes at the Key in Temmys strete.

*Here folowythe dyuers Balettys and Dyties solacyous, deuysyd by Master Skelton, Laureat.**

WITH, Lullay, lullay, lyke a chylde,
Thou slepyst to long, thou art begylde.

My darlyng dere, my daysy floure,
Let me, quod he, ly in your lap.
Ly styll, quod she, my paramoure,
Ly styll hardely, and take a nap.
Hys hed was heuy, such was his hap,
All drowsy dremyng, dround in slepe,
That of hys loue he toke no kepe,
With, Hey, lullay, &c.

With ba, ba, ba, and bas, bas, bas,
She cheryshed hym both cheke and chyn,
That he wyst neuer where he was ; 10
He had forgotten all dedely syn.
He wantyd wyt her loue to wyn :
He trusted her payment, and lost all hys pray :¹
She left hym slepyng, and stale away,
Wyth, Hey, lullay, &c.

* A tract so entitled, of four leaves, n. d. and without printer's name, but evidently from the press of Pynson, consists of the five following pieces.

¹ pray| Qy. "pay"? C.

The ryuers rowth, the waters wan,
 She sparyd not, to wete her fete ;
 She wadyd ouer, she found a man
 That balsyd her hartely and kyst her swete :
 Thus after her cold she cougth a hete.
 My lefe, she sayd, rowtyth in hys bed ;
 I wys he hath an heuy hed,
 Wyth, Hey, lullay, &c.

What dremyst thou, drunchard, drousy pate !
 Thy lust and lykyng is from thé gone ;
 Thou blynkerd blowboll, thou wakyst to late,
 Behold, thou lyste, luggard, alone !
 Well may thou sygh, well may thou grone,
 To dele wyth her so cowardly :
 I wys, powle hachet, she bleryd thyne I.
 Qd Skelton, laureate.

THE auncient acquaintance, madam, betwen vs
 twayn,
 The famylyaryte, the formar dalyaunce,
 Causyth me that I can not myself refrayne
 But that Imust wryte for my plesaunt pastaunce
 Remembryng your passyng goodly counte-
 nance,
 Your goodly port, your bewteous visage,
 Ye may be countyd comfort of all corage.

Of all your feturs fauorable to make tru discription,

I am insufficyent to make such enterpryse ;
For thus dare I say, without [con]tradiceyon, 10

That dame Menolope was neuer half so wyse :

Yet so it is that a rumer begynnyth for to ryse,
How in good horsmen ye set your hole delyght,
And haue forgotten your old trew louyng knyght.

Wyth bound and rebound, bounsyngly take vp

Hys jentyll curtoyl, and set nowght by small
naggys!

Spur vp at the hynder gyirth, with, Gup, morell,
gup!

With, Jayst ye, jenet of Spayne, for your tayll
waggys!

Ye cast all your corage vppon such courtly
haggys.

Haue in sergeaunt ferroure, myne horse behynd
is bare ;

He rydeth well the horse, but he rydeth better
the mare.

Ware, ware, the mare wynsyth wyth her wanton
hele!

She kykyth with her kalkyns and keylyth with
a clenche ;

She goyth wyde behynde, and hewyth neuer a dele :

Ware gallyng in the widders, ware of that
wrenche!

It is perlous for a horseman to dyg in the
trenche.

Thys greuyth your husband, that ryght jentyll
knyght,

And so with youre seruantys he fersly doth fyght.

So fersly he fytyth, his mynde is so fell,

That he dryuyth them doune with dyntes on
ther day wach ;

He bresyth their braynpannyes and makyth them
to swell,

Theyre browys all to-brokyn, such clappys they
cach ;

Whose jalawsy malycyous makyth them to lepe
the hach ;

By their conusaunce knowing how they serue a
wily py :

Ask all your neybouris whether that I ly.

It can be no counsell that is cryed at the cros :

For youre jentyll husband sorowfull am I ;

How be it, he is not furst hath had a los :

Aduertysyng you, madame, to warke more
secretly,

Let not all the world make an owtery ;

Play fayre play, madame, and loke ye play clene,

Or ells with gret shame your game wylbe sene.

Qd Skelton, laureat.

KNOLEGE, aquayntance, resort, fauour with grace ;
 Delyte, desyre, respyte wyth lyberte ;
Corage wyth lust, conuenient tyme and space ;
 Dysdayns, dystres, exylyd cruelte ;
 Wordys well set with good habylte ;
 Demure demenaunce, womanly of porte ;
 Transendyng plesure, surmountyng all dysporte ;

Allectuary arrectyd to redres

These feuerous axys, the dedely wo and payne
 Of thoughtfull hertys plungyd in dystres ;

Refresshyng myndys the Aprell shoure of
 rayne ;

Conduite of comforte, and well most souerayne ;
 Herber enverduryd, contynuall fressh and grene ;
 Of lusty somer the passyng goodly quene ;

The topas rych and precyouse in vertew ;

Your ruddys wyth ruddy rubys may compare ;
 Saphyre of sadnes, enuayned wyth indy blew ;

The pullyshed perle youre whytenes doth
 declare ;

Dyamand poyntyd to rase oute hartly care ;
 Geyne surfetous suspecte the emeraud com-
 endable ;

Relucent smaragd, obiecte imcomperable ;

Encleryd myrroure and perspectyue most bryght,
 Illumynynd wyth feturys far passyng my reporte ;

Radyent Esperus, star of the cloudy nyght,
 Lode star to lyght these louers to theyr porte,
 Gayne dangerous stormys theyr anker of sup-
 porte,
 Theyr sayll of solace most comfortably clad,
 Whych to behold makyth heuy hartys glad :

Remorse haue I of youre most goodlyhod,
 Of youre behauoure curtes and benynge, 30
 Of your bownte and of youre womanhod,
 Which makyth my hart oft to lepe and
 sprynge,
 And to remember many a praty thyng ;
 But absens, alas, wyth tremelyng fere and drede
 Abashyth me, albeit I haue no nede.

You I assure, absens is my fo,
 My dedely wo, my paynfull heuynes ;
 And if ye lyst to know the cause why so,
 Open myne hart, beholde my mynde expres :
 I wold ye coud ! then shuld ye se, mastres, 40
 How there nys thyng that I couet so fayne
 As to embrace you in myne armys twayne.

Nothyng yerthly to me more desyrous
 Than to beholde youre bewteouse countenaunce :
 But, hatefull absens, to me so enuyous,
 Though thou withdraw me from her by long
 dystaunce,
 Yet shall she neuer oute of remembraunce ;

For I haue grauyd her wythin the secret wall
Of my trew hart, to loue her best of all!

Qd Skelton, laureat.

Cuncta licet cecidisse putas discrimina rerum,

Et prius incerta nunc tibi certa manent,

Consiliis usure meis tamen aspice caute;

Subdola non fallat te dea fraude sua :

Sæpe solet placido mortales fallere vultu.

Et cute sub placida tabida sæpe dolent ;

Ut quando secura putas et cuncta serena,

Anguis sub viridi gramme sæpe latet.

Though ye suppose all jeperdys ar paste,

And all is done that ye lokyd for before, 10

Ware yet, I rede you, of Fortunes dowble cast,

For one fals poynt she is wont to kepe in store,

And vnder the fell oft festered is the sore :

That when ye thynke all daunger for to pas,

Ware of the lesard lyeth lurkyng in the gras.

Qd Skelton, laureat.

Go, pytyous hart, rasyd with dedly wo,

Persyd with payn, bleding with wondes smart,

Bewayle thy fortune, with vaynys wan and blo.

O Fortune vnfrendly, Fortune vnkynde thow

art,

To be so cruell and so ouerthwart,
 To suffer me so carefull to endure,
 That wher I loue best I dare not dyscure!

One ther is, and euer one shalbe,
 For whose sake my hart is sore dyseasyd;
 For whose loue, welcom dysease to me!
 I am content so all partys be pleasyd:
 Yet, and God wold, I wold my payne were
 easyd!

But Fortune enforsyth me so carefully to endure,
 That where I loue best I dare not dyscure.

Skelton, laureat,

At the instance of a nobyll lady.

MANERLY MARGERY MYLK AND ALE.*

AY, beshere we yow, be my fay,
 This wanton clarkes be nyse all way ;
 Avent, avent, my popagay !
 What, will ye do no thyng but play ?
 Tully valy, strawe, let be, I say !
 Gup, Cristian Clowte, gup, Jak of the vale !
 With, Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale.

Be God, ye be a praty pode,
 And I loue you an hole cart lode.
 Strawe, Jamys foder, ye play the fode,
 I am no hakney for your rode ;
 Go watch a bole, your bak is brode ;
 Gup, Cristian Clowte, gup, Jak of the vale !
 With, Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale.

* From the Fairfax ms., which formerly belonged to Ralph Thoresby, and now forms part of the Additional MSS. (5465. fol. 109) in the British Museum. It was printed (together with the music,) by Hawkins, *Hist. of Music*, iii. 2. This song was inserted also in the first edition of *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 100, by Ritson, who observes,—“Since Sir J. Hawkins’s transcript was made, the ms. appears to have received certain alterations, occasioned, as it should seem, but certainly not authorised, by the over-scrupulous delicacy of its late or present possessor.” p. 102.

I wiss ye dele vncurtlesly ;
 What wolde ye frompill me ? now, fy !
 What, and ye shalbe my piggesnye ?
 Be Crist, ye shall not, no hardely ;
 I will not be japed bodely :
 Gup, Cristian Clowte, gup, Jake of the vale !
 With, Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale.

Walke forth your way, ye cost me nought ;
 Now haue I fowned that I haue sought,
 The best chepe flessch that euyr I bought.
 Yet, for His loue that all hath wrought,
 Wed me, or els I dye for thought !
 Gup, Cristian Clowte, your breth is stale !
 Go, Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale !
 Gup, Cristian Clowte, gup, Jak of the vale !
 With, Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale.

HERE BEGYNNETH A LYTELL TREATYSE,

NAMED

THE BOWGE OF COURTE.*

THE PROLOGUE TO THE BOWGE OF COURTE.

IN autumpne, whan the sonne *in Virgine*
 By radyante hete enryped hath our corne ;
 Whan Luna, full of mutabylyte,
 As emperes the dyademe hath worne
 Of our poie artyke, smyllynge halfe in scorne
 At our foly and our vnstedfastnesse ;
 The tyme whan Mars to werre hym dyde dres ;

I, callynge to mynde the greate auctoryte
 Of poetes olde, whyche full craftely,
 Vnder as couerte termes as coude be, 10
 Can touche a trouth and cloke it subtylly
 Wyth fresshe vtteraunce full sentencyously ;
 Dyuerse in style, some spared not vyce to wryte,¹
 Some of moralyte nobly dyde endyte ;

* From the ed. of Wynkyn de Worde, n. d., in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, collated with another ed. by Wynkyn de Worde, n. d., in the Public Library, Cambridge, and with Marthe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

¹ *wryte*] Qy. "wyte" (i. e. blame)?

Wherby I rede theyr renome and theyr fame
 Maye neuer dye, bute euermore endure :
 I was sore moued to aforce the same,
 But Ignoraunce full soone dyde me dyscure,
 And shewed that in this arte I was not sure ;
 For to illumyne, she sayde, I was to dulle, 20
 Aუსynge me my penne alwaye to pulle,

And not wryte ; for he so wyll atteyne
 Excedynge ferther than his connyng is,
 His hede maye be harde, but feble is his brayne,
 Yet haue I knowen suche er this ;
 But of reproche surely he maye not mys,
 That clymmeth hyer than he may fotyng haue ;
 What and he slyde downe, who shall hym saue ?

Thus vp and down my mynde was drawen and
 cast,

That I ne wyste what to do was beste ; 20
 So sore enwered, that I was at the laste
 Enforced to slepe and for to take some reste ;
 And to lye downe as soone as I me dreste,
 At Harwyche Porte slumbryng as I laye,
 In myne hostes house, called Powers Keye,

Methoughte I sawe a shyppe, goodly of sayle,
 Come saylyng forth into that hauen brood,
 Her takelyng ryche and of hye apparayle :
 She kyste an anker, and there she laye at rode.
 Marchauntes her borded to see what she had 40
 lode :

Therein they founde royall marchaundyse,
 Fraghted with plesure of what ye coude deuyse.

But than I thoughte I woulde not dwell behynde
 Amonge all other I put myselfe in prece.

Than there coude I none aquentaunce fynde:
 There was moche noyse; anone one cryed, Cese!
 Sharpely commaundyng eche man holde hys
 pece:

Maysters, he sayde, the shyp that ye here see,
 The Bowge of Courte it highte for certeynte:

The owner therof is lady of estate,
 Whoos name to tell is dame Saunce-pere;
 Her marchaundyse is ryche and fortunate,
 But who wyll haue it muste paye therfore dere;
 This royall chaffre that is shyped here
 Is called Fauore, to stonde in her good grace.
 Than sholde ye see there pressyng in a pace

Of one and other that wolde this lady see; A
 Whiche sat behynde a traues of sylke fyne, B
 Of golde of tessew the fynest that myghte be, A
 In a trone whiche fer clerer dyde shyne B ec
 Than Phebus in his spere celestyne; B
 Whoos beaute, honoure, goodly porte, C
 I haue to lytyll connyng to reporte. a

But, of eche thyng there as I toke hede,
 Amonge all other was wrytten in her trone,

In golde letters, this worde, whiche I dyde rede,
*Garder*¹ *le fortune, que est mauelz et bone !*

And, as I stode redynge this verse myselfe allone,
 Her chyef gentylwoman, Daunger by her name,
 Gaue me a taunte, and sayde I was to blame 70

To be so pette to prese so proudly vppe :

She sayde she trowed that I had eten sause ;
 She asked yf euer I dranke of saucys cuppe.

And I than softly answered to that clause,
 That, so to saye, I had gyuen her no cause.

Than asked she me, Syr, so God thé spede,
 What is thy name ? and I sayde, it was Drede.

What mouyd thé, quod she, hydder to come ?

Forsoth, quod I, to bye some of youre ware.
 And with that worde on me she gaue a glome 80

With browes bente, and gan on me to stare
 Full daynnously, and fro me she dyde fare,
 Leuyng me stondynge as a mased man :

To whome there came an other gentylwoman ;

Desyre her name was, and so she me tolde,

Sayenge to me, Broder, be of good chere,
 Abasshe you not, but hardely be bolde,

Auaunce yourselfe to aproche and come nere :

What though our chaffer be neuer so dere,
 Yet I auyse you to speke, for ony drede : 90

Who spareth to speke, in fayth he spareth to spede.

¹ *Garder*] Marthe's ed. "*Garde.*" Qy. "*Gardez !*"

Maystres, quod I, I haue none aquentaunce,
 That wyll for me be medyatoure and mene ;
 And this an other, I haue but smale substaunce.
 Pece, quod Desyre, ye speke not worth a bene :
 Yf ye haue not, in fayth I wyll you lene
 A precyous jewell, no rycher in this londe ;
 Bone Auenture haue here now in your honde.

Shyfte now therwith, let see, as ye can,
 In Bowge of Courte cheuysaunce to make ; .00
 For I dare saye that there nys ertibly man
 But, an ¹ he can Bone Auenture take,
 There can no fauour nor frendshyp hym forsake ;
 Bone Auenture may brynge you in suche case
 That ye shall stonde in fauoure and in grace.

But of one thyng I werne you er ² I goo, D
 She that styreth the shyp, make her your frende. E
 Maystres, quod I, I praye you tell me why soo, A
 And how I maye that waye and meanes fynde. B
 Forsothe, quod she, how euer blowe the 110
 wynde B
 Fortune gydeth and ruleth all oure shyppe : C
 Whome she hateth shall ouer the see boorde skyp ; C

Whome she loueth, of all plesyre is ryche,
 Whyles she laugheth and hath luste for to playe ;
 Whome she hateth, she casteth in the dyche,

¹ an] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed. "and."

² er] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., "or."

For whan she frouneth, she thynketh to make
a fray ;

She cheryssheth him, and hym she casseth¹
awaye.

Alas, quod I, how myghte I haue her sure ?

In fayth, quod she, by Bone Auenture.

Thus, in a rowe, of martchauntes a grete route¹³⁰

Suwed to Fortune that she wold be theyre
frynde :

They thronge in fast, and flocked her aboute ;

And I with them prayed her to haue in mynde.

She promysed to vs all she wolde be kynde :

Of Bowge of Court she asketh what we wold haue ;

And we asked Fauoure, and Fauour she vs gaue.

*Thus endeth the Prologue ; and begynneth the
Bowge of Courte breuely compyled.*

DREDE.

The sayle is vp, Fortune ruleth our helme,

We wante no wynd to passe now ouer all ;

Fauoure we haue tougher than ony elme,

That wyll abyde and neuer from vs fall :¹³⁰

But vnder hony ofte tyme lyeth bytter gall ;

For, as me thoughte, in our shyppe I dyde see

Full subtyll persones, in nombre foure and thre.

¹ *casseth*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., "casteth." Marshe's ed. "chasseth."

The fyrste was Fauell, full of flattery,
 Wyth fables false that well coude fayne a
 tale ;

The seconde was Suspecte, whiche that dayly
 Mysdempte eche man, with face deedly and
 pale ;

And Haruy Hafter,¹ that well coude picke a
 male ;

With other foure of theyr affynyte,
 Dysdayne, Ryotte, Dyssymuler, Subtylte. 140

Fortune theyr frende, with whome oft she dyde
 daunce ;

They coude not faile, thei thought, they were
 so sure ;

And oftentymes I wolde myselfe auance
 With them to make solace and pleasure ;
 But my dysporte they coude not well en-
 dure ;

They sayde they hated for to dele with Drede.
 Than Fauell gan wyth fayre speche me to fede.

FAUELL.

Noo thyng erthely that I wonder so sore
 As of your connyng, that it is so excellent ;
 Deynte to haue with vs suche one in store, 150
 So vertuously that hath his dayes spente :
 Fortune to you gyftes of grace hath lente :
 Loo, what it is a man to haue connyng !
 All erthly tresoure it is surmountyng.

¹ *Hafter*] Eds. "Haster." See notes.

Ye be an apte man, as ony can be founde,
 To dwell with vs, and serue my ladyes grace ;
 Ye be to her yea worth a thousande pounce ;
 I herde her speke of you within shorte space,
 Whan there were dyuerse that sore dyde you
 manace ;
 And, though I say it, I was myselfe your frende,
 For here be dyuerse to you that be vnkynde. 161

But this one thyng ye maye be sure of me ;
 For, by that Lorde that bought dere all man-
 kynde,
 I can not flater, I muste be playne to thé ;
 And ye nede ought, man, shewe to me your
 mynde,
 For ye haue me whome faythfull ye shall fynde ;
 Whyles I haue ought, by God, thou shalt not
 lacke,
 And yf nede be, a bolde worde I dare cracke.

Nay, naye, be sure, whyles I am on your syde,
 Ye maye not fall, truste me, ye maye not 170
 fayle ;
 Ye stonde in faouure, and Fortune is your gyde,
 And, as she wyll, so shall our grete shyppe
 sayle :
 Thyse lewde cok wattes shall neuermore pre-
 uayle
 Ageynste you hardely, therefore be not afrayde :
 Farewell tyll soone ; but no worde that I sayde.

DREDE.

Than thanked I hym for his grete gentylnes :

But, as me thoughte, he ware on hym a cloke,
That lyned was with doubtfull doublenes ;

Me thoughte, of wordes that he had full a poke ;
His stomak stuffed ofte tymes dyde reboke : 180
Suspycyon, me thoughte, mette hym at a brayde,
And I drewe nere to herke what they two
sayde.

In faythe, quod Suspecte, spake Drede no worde
of me ?

Why, what than ? wylte thou lete men to
speke ?

He sayth, he can not well accorde with thé.

Twyst,¹ quod Suspecte, goo playe, hym I ne
reke.

By Cryste, quod Fauell, Drede is soleyne
freke :

What lete vs holde him vp, man, for a whyle ?
Ye soo, quod Suspecte, he maye vs bothe begyle.

And whan he came walkynge soberly, 190

Wyth whom and ha, and with a croked loke,
Me thoughte, his hede was full of gelousy,

His eyne rollynge, his hondes faste they
quoke ;

And to me warde the strayte waye he toke :

¹ *Twyst*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., "Whist." Marsho's
ed. "Twysshē."

God spede, broder ! to me quod he than ;
 And thus to talke with me he began.

SUSPYCYON.

Ye remembre the gentylman ryghte nowe
 That commaunde with you, me thought, a party
 space ? ¹

Beware of him, for, I make God auowe,
 He wyll begyle you and speke fayre to your
 face ;

Ye neuer dwelte in suche an other place, ²¹¹
 For here is none that dare well other truste ;
 But I wolde telle you a thyng, and I durste.

Spake he a fayth no worde to you of me ?
 I wote, and he dyde, ye wolde me telle.
 I haue a fauoure to you, wherof it be
 That I muste shewe you moche of my counselle :
 But I wonder what the deuyll of helle
 He sayde of me, whan he with you dyde talke :
 By myne auyse vse not with him to walke. ²¹⁰

The soueraynst thyng that ony man maye haue,
 Is lytyll to saye, and moche to here and see ;
 For, but I trusted you, so God me saue,
 I wolde noo thyng so playne be ;
 To you oonly, me thynke, I durste shryue me ;

¹ *a party space*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C. Other eds.
 "*a party spake*." Qy. "*a praty* (pretty) space?"

For now am I plenarely dysposed
 To shewe you thynges that may not be dis
 closed.

DREDE.

Than I assured hym my fydelyte,
 His counseyle secrete neuer to dyscure,
 Yf he coude fynde in herte to truste me ; 224
 Els I prayed hym, with all my besy cure,
 To kepe it hymselfe, for than he myghte be sure
 That noo man erthly coude hym bewreie,
 Whyles of hys mynde it were lockte with the keye.

By God, quod he, this and thus it is ;
 And of his mynde he shewed me all and some.
 Farewell, quod he, we wyll talke more of this :
 Soo he departed there he wolde be come.
 I dare not speke, I promysed to be dome :
 But, as I stode musynge in my mynde, 230
 Haruy Hafter came lepynge, lyghte as lynde.

Vpon his breste he bare a versynge boxe ;
 His throte was clere, and lustely coude fayne ;
 Me thoughte, his gowne was all furred wyth foxe ;
 And euer he sange, Sythe I am no thyng
 playne.
 To kepe him frome pykyng it was a grete
 payne :
 He gased on me with his gotyshe berde ;
 Whan I loked on hym, my purse was half aferde.

HARUY HAFTER.

Syr, God you saue! why loke ye so sadde?
 What thyng is that I maye do for you? 240
 A wonder thyng that ye waxe not madde!
 For, and I studye sholde as ye doo nowe,
 My wytte wolde waste, I make God auowe.
 Tell me your mynde: me thynke, ye make a
 verse;
 I coude it skan, and ye wolde it reherse.

But to the poynte shortely to procede,
 Where hathe your dwellynge ben, er ye cam
 here?
 For, as I trowe, I haue sene you indede
 Er this, whan that ye made me royall chere.
 Holde vp the helme, loke vp, and lete God stere:
 I wolde be mery, what wynde that euer blowe, 251
 Heue and how rombelow, row the bote, Norman,
 rowe!

Prynces of yougthe can ye synge by rote?
 Or shall I sayle wyth you a felashyp assaye;
 For on the booke I can not synge a note.
 Wolde to God, it wolde please you some daye
 A balade boke before me for to laye,
 And lerne me to synge, Re, my, fa, sol!
 And, whan I fayle, bobbe me on the noll.

Loo, what is to you a pleasure grete, 260
 To haue that connyng and wayes that ye haue!

By Goddis soule, I wonder how ye gete
 Soo greate pleasyre, or who to you it gaue :

Syr, pardone me, I am an homely knaue,
 To be with you thus perte and thus bolde ;
 But ye be welcome to our housholde.

And, I dare saye, there is no man here inne

But wolde be glad of your company :

I wyste neuer man that so soone coude wynde

The fauoure that ye haue with my lady ; 270

I praye to God that it maye neuer dy :

It is your fortune for to haue that grace ;

As I be saued, it is a wonder case.

For, as for me, I serued here many a daye,

And yet vnneth I can haue my lyuyng :

But I requyre you no worde that I saye ;

For, and I knowe ony erthly thyng

That is agayne you, ye shall haue wetyng :

And ye be welcome, syr, so God me saue :

I hope here after a frende of you to haue. 280

DREDE.

Wyth that, as he departed soo fro me,

Anone ther mette with him, as me thoughte,

A man, but wonderly besene was he ;

He loked hawte, he sette eche man at

noughte ;

His gawdy garment with scornys was all

wrought ;

With indygnacyon lyned was his hode ;
 He frowned, as he wolde swere by Cockes
 blode ;

He bote the lyppe, he loked passynge coye ;
 His face was belymmed, as byes had him
 stounge :

It was no tyme with him to jape nor toye ; 290
 Enuye hathe wasted his lyuer and his lounge,
 Hatred by the herte so had hym wrounge,
 That he loked pale as asshes to my syghte :
 Dysdayne, I wene, this comerous crabes hyghte.

To Heruy Hafter than he spake of me,
 And I drewe nere to harke what they two sayde.
 Now, quod Dysdayne, as I shall saued be,
 I haue grete scorne, and am ryghte euyll
 apayed.

Than quod Heruy, why arte thou so dysmayde ?
 By Cryste, quod he, for it is shame to saye ; 300
 To see Johan Dawes, that came but yester daye,

How he is now taken in conceyte,
 This doctour Dawcocke, Drede, I wene, he
 hyghte :

By Goddis bones, but yf we haue som sleyte,
 It is lyke he wyll stonde in our lyghte.
 By God, quod Heruy, and it so happen myghte ;
 Lete vs therfore shortely at a worde
 Fynde some mene to caste him ouer the borde.

By Him that me boughte, than quod Dysdayne,
 I wonder sore he is in suche conceyte. 310
 Turde, quod Hafter, I wyll thé no thyng layne,
 There muste for hym be layde some prety beyte ;
 We tweyne, I trowe, be not withoute dysceyte :
 Fyrste pycke a quarell, and fall oute with hym
 then,
 And soo outface hym with a carde of ten.

Forthwith he made on me a prowde assawte,
 With scornfull loke meuyd all in moode ;
 He wente aboute to take me in a fawte ;
 He frounde, he stared, he stamped where he
 stode.
 I lokyd on hym, I wende he had be woode. 320
 He sent the arme proudly vnder the syde,
 And in this wyse he gan with me to chyde.

DISDAYNE.

Remembrest thou what thou sayd yester nyght ?
 Wylt thou abyde by the wordes agayne ?
 By God, I haue of thé now grete dyspyte ;
 I shall thé angre ones in euery vayne :
 It is greate scorne to see suche an hayne
 As thou arte, one that cam but yesterdaye,
 With vs olde seruantes suche maysters to playe.

I tell thé, I am of countenaunce : 330
 What weneste I were ? I trowe, thou knowe
 not me.

By Goddis woundes, but for dysplesaunce,
 Of my querell soone wolde I venged be :
 But no force, I shall ones mete with thé ;
 Come whan it wyll, oppose thé I shall,
 What someuer auenture therof fall.

Trowest thou, dreuyll, I saye, thou gawdy knaue,
 That I haue deynte to see thé cherysshed thus ?
 By Goddis syd, my sworde thy berde shall shaue ;
 Well, ones thou shalte be chermed, I wus : 340
 Naye, strawe for tales, thou shalte not rule vs
 We be thy betters, and so thou shalte vs take,
 Or we shall thé oute of thy clothes shake.

DREDE.

Wyth that came Ryotte, russhynge all at ones,
 A rusty gallande, to-ragged and to-rente ;
 And on the borde he whyrled a payre of bones,
Quater treye dews he clattered as he wente ;
 Now haue at all, by saynte Thomas of Kente !
 And euer he threwe and kyst I wote nere what :
 His here was growen thorowe oute his hat. 350

'Thenne I behelde how he dysgysed was :
 His hede was heuy for watchynge ouer nyghte,
 His eyen blereed, his face shone lyke a glas ;
 His gowne so shorte that it ne couer myghte
 His rumpe, he wente so all for somer lyghte ;
 His hose was garded wyth a lyste of grene,
 Yet at the knece they were broken, I wene.

His cote was checked with patches rede and blewe ;
 Of Kyrkeby Kendall was his shorte demye ;
 And ay he sange, In fayth, decon thou crewe ; 360
 His elbowe bare, he ware his gere so nye ;
 His nose a droppynge, his lypes were full drye ;
 And by his syde his whynarde and his pouche,
 The deuyll myghte daunce therin for ony crowche.

Counter he coude *O lux* vpon a potte ;
 An eestryche fedder of a capons tayle
 He set vp fresshely vpon his hat alofte :
 What, reuëll route ! quod he, and gan to rayle
 How oft he hadde hit Jenet on the tayle,
 Of Felyce fetewse, and lytell prety Cate, 37
 How ofte he knocked at her klycked gate.

What sholde I tell more of his rebaudrye ?

I was ashamed so to here hym prate :
 He had no pleasure but in harlotrye.
 Ay, quod he, in the deuylls date,
 What art thou ? I sawe thé nowe but late.
 Forsothe, quod I, in this courte I dwell nowe.
 Welcome, quod Ryote, I make God auowe.

RYOTE.

And, syr, in fayth why comste not vs amonge,
 To make thé mery, as other felowes done ? 380
 Thou muste swere and stare, man, al daye longe,
 And wake all nyghte, and slepe tyll it be none ;
 Thou mayste not studye, or muse on the mone ;

This worlde is nothyng but ete, drynke, and slepe,
And thus with vs good company to kepe.

Plucke vp thyne herte vpon a mery pyne,
And lete vs laugh a placke or tweyne at nale :
What the deuyll, man, myrthe was neuer one !
What, loo, man, see here of dyce a bale !
A brydelynge caste for that is in thy male ! 300
Now haue at all that lyeth vpon the burde !
Fye on this dyce, they be not worth a turde !

Haue at the hasarde, or at the dosen browne,
Or els I pas a peny to a pounce !
Now, wolde to God, thou wolde leye money downe !
Lorde, how that I wolde caste it full rounde !
Ay, in my pouche a buckell I haue founde !
The armes of Calyce, I haue no coyne nor crosse !
I am not happy, I renne ay on the losse.

Now renne muste I to the stewys syde, 400
To wete yf Malkyn, my lemman, haue gete
oughte :
I lete her to hyre, that men maye on her ryde,
Her armes easy ferre and nere is soughte :
By Goddis sydes, syns I her thyder broughte,
She hath gotte me more money with her tayle
Than hath some shyppe that into Bordews sayle.

✓*placke*] Marshe's ed. "plucke,"—perhaps the right reading.

Had I as good an hors as she is a mare,
 I durst auenture to iourney through Fraunce ;
 Who rydeth on her, he nedeth not to care,
 For she is trussed for to breke a launce ; 410
 It is a curtel that well can wynche and prounce :
 To her wyll I nowe all my pouerte lege ;
 And, tyll I come, haue here is myne hat to
 plege.

DREDE.

Gone is this knaue, this rybaude foule and leude ;
 He ran as fast as euer that he myghte :
 Vnthyftynes in hym may well be shewed,
 For whome Tyborne groneth both daye and
 nyghte.
 And, as I stode and kyste asyde my syghte,
 Dysdayne I sawe with Dyssymulacyon
 Standyng in sadde comunicacion. 420

But there was poyntyng and noddynge with the
 hede,
 And many wordes sayde in secrete wyse ;
 They wandred ay, and stode styll in no stede :
 Me thoughte, alwaye Dyscymular dyde deuyse ;
 Me passynge sore myne herte than gan agryse,¹
 I dempte and dredè theyr talkynge was not
 good.
 Anone Dyscymular came where I stode.

¹ *agryse*] Eds. "aryse." See notes.

Than in his hode I sawe there faces tweyne ;
 That one was lene and lyke a pyned goost,
 That other loked as he wolde me haue slayne ; 437
 And to me warde as he gan for to coost,
 Whan that he was euen at me almoost,
 I sawe a knyfe hyd in his one sleue,
 Wheron was wryten this worde, *Myscheue*.

And in his other sleue, me thought, I sawe
 A spone of golde, full of hony swete,
 To fede a fole, and for to preue a dawe ;
 And on that sleue these wordes were wrete,
A false abstracte cometh from a fals concrete :
 His hode was syde, his cope was roset graye : 440
 Thyse were the wordes that he to me dyde saye.

DISSYMULATION.

How do ye, mayster ? ye loke so soberly :
 As I be saued at the dredefull daye,
 It is a perylous vyce, this enuy :
 Alas, a connyng man ne dwelle maye
 In no place well, but foles with hym fraye !
 But as for that, connyng hath no foo
 Saue hym that nought can, Scrypture sayth soo.

I knowe your vertu and your lytterature
 By that lytel connyng that I haue : 450
 Ye be malygned sore, I you ensure ;
 But ye haue crafte your selfe alwaye to saue :
 It is grete scorne to se a mysproude knaue

With a clerke that connyng is to prate :
 Lete them go lowse them, in the deuylles date !

For all be it that this longe not to me,

Yet on my backe I bere suche lewde delynge :
 Ryghte now I spake with one, I trowe, I see ;

But, what, a strawe ! I maye not tell all thyng.

By God, I saye there is grete herte brennyng
 Betwene the persone ye wote of, you ;

Alas, I coude not dele so with a Jew !

I wolde eche man were as playne as I ;

It is a worlde, I saye, to here of some ;

I hate this faynyng, fye vpon it, fye !

A man can not wote where to be come :

I wys I coude tell,—but humlery, home ;

I dare not speke, we be so layde awayte,

For all our courte is full of dysceyte.

Now, by saynte Fraunceys, that holy man and
 frere,

I hate these wayes agayne you that they take
 Were I as you, I wolde ryde them full nere ;

And, by my trouthe, but yf an ende they make,

Yet wyll I saye some wordes for your sake,
 That shall them angre, I holde thereon a grote ;
 For some shall wene be hanged by the throte.

I haue a stoppyng oyster in my poke,

Truste me, and yf it come to a nede :

But I am lothe for to reyse a smoke,
 Yf ye coude be otherwyse agrede ; 480
 And so I wolde it were, so God me spede,
 For this maye brede to a confusyon,
 Withoute God make a good conclusyon.

Naye, see where yonder stondesth the teder man !
 A flaterynge knaue and false he is, God wote ;
 The dreuyll stondesth to herken, and he can :
 It were more thryft, he boughte him a newe cote ;
 It will not be, his purse is not on flote :
 All that he wereth, it is borrowed ware ;
 His wytte is thynne, his hode is threde bare. 490

More coude I saye, but what this is ynowe :
 Adewe tyll soone, we shall speke more of this :
 Ye muste be ruled as I shall tell you howe ;
 Amendis maye be of that is now amys ;
 And I am your, syr, so haue I blys,
 In euery poynte that I can do or saye ;
 Gyue me your honde, farewell, and haue good
 daye.

DREDE.

Sodaynly, as he departed me fro,
 Came pressynge in one in a wonder araye :
 Er I was ware, behynde me he sayde, Bo ! 500
 Thenne I, astonyed of that sodeyne fraye,
 Sterte all at ones, I lyked no thyng his
 playe ;

For, yf I had not quyckely fledde the touche,
He had plucte oute the nobles of my pouche.

He was trussed in a garmente strayte :

I haue not sene suche an others page ;
For he coude well vpon a casket wayte ;
His hode all pounsed and garded lyke a cage ;
Lyghte lyme fynger, he toke none other wage.
Harken, quod he, loo here myne honde in thyne ;
To vs welcome thou arte, by saynte Quyntyne. 511

DISCEYTE.

But, by that Lorde that is one, two, and thre,
I haue an errande to rounde in your ere :
He tolde me so, by God, ye maye truste me,
Parte¹ remembre whan ye were there,
There I wyoked on you,—wote ye not where ?
In *A loco*, I mene *juxta* B :
Woo is hym that is blynde and maye not see !

But to here the subtylte and the crafte,
As I shall tell you, yf ye wyll harke agayne ; 520
And, whan I sawe the horsons wolde you hafte,
To holde myne honde, by God, I had grete
payne ;
For forthwyth there I had him slayne,
But that I drede mordre wolde come oute :
Who deleth with shrewes hath nede to loke aboute

¹ *Parte*] Qy. "Parde" (*Par dieu*—in sooth) ?

DREDE.

And as he rounded thus in myne ere
 Of false collusyon confetryd by assente,
 Me thoughte, I see lewde felawes here and there
 Came for to slee me of mortall entente ; 529
 And, as they came, the shypborde faste I hente,
 And thoughte to lepe ; and euen with that woke,
 Caughte penne and ynke, and wrote thys lytyll
 boke.

I wolde therwith no man were myscontente ;
 Besechynge you that shall it see or rede,
 In euery poynte to be indyfferente,
 Syth all in substaunce of slumbrynge doth pro-
 ceede :
 I wyll not saye it is mater in dede,
 But yet of tyme suche dremes be founde trewe :
 Now constrewe ye what is the resydewe.

Thus endeth the Bowge of Courte.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH THE BOKE OF
PHYLLYP SPAROWE.

COMPYLED BY MAYSTER SKELTON, POETE LAURKATE.*

Pla ce bo,

Who is there, who?

Di le xi,

Dame Margery;

Fa, re, my, my,

Wherfore and why, why?

For the sowle of Philip Sparowe,

That was late slayn at Carowe,

Among the Nones Blake,

For that swete soules sake,

And for all sparowes soules,

Set in our bederolles,

Pater noster qui,

With an *Ave Mari,*

And with the corner of a Crede,

The more shalbe your mede.

Whan I remember agayn

How mi Philyp was slayn,

* From the ed. by Kele, n. d., collated with that by Kitson, n. d. (which in some copies is said to be printed by Weale,) and with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

Neuer halfe the payne
 Was betwene you twayne,
 Pyramus and 'Thesbe,
 As than befell to me :
 I wept and I wayled,
 The tearys downe hayled ;
 But nothyng it auayled
 To call Phylp agayne,
 Whom Gyb our cat hath slayne.

Gib, I saye, our cat
 Worrowyd her on that
 Which I loued best :
 It can not be exprest
 My sorrowfull heynesse,
 But all without redresse ;
 For within that stounde,
 Halfe slumbryng, in a sounde
 I fell downe to the grounde.

Vnneth I kest myne eyes
 Towarde the cloudy skyes :
 But whan I dyd beholde
 My sparow dead and colde,
 No creatuer but that wolde
 Haue rewed vpon me,
 To behold and se
 What heynesse dyd me pange ;
 Wherewith my handes I wrange,
 That my senaws cracked,
 As though I had been racked,

So payned and so strayned,
That no lyfe wellnye remainyd.

I syghed and I sobbed,
For that I was robbed
Of my sparowes lyfe.
O mayden, wydow, and wyfe,
Of what estate ye be,
Of hye or lowe degre,
Great sorowe than ye myght se
And lerne to wepe at me!
Such paynes dyd me frete,
That myne hert dyd bete,
My vysage pale and dead,
Wanne, and blewe as lead;
The panges of hatefull death
Wellnye had stopped my breath.

Heu, heu, me,

That I am wo for thé!
Ad Dominum, cum tribularer, clamavi.
Of God nothyng els craue I
But Phyllypes soule to kepe
From the marees deepe
Of Acherontes well,
That is a flode of hell; *X. chances*
And from the great Pluto,
The prynce of endles wo;
And from foule Alecto,
With vysage blacke and blo;
And from Medusa, that mare,
That lyke a fende doth stare:

And from Megeras edders,
 For rufflynge of Phillips fethers,
 And from her fyry sparklynges,
 For burnyng of his wynges ;
 And from the smokes sowre
 Of Proserpinas bowre ;
 And from the dennes darke,
 Wher Cerberus doth barke,
 Whom Theseus dyd afraye,
 Whom Hercules dyd outraye,
 As famous poetes say ;
 From that hell hounde,
 That lyeth in cheynes bounde,
 With gastly hedes thre,
 To Jupyter pray we
 That Phyllyp preserued may be !
 Amen, say ye with me !

Do mi nus,
 Helpe nowe, swete Jesus !
Levavi oculos meos in montes :
 Wolde God I had Zenophontes,
 Or Socrates the wyse,
 To shew me their deuyse,
 Moderatly to take
 This sorow that I make
 For Phyllip Sparowes sake !
 So feruently I shake,
 I fele my body quake ;
 So vrgently I am brought
 Into carefull thought.

Like Andromach, Hectors wyfe,
 Was wery of her lyfe,
 Whan she had lost her ioie, 110
 Noble Hector of Troye ;
 In lyke maner also
 Encreaseth my dedly wo,
 For my sparowe is go.

It was so prety a fole,
 It wold syt on a stole,
 And lerned after my scole
 For to kepe his cut,
 With, Phyllyp, kepe your cut!

It had a veluet cap, 120
 And wold syt vpon my lap,
 And seke after small wormes,
 And somtyme white bred crommes ;
 And many tymes and ofte
 Betwene my brestes softe
 It wolde lye and rest ;
 It was propre and prest.

Somtyme he wolde gaspe
 Whan he sawe a waspe ;
 A fly or a gnat, 130
 He wolde flye at that ;
 And prytely he wold pant
 Whan he saw an ant ;
 Lord, how he wolde pry
 After the butterfly !
 Lorde, how he wolde hop
 After the gressop !

And whan I sayd, Phyp, Phyp,
 Than he wold lepe and skyp,
 And take me by the lyp.

100

Alas, it wyll me slo,
 That Phyllyp is gone me fro!

Sin in i qui ta tes

Alas, I was euyl at ease!

De pro fun dis cla ma vi,

Whan I sawe my sparowe dye!

Nowe, after my dome,

Dame Sulpicia at Rome,

Whose name registryed was

For euer in tables of bras,

150

Because that she dyd pas

In poesy to endyte,

And eloquently to wryte,

Though she wolde pretende

My sparowe to commende,

I trowe she coude not amende

Reportynge the vertues all

Of my sparowe royall.

For it wold come and go,

And fly so to and fro;

160

And on me it wolde lepe

Whan I was aslepe,

And his fethers shake,

Wherewith he wolde make

Me often for to wake,

And for to take him in

Vpon my naked skyn;

God wot, we thought no syn :
 What though he crept so lowe ?
 It was not hurt, I trowe, 170
 He dyd nothyng perde
 Büt syt vpon my kne :
 Phyllyp, though he were nyse,
 In him it was no vyse ;
 Phyllyp had leue to go
 To pyke my lytell too ;
 Phillip myght be bolde
 And do what he wolde ;
 Phillip wolde seke and take
 All the flees blake 80
 That he coulde there espye
 With his wanton eye.

O pe ra,

La, soll, fa, fa,
Confitebor tibi, Domine, in tota corde meo.
 Alas, I wold ryde and go
 A thousand myle of grounde !
 If any such might be found,
 It were worth an hundreth pound
 Of kynges Cresus golde, 190
 Or of Attalus the olde,
 The ryche prynce of Pargame,
 Who so lyst the story to se.
 Cadmus, that his syster sought,
 And he shold be bought
 For golde and fee,
 He shuld ouer the see,

To wete if he coulde brynge
 Any of the ofsprynge,
 Or any of the blode. 200
 But whoso vnderstode
 Of Medeas arte,
 I wolde .I had a parte
 Of her crafty magyke !
 My sparowe than shuld be quycke
 With a charme or twayne,
 And playe with me agayne.
 But all this is in vayne
 Thus for to complayne.

I toke my sampler ones, 210
 Of purpose, for the nones,
 To sowe with stytchis of sylke
 My sparow whyte as mylke,
 That by representacyon
 Of his image and facyon,
 To me it myght importe
 Some pleasure and comforte
 For my solas and sporte :
 But whan I was sowing his beke,
 Methought my sparow did speke, 220
 And opened his prety byll,
 Saynge, Mayde, ye are in wyll
 Agayne me for to kyll,
 Ye prycke me in the head !
 With that my nedle waxed red,
 Methought, of Phyllyps blode ;
 Myne hear ryght vpstode,

And was in suche a fray,
 My speche was taken away.
 I kest downe that there was, 230
 And sayd, Alas, alas,
 How commeth this to pas?
 My fyngers, dead and colde,
 Coude not my sampler holde;
 My nedle and threde
 I threwe away for drede.
 The best now that I maye,
 Is for his soule to pray:
A porta inferi,
 Good Lorde, haue mercy 240
 Vpon my sparowes soule,
 Wryten in my bederoule!
Au di vi vo cem,
 Japhet, Cam, and Sem,
Ma gni fi cat,
 Shewe me the ryght path
 To the hylles of Armony,
 Wherefore the birdes¹ yet cry
 Of your fathers bote,
 That was sometyme aflote, 250
 And nowe they lye and rote;
 Let some poetes wryte
 Deucalyons flode it hyght:
 But as verely as ye be
 The naturall sonnes thre

¹ *birdes*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "bordes," which, perhaps, is the right reading. See notes.

Of Noe the patryarke,
 That made that great arke,
 Wherin he had apes and owles,
 Beestes, byrdes, and foules,
 That if ye can fynde
 Any of my sparowes kynde,
 God send the soule good rest !
 I wolde haue yet a nest
 As prety and as prest
 As my sparowe was.
 But my sparowe dyd pas
 All the sparows of the wode
 That were syns Noes flode,
 Was neuer none so good ;
 Kyng Phylp of Macedony
 Had no such Phylp as I,
 No, no, syr, hardely.

That vengeaunce I aske and crye,
 By way of exclamacyon,
 On all the hole nacyon
 Of cattes wylde and tame ;
 God send them sorowe and shame !
 That cat specyally
 That slew so cruelly
 My lytell prety sparowe
 That I brought vp at Carowe.

O cat of carlysbe kynde,
 The fynde was in thy mynde
 Whan thou my byrde vntwynde !
 I wold thou haddest ben blynde !

The leopardes sauagé,
 The lyons in theyr rage,
 Myght catche thé in theyr pawes,
 And gnawe thé in theyr iawes!

The serpentes of Lybany 290
 Myght styngé thé venymously!
 The dragones with their tonges
 Might poyson thy lyuer aud longes!
 The mantycors of the mountaynes
 Myght fede them on thy braynes!

Melanchates, that hounde
 That plucked Acteon to the grounde,
 Gaue hym his mortall wounde,
 Chaunged to a dere,
 The story doth appere, 300
 Was chaunged to an harte :

So thou, foule cat that thou arte,
 The selfe same hounde
 Myght thé confounde,
 That his owne lord bote,
 Myght byte asondre thy throte!

Of Inde the gredy grypes
 Myght tere out all thy trypes!
 Of Arcady the beares
 Might plucke awaye thyne eares! 310
 The wylde wolfe Lycaon
 Byte asondre thy backe bone!
 Of Ethna the brennyngé hyll,
 That day and night brenneth styl
 Set in thy tayle a blase,

That all the world may gase
 And wonder vpon thé,
 From Occyan the greate se
 Vnto the Iles of Orchady,
 From Tyllbery fery
 To the playne of Salysbery !
 So trayterously my byrde to kyll
 That neuer ought thé euyll wyll !

Was neuer byrde in cage
 More gentle of corage
 In doynge his homage
 Vnto his souerayne.
 Alas, I say agayne,
 Deth hath departed vs twayne !
 The false cat hath thé slayne :
 Farewell, Phyllyp, adew !
 Our Lorde thy soule reskew !
 Farewell without restore,
 Farewell for euermore !

And it were a Jewe,
 It wolde make one rew,
 To se my sorow new.
 These vylanous false cattes
 Were made for myse and rattes,
 And not for byrdes smale.
 Alas, my face waxeth pale,
 Tellynge this pyteyus tale,
 How my byrde so fayre,
 That was wont to repayre,
 And go in at my spayre,

And crepe in at my gore ¹
 Of my gowne before,
 Flyckerynge with his wynges !
 Alas, my hert it stynges,
 Remembrynge prety thynges ! 260
 Alas, myne hert it sleth
 My Phyllyppes dolefull deth,
 Whan I remembre it,
 How pretely it wolde syt,
 Many tymes and ofte
 Vpon my fynger aloft !
 I played with him tyttell tattyll,
 And fed him with my spattyl,
 With his byll betwene my lippes ;
 It was my prety Phyppes ! 265
 Many a prety kusse
 Had I of his swete musse ;
 And now the cause is thus,
 That he is slayne me fro,
 To my great payne and wo.
 Of fortune this the chaunce
 Standeth on varyaunce :
 Oft tyme after pleasaunce
 Trouble and greuaunce ;
 No man can be sure 270
 Allway to haue pleasure :

¹ Kitson's ed. ;

“ *And often at my spayre
 And gape in at my gore.*”

As well perceyue ye maye
 How my dysport and play
 From me was taken away
 By Gyb, our cat sauage,
 That in a furyous rage
 Caught Phyllyp by the head,
 And slew him theré starke dead.

Kyrie, eleison,

Christe, eleison,

Kyrie, eleison!

For Phylp Sparowes soule,
 Set in our bederolle,
 Let vs now whysper
 A *Pater noster.*

Lauda, anima mea, Dominum!

To wepe with me loke that ye come,
 All manner of byrdes in your kynd;
 Se none be left behynde.

To mornynge loke that ye fall

With dolorous songes funerall,

Some to synge, and some to say,

Some to wepe, and some to pray,

Euery byrde in his laye.

The goldfynche, the wagtayle;

The ianglynge iay to rayle,

The flekyd pye to chatter

Of this dolorous mater;

And robyn redbrest,

He shall be the preest

The requiem masse to synge,

Softly warbelynge,
 With helpe of the red sparow,
 And the chattrynge swallow,
 This herse for to halow;
 The larke with his longe to;
 The spynke, and the martynet also;
 The shouelar with his brode bek;
 The doterell, that folyshe pek,
 And also the mad coote, 610
 With a balde face to toote;
 The feldefare, and the snyte;
 The crowe, and the kyte;
 The rauyn, called Rolfe,
 His playne songe to solfe;
 The partryche, the quayle;
 The plouer with vs to wayle;
 The woodhackle, that syngeth chur
 Horsly, as he had the mur;
 The lusty chauntyng nyghtyngale; 620
 The popyngay to tell her tale,
 That toteth oft in a glasse,
 Shal rede the Gospell at masse;
 The maus with her whystell
 Shal rede there the pystell.
 But with a large and a longe
 To kepe iust playne songe,
 Our chaunters shalbe the cuckoue,
 The culuer, the stockedowue,
 With puwyt the lapwyng, 630
 The versycles shall syng.

The bitter with his bumpe,
 The crane with his trumpe,
 The swan of Menander,
 The gose and the gander,
 The ducke and the drake,
 Shall watche at this wake;
 The pecocke so prowde,
 Bycause his voyce is lowde,
 And hath a glorious tayle, 440
 He shall syng the grayle;
 The owle, that is so foule,
 Must helpe vs to houle;
 The heron so gaunce,
 And the cormoraunce,
 With the fesaunte,
 And the gaglynge gaunte,
 And the churlysshe chowgh;
 The route and the kowgh;
 The barnacle, the bussarde, 450
 With the wilde mallarde;
 The dyuendop to slepe;
 The water hen to wepe;
 The puffin and the tele
 Money they shall dele
 To poore folke at large,
 That shall be theyr charge;
 The semewe and the tytrose;
 The wodcocke with the longe nose;
 The threstyl with her warblyng;
 The starlyng with her brablyng; 460

The roke, with the ospraye
 That putteth fysshes to a fraye ;
 And the denty curlewe,
 With the turtyll most trew.

At this *Placebo*

We may not well forgo
 The cuntrynge of the coe :
 The storke also,
 That maketh his nest 470
 In chymneyes to rest ;
 Within those walles
 No broken galles
 May there abyde
 Of cokoldry syde,
 Of els phylosophy
 Maketh a great lye.

The estryge, that wyll eate
 An horshowe so great,
 In the stede of meate, 480
 Such feruent heat
 His stomake doth freat ;
 He can not well fly,
 Nor synge tunably,
 Yet at a brayde
 He bath well assayde
 To solfe aboue ela,
 Ga,¹ lorell, fa, fa ;
Ne quando 490
Male cantando,

¹ Ga] Marshe's ed. "Fa."

The best that we can,
 To make hym our belman,
 And let hym ryng the bellys ;
 He can do nothyng ellys.

Chaunteclere, our coke,
 Must tell what is of the clocke
 By the ostrology
 That he hath naturally
 Conceyued and cought,
 And was neuer tought

By Albumazer
 The astronomer,
 Nor by Ptholomy
 Prince of astronomy,
 Nor yet by Haly ;
 And yet he croweth dayly
 And nightly the tydes
 That no man abydes,

With Partlot his hen,
 Whom now and then
 Hee plucketh by the hede
 Whan he doth her trede.

The byrde of Araby,
 That potencyally
 May neuer dye,
 And yet there is none
 But one alone ;
 A phenex it is
 This herse that must blys
 With armatycke gummes

That cost great summes,
 The way of thurification
 To make a fumigation,
 Swete of reflary,¹
 And redolent of eyre,
 This corse for to sence
 With greate reuerence,
 As patryarke or pope
 In a blacke cope ;
 Whyles² he senseth [the herse],
 He shall syng the verse,
Libera me,
 In de, la, soll, re,
 Softly bemole
 For my sparowes soule.
 Plinni sheweth all
 In his story naturall
 What he doth fynde
 Of the phenyx kynde ;
 Of whose incyneration
 There ryseth a new creacyon
 Of the same facyon
 Without alteracyon,
 Sauyng that olde age
 Is turned into corage
 Of fresshe youth agayne ;
 This matter trew and playne,

530

540

¹ *reflary*] Qy. "reflayre?"

² *Whyles, &c.*] So, perhaps, Skelton wrote: the line is imperfect in eds.

Playne matter indede,
Who so lyst to rede.

But for the egle doth flye 550
Hyes: in the skye,
He shall be the sedeane,
The quere to demeane,
As prouost pryncypall,
To teach them theyr ordynall;
Also the noble fawcon,
With the gerfawcon,
The tarsell gentyll,
They shall morne soft and styll
In theyr amyse of gray; 560
The sacre with them shall say
Dirige for Phyllyppes soule;
The goshauke shall haue a role
The queresters to controll;
The lanners and the marlyons
Shall stand in their morning gounes;
The hobby and the muskette
The sensers and the crosse shall fet;
The kestrell in all this warke
Shall be holy water clarke. 570

And now the darke cloudy nyght
Chaseth away Phebus bryght,
Taking his course toward the west,
God sende my sparoes sole good rest!
Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine!
Fa, fa, fa, my, re, re,
A por ta in fe ri,

Fa, fa, fa, my, my.

Credo videre bona Domini,

I pray God, Phillip to heuen may fly!

Domine, exaudi orationem meam!

To heuen he shall, from heuen he cam!

Do mi nus vo bis cum!

Of al good praiers God send him sum!

Oremus.

Deus, cui proprium est misereri et parcere,

On Phillips soule haue pyte!

For he was a prety cocke,

And came of a gentyll stocke,

And wrapt in a maidenes smocke,

And cherysshed full dayntely,

Tyll cruell fate made him to dy:

Alas, for dolefull desteny!

But whereto shuld I

Lenger morne or crye?

To Jupyter I call,

Of heuen emperyall,

That Phyllyp may fly

About the starry sky,

To treade the prety wren,

That is our Ladyes hen:

Amen, amen, amen!

Yet one thyng is behynde,

That now commeth to mynde;

An epytaphe I wold haue

For Phyllyppes graue:

But for I am a mayde,

Tymerous, halfe afrayde,
 That neuer yet asayde
 Of Elyconys well, 610
 Where the Muses dwell ;
 Though I can rede and spell,
 Recounte, reporte, and tell
 Of the Tales of Caunterbury,
 Some sad storyes, some mery
 As Palamon and Arcet,
 Duke Theseus, and Partelet ;
 And of the Wyfe of Bath,
 That worketh moch scath
 Whan her tale is tolde 620
 Amonge huswyues bolde,
 How she controlde
 Her husbandes as she wolde,
 And them to despyse
 In the homylyest wyse,
 Brynge other wyues in thought
 Their husbandes to set at nought.
 And though that rede haue I
 Of Gawen and syr Guy,
 And tell can a great pece 630
 Of the Golden Flece,
 How Jason it wan,
 Lyke a valyaunt man ;
 Of Arturs rounde table,
 With his knightes commendable,
 And dame Gaynour, his quene,
 Was somewhat wanton, I wene ;

How syr Launcelote de Lake
 Many a spere brake
 For his ladyes sake ;
 Of Trystram, and kynge Marke,
 And al the hole warke
 Of Bele Isold his wyfe,
 For whom was moch stryfe ;
 Some say she was lyght,
 And made her husband knyght
 Of the comyne hall,
 That cuckoldes men call ;
 And of syr Lybius,
 Named Dysconius ;
 Of Quater Fylz Amund,
 And how they were sommonde
 To Rome, to Charlemayne,
 Vpon a great payne,
 And how they rode eche one
 On Bayarde Mountalbon ;
 Men se hym now and then
 In the forest of Arden :
 What though I can frame
 The storyes by name
 Of Judas Machabeus,
 And of Cesar Julious ;
 And of the loue betwene
 Paris and Vyene ;
 And of the duke Hannyball,
 That made the Romaines all
 Fordrede and to quake ;
 How Scipion dyd wake

The cytye of Cartage,
 Which by his vnmerciful rage 478
 He bete down to the grounde:
 And though I can expounde
 Of Hector of Troye,
 That was all theyr ioye,
 Whom Achylles slew,
 Wherefore all Troy dyd rew
 And of the loue so hote
 That made Troylus to dote
 Vpon fayre Cressyde,
 And what they wrote and sayd, 480
 And of theyr wanton wylles
 Pandaer bare the bylles
 From one to the other;
 His maisters loue to further,
 Somtyme a presyous thyng,
 An ouche, or els a ryng;
 From her to hym agayn
 Somtyme a prety chayn,
 Or a bracelet of her here,
 Prayd Troylus for to were 482
 That token for her sake;
 How hartely he dyd it take,
 And moche therof dyd make
 And all that was in vayne,
 For she dyd but fayne;
 The story telleth playne,
 He coulde not optayne,
 Though his father were a kyng,
 Yet there was a thyng

That made the male to wryng; 700
 She made him to syng
 The song of louers lay;
 Musyng nyght and day,
 Mournynge all alone,
 Comfort had he none,
 For she was quyte gone;
 Thus in conclusyon,
 She brought him in abusyon;
 In earnest and in game
 She was moch to blame; 710
 Disparaged is her fame,
 And blemysshed is her name,
 In maner half with shame;
 Troylus also hath lost
 On her moch loue and cost,
 And now must kys the post;
 Pandara, that went betwene,
 Hath won nothing, I wene,
 But lyght for somer grene;
 Yet for a speciall laud 720
 He is named Troylus baud,
 Of that name he is sure
 Whyles the world shall dure:
 Though I remembre the fable
 Of Penelope most stable
 To her husband most trew,
 Yet long tyme she ne knew
 Whether he were on lyue or ded;
 Her wyt stood her in sted,

That she was true and iust 730
 For any bodely lust
 To Ulixes her make,
 And neuer wold him forsake :

Of Marcus Marcellus
 A proces I could tell vs ;
 And of Antecocus ;
 And of Josephus
De Antiquitatibus ;
 And of Mardocheus,
 And of great Assuerus, 740
 And of Vesca his queene,
 Whom he forsoke with teene,
 And of Hester his other wyfe,
 With whom he ledd a plesaunt life ;
 Of kyng Alexander ;
 And of kyng Euander ;
 And of Porcena the great,
 That made the Romayns to sweat :¹

Though I haue enrold 750
 A thousand new and old
 Of these historious tales,
 To fyll bougets and males
 With bokes that I haue red,
 Yet I am nothyng sped,
 And can but lytell skyll
 Of Ouyd or Virgyll,
 Or of Plutharke,
 Or Frauncys Petrarke,

¹ *sweat*] Eds. "smart."

Alcheus or Sapho,
 Or such other poetes mo,
 As Linus and Homerus,
 Euphorion and Theocritus,
 Anacreon and Arion,
 Sophocles and Philemon,
 Pyndarus and Symonides,
 Philistion and Phorocides ;
 These poetes of aunyente,
 They ar to diffuse for me :

For, as I tofore haue sayd,
 I am but a yong mayd,
 And cannot in effect

My style as yet direct
 With Englysh wordes elect :
 Our naturall tong is rude,
 And hard to be enneude
 With pullysshed termes lusty ;

Our language is so rusty,
 So cankered, and so full
 Of frowardes, and so dull,
 That if I wolde apply
 To wryte ornatly,

I wot not where to fynd
 Termes to serue my mynde

Gowers Englysh is olde,
 And of no value told ;
 His mater is worth gold,
 And worthy to be enrold.

In Chauser I am sped,
 His tales I haue red :

His mater is delectable, 790
 Solacious, and commendable ;
 His Englysh well alowed,
 So as it is enprowed,
 For as it is employed,
 There is no Englysh voyd,
 At those dayes moch commended,
 And now men wold haue amended
 His Englysh, whereat they barke,
 And mar all they warke :
 Chaucer, that famus clerke, 800
 His termes were not darke,
 But plesaunt, easy, and playne ;
 No worde he wrote in vayne.

Also Johnn Lydgate
 Wryteth after an hyer rate ;
 It is dyffuse to fynde
 The sentence of his mynde,
 Yet wryteth he in his kynd,
 No man that can amend
 Those maters that he hath pende ; 810
 Yet some men fynde a faute,
 And say he wryteth to haute.

Wherefore hold me excused
 If I haue not well perused
 Myne Englyssh halfe abused ;
 Though it be refused,
 In worth I shall it take,
 And fewer wordes make.

But, for my sparowes sake,

Yet as a woman may,
 My wyt I shall assay
 An epytaphe to wryght
 In Latyne playne and lyght,
 Wherof the elegy
 Foloweth by and by :
Flos volucrum formose, vale !
Philippe, sub isto
Marmore jam recubas,
Qui mihi carus eras.
Semper erunt nitido
Radiantia sidera cælo ;
Impressusque meo
Pectore semper eris.
Per me laurigerum
Britonum Skeltonida vatem
Hæc cecinisse licet
Ficta sub imagine texta.
Cujus eras¹ volucris,
Præstanti corpore virgo ;
Candida Nais erat,
Formosior ista Joanna est ;
Docta Corinna fuit,
Sed magis ista sapit.
Bien men souient.

820

830

840

¹ eras] Eds. "eris."

THE COMMENDACIONS.

Beati im ma eu la ti in via,
O gloriosa fœmina!
 Now myne hole imaginacion
 And studyous medytacion
 Is to take this commendacyon
 In this conyderacion ;
 And vnder pacyent tolleracyon
 Of that most goodly mayd
 That *Placebo* hath sayd,
 And for her sparrow prayd
 In lamentable wyse,
 Now wyll I enterpryse,
 Thorow the grace dyuine
 Of the Muses nyne,
 Her beautye to commende,
 If *Arethusa* wyll send
 Me enfluence to endyte,
 And with my pen to wryte ;
 If *Apollo* wyll promyse,
 Melodyously it to deuyse,
 His tunable harpe stryngges
 With armony that synges
 Of princes and of kynges.
 And of all pleasaunt thynges,
 Of lust and of delyght,
 Thorow his godly myght ;
 To whom be the laude ascrybed
 That my pen hath enbyded

With the aureat droppes,
 As verely my hope is,
 Of Thagus, that golden flod,
 That passeth all erthly good;
 And as that flode doth pas
 Al floodes that euer was
 With his golden sandes,
 Who so that vnderstandes
 Cosmography, and the stremys
 And the floodes in straunge remes,
 Ryght so she doth excede
 All other of whom we rede,
 Whose fame by me shall sprede
 Into Perce and Mede,
 From Brytons Albion
 To the Towre of Babilon.

890

I trust it is no shame,
 And no man wyll me blame,
 Though I register her name
 In the courte of Fame;
 For this most goodly floure,
 This blossome of fresshe colour,
 So Jupiter me socour,
 She floryssbeth new and new
 In bewte and vertew;
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina,
Retribuere servo tuo, vivifica me!
Labia mea laudabunt te.

890

890

But enforced am I

Openly to askry,
 And to make an outcri
 Against odymous Enui,
 That euermore wil ly,
 And say cursedly ;
 With his ledder ey,
 And chekes dry ;
 With vysage wan,
 As swarte as tan ;
 His bones crake,
 Leane as a rake ;
 His gummes rusty
 Are full vnlusty ;
 Hys herte withall
 Bytter as gall ;
 His lyuer, his longe
 With anger is wronge ;
 His serpentis tonge
 That many one hath stonge ;
 He frowneth euer ;
 He laugheth neuer,
 Euen nor morow,
 But other mennes sorow
 Causeth him to gryn
 And reioyce therin ;
 No slepe can him catch,
 But euer doth watch,
 He is so bete
 With malyce, and frete
 With angre and yre,
 His foule desyre

Wyll suffre no slepe
 In his hed to crepe;
 His foule semblaunt
 All displeasaunte;
 Whan other ar glad,
 Than is he sad;
 Frantike and mad;
 His tong neuer styll
 For to say yll,
 Wrythyng and wringyng,
 Bytyng and styngyng;
 And thus this elf
 Consumeth himself,
 Hymself doth slo
 Wyth payne and wo.
 This fals Enuy
 Sayth that I
 Vse great folly
 For to endyte,
 And for to wryte,
 And spend my tyme
 In prose and ryme,
 For to expres
 The noblenes
 Of my maistres,
 That causeth me
 Studious to be
 To make a relation
 Of her commendation;
 And there agayne

949

950

970

Enny doth complayne,
 And hath disdayne;
 But yet certayne
 I wyll be playne,
 And my style dres
 To this prosses.

Now Phebus me ken
 To sharpe my pen,
 And lede my fyst
 As hym best lyst,
 That I may say
 Honour alway
 Of womankynd!
 Trough doth me bynd
 And loyalte
 Euer to be
 Their true bedell,
 To wryte and tell
 How women excell
 In noblenes;
 As my maistres,
 Of whom I thynk
 With pen and ynk
 For to compyle
 Some goodly style;
 For this most goodly floure,
 This blossome of fresh coloure,
 So Jupyter me socoure,
 She flourissheth new and new
 In beaute and vertew:

*Hac claritate gemina
 O gloriosa fœmina,
 Legem pone mihi, domina, in viam jus-
 tificationum tuarum!
 Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad
 fontes aquarum.*

How shall I report

All the goodly sort
 Of her fetures clere,
 That hath non erthly pere?
 Her ¹ fauour of her face
 Ennewed all with grace,
 Confort, pleasure, and solace,
 Myne hert doth so embrace,
 And so hath rauyshed me
 Her to behold and se,
 That in wordes playne
 I cannot me refrayne
 To loke on her agayne:
 Alas, what shuld I fayne?
 It wer a plesaunt payne
 With her aye to remayne.

1000

1010

Her eyen gray and stepe
 Causeth myne hert to lepe;
 With her browes bent
 She may well represent
 Fayre Lucre, as I wene,
 Or els fayre Polixene,

¹ Her] Qy. "The?"

Or els Caliope, 1020
 Or els Penelope ;
 For this most goodly floure,
 This blossome of fresshe coloure,
 So Jupiter me socoure,
 She florisheth new end new
 In beautye and vertew :
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina,
Memor esto verbi tui servo tuo !
Servus tuus sum ego. 1030

The Indy saphyre blew
 Her vaynes doth ennew ;
 The orient perle so clere,
 The whytnesse of her lere ;
 The¹ lusty ruby ruddes
 Resemble the rose buddes ;
 Her lypes soft and mery
 Emblomed lyke the chery,
 It were an heuenly blysse
 Her sugred mouth to kysse. 1040

Her beautye to augment,
 Dame Nature hath her lent
 A warte vpon her cheke,
 Who so lyst to seke
 In her vysage a skar,
 That semyth from afai
 Lyke to the radyant star,
 All with fauour fret,

¹ The] Qy. "Her?"

So properly it is set :
 She is the vyolet, 1050
 The days delectable,
 The columbine commendable,
 The ielofer amyable ;
 [For]¹ this most goodly floure,
 This blossom of fressh colour,
 So Jupiter me succour,
 She florysheth new and new
 In beaute and vertew :

Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina, 1060
Bonitatem fecisti cum servo tuo, domina,
Et ex præcordiis sonant præconia !

And whan I perceyued
 Her wart and conceyued,
 It cannot be denayd
 But it was well conuayd,
 And set so womanly,
 And nothyng wantonly,
 But ryght conuenyently,
 And full congruently, 1070
 As Nature cold deuyse,
 In most goodly wyse ;
 Who so lyst beholde,
 It makethe louers bolde
 To her to sewe for grace,
 Her fauoure to purchase ;

¹ [For] Compare vv. 989, 1022, 1088, 1107, &c.

The sker upon her chyn,
 Enhached on her fayre skyn,
 Whyter than the swan,
 It wold make any man 1090
 To forget deadly syn
 Her fauour to wyn;
 For this most goodly floure,
 This blossom of fresh coloure,
 So Jupiter me socoure,
 She flouryssheth new and new
 In beaute and vertew :

Hac claritate gemina

O gloriosa fœmina,

*Defecit in salutatione tua*¹ *anima mea ;* 1090

*Quid petis filio, mater dulcissima ? babæ !*²

Soft, and make no dyn,
 For now I wyll begyn
 To haue in remembraunce
 Her goodly dalyaunce,
 And her goodly pastaunce :
 So sad and so demure,
 Behauynge her so sure,
 With wordes of pleasure
 She wold make to the lure 1100
 And any man conuert
 To gyue her his hôle hert.

¹ *salutatione tua*] Eds. "salutare tuum" and "salutate tuum."

² *babæ*] Eds. "ba ba."

She made me sore amased
 Vpon her whan I gased,
 Me thought min hert was crased,
 My eyne were so dased ;
 For this most goodly flour,
 This blossom of fressh colour,
 So Jupyter me socour,
 She flouryssheth new and new
 In beauty and vertew :

1110

*Hac claritate gemina
 O gloriosa fœmina,
 Quomodo dilexi legem tuam, domina!
 Recedant vetera, nova sint omnia.*

And to amende her tale,
 Whan she lyst to auale,
 And with her fyngers smale,
 And handes soft as sylke,
 Whyter than the mylke,
 That are so quyckely vayned,
 Wherwyth my hand she strayned,
 Lorde, how I was payned !
 Vnneth I me refrayned,
 How she me had reclaymed,
 And me to her retayned,
 Enbrasyng therwithall
 Her goodly myddell small
 With sydes longe and streyte ;
 To tell you what conceyte
 I had than in a tryce,
 The matter were to nyse,
 And yet there was no vyce,

1120

1130

Nor yet no villany,
 But only fantasy ;
 For this most goodly floure,
 This blossom of fressh coloure,
 So Jupiter me succoure,
 She floryssheth new and new
 In beaute and vertew :

1140

Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina,
Iniquos odio habui !
Non calumnientur me superbi.

But whereto shulde I note
 How often dyd I tote
 Vpon her prety fote ?
 It raysed myne liert rote
 It raysed myne liert rote
 To se her treade the grounde
 With heles short and rounde.
 She is playnly expresse
 Egeria, the goddesse,
 And lyke to her image,
 Emportured with corage,
 A louers pylgrimage ;
 Ther is no beest sauage,
 Ne no tyger so wood,
 But she wolde change his mood,
 Such relucēt grace
 Is formed in her face ;
 For this most goodly floure,
 This blossome of fresshe coloure,
 So Jupiter me succour,

1150

1160

She flouryssheth new and new
 In beaute and vertew :
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina,
Mirabilia testimonia tua !
Sicut novellæ plantationes in juventute sua.

So goodly as she dresses,
 So properly she presses
 The bryght golden tresses
 Of her heer so fyne,
 Lyke Phebus beames shyne.
 Wherto shuld I disclose
 The garterynge of her hose ?

It is for to suppose
 How that she can were
 Gorgiously her gere ;
 Her fresshe habylementes
 With other implementes
 To serue for all ententes,
 Lyke dame Flora, quene
 Of lusty somer grene ;
 For this most goodly floure,
 This blossom of fressh coloure,
 So Jupiter me socoure,
 She florisheth new and new
 In beautye and vertew :

Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina,
Clamavi in toto corde, exaudi me !
Misericordia tua magna est super me.

Her kyrtell so goodly lased,
 And vnder that is brased
 Such plasures that I may
 Neyther wryte nor say ;
 Yet though I wryte not with ynke,
 No man can let me thynke,
 For thought hath lyberte,
 Thought is franke and fre ;
 To thynke a mery thought
 It cost me lytell nor nought.
 Wolde God myne homely style
 Were pullysshed with the fyle
 Of Ciceros eloquence,
 To prase her excellence!
 For this most goodly floure,
 This blossome of fresh coloure,
 So Jupiter me succoure,
 She flouryssheth new and new
 In beaute and vertew :

Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fœmina,
Principes persecuti sunt me gratis !
Omnibus consideratis,
Paradisus voluptatis
Hęc virgo est dulcissima.

My pen it is vnable,
 My hand it is vnstable,
 My reson rude and dull
 To prayse her at the full ;
 Goodly maystres Jane,
 Sobre, demure Dyane ;

Jane this maystres hyght
 The lode star of delyght,
 Dame Venus of all pleasure,
 The well of worldly treasure ;
 She doth excede and pas
 In prudence dame Pallas ;

1230

[For] this most goodly floure,
 This blossome of fresshe colour,
 So Jupiter me socoure,
 She floryssheth new and new
 In beaute and vertew :

Hac claritate gemina

O gloriosa fœmina !

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine !

With this psalme, *Domine, probasti me,*
 Shall sayle ouer the see,

1240

With *Tibi, Domine, commendamus,*

On pylgrimage to saynt Jamys,

For shrympes, and for prayns,

And for stalkynge crans ;

And where my pen hath offendyd,

I pray you it may be amendyd

By discrete consyderacyon

Of your wyse reformacyon ;

I haue not offended, I trust,

If it be sadly dyscuss.

1250

It were no gentle gyse

This treatyse to despyse

Because I haue wrytten and sayd

Honour of this fayre mayd ;

Wherefore shulde I be blamed,
 That I Jane haue named,
 And famously proclamed?
 She is worthy to be enrolde
 With letters of golde.

Car elle vault. 1260

*Per me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem
 Laudibus eximiis merito hæc redimita puella est:
 Formosam cecini, qua non formosior ulla est;
 Formosam potius quam commendaret Homerus.
 Sic iuvat interdum rigidos recreare labores,
 Nec minus hoc titulo tersa Minerva mea est.*

Rien que playsere.

*Thus endeth the boke of Philip Sparow, and here
 foloweth an adicyon made by maister Skelton.*

The gyse now a dayes
 Of some ianglynge iayes
 Is to discommende 1270
 That they cannot amend,
 Though they wold spend
 All the wyttes they haue.

What ayle them to depraue
 Phillip Sparowes graue?
 His *Dirige*, her Commendacyon
 Can be no derogacyon,
 But myrth and consolacyon
 Made by protestacyon,

No man to myscontent
With Phillyppes enterement. 1280

Alas, that goodly mayd,
Why shuld she be afrayde?
Why shuld she take shame
That her goodly name,
Honorably reported,
Sholde be set and sorted,
To be matriculate
With ladyes of estate?

I coniure thé, Phillip Sparow, 1290
By Hercules that hell dyd harow,
And with a venemous arow
Slew of the Epidaures
One of the Centaures,
Or Onocentaures,
Or Hipocentaures ;
By whose myght and mayne
An hart was slayne
With hornes twayne
Of glytteryng gold ; 1300
And the appels of gold
Of Hesperides withhold,
And with a dragon kept
That neuer more slept,
By marcyall strength
He wan at length ;
And slew Gerion
With thre bodyes in one ;
With myghty corage

Adauntid the rage 1310
 Of a lyon sauage ;
 Of Dyomedes stable
 He brought out a rable
 Of coursers and rounses
 With leapes and bounses ;
 And with mighty luggyng,
 Wrestlyng and tuggyng,
 He plucked the bull
 By the horned skull,
 And offred to Cornucopia ; 1320
 And so forth *per cetera* :
 Also by Ecates bower
 In Plutos gastly tower ;
 By the vgly Eumenides,
 That neuer haue rest nor ease ;
 By the venemous serpent,
 That in hell is neuer brent,
 In Lerna the Grekes fen,
 That was engendred then ;
 By Chemeras flames, 1330
 And all the dedly names
 Of infernall posty,
 Where soules frye and rosty ;
 By the Stygyall flood,
 And the streames wood
 Of Cocitus botumles well ;
 By the feryman of hell,
 Caron with his beerd hore,
 That roweth with a rude ore

And with his frownsid fore top 1340

Gydeh his bote with a prop :

I coniure Phylp, and call

In the name of kyng Saul ;

Primo Regum expresse,

He bad the Phitonesse

To wytchcraft her to dresse,

And by her abusyons,

And dampnable illusyons

Of marueylus conclusyons,

And by her supersticyons, 1360

And wonderfull condityons,

She raysed vp in that stede

Samuell that was dede ;

But whether it were so,

He were *idem in numero*,

The selfe same Samuell,

How be it to Saull dyd he tell

The Philistinis shuld hym ascry,

And the next day he shuld dye,

I wyll my selfe dyscharge 1380

To lettred men at large :

But, Phylp, I coniure thee

Now by these names thre,

Diana in the woodes grene,

Luna that so bryght doth shene,

Procerpina in hell,

That thou shortly tell,

And shew now vnto me

What the cause may be

Of this perplexite ! 1390

*Inferias, Philippe, tuas Scroupe*¹ *pulchra Joanna*
Instante petiit: cur nostri carminis illam
Nunc pudet? est sero; minor est infamia vero.

Than suche as haue disdayned
 And of this worke complayned,
 I pray God they be payned
 No worse than is containyd
 In verses two or thre
 That folowe as ye² may se.

Luride, cur, livor, volucris pia funera damnas 1380
Talia te rapiant rapiunt quæ fata volucrem!
Est tamen invidia mors tibi continua.

¹ *Scroupe* is to be considered here as a monosyllable, unless we read "Scrope" as two short syllables.

² *ye*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "you." C.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH THE BOOKE CALLED

ELYNOUR RUMMYNGE.*

THE TUNNYNG OF ELYNOUR RUMMYNG PER SKELTON
LAUREAT.

TELL you I chyll,
If that ye wyll
A whyle be styll,
Of a comely gyll
That dwelt on a hyll:
But she is not gryll,
For she is somewhat sage
And well worne in age;
For her vysage
It would aswage
A mannes courage.
Her lothely lere
Is nothyng clere,
But vgly of chere,
Droupy and drowsy,
Scuruy and lowsy;
Her face all bowsy,

19

* From the ed. by Kynge and Marche of *Certaine bokes compyled by mayster Skelton*, n. d., collated with the same work, ed. Day, n. d., and ed. Lant, n. d., with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, and occasionally with the comparatively modern ed. of *Elynor Rummyng* by Rand, 1624.

Comely crynklyd,
 Woundersly wrynkled,
 Lyke a rost pygges eare, 20
 Brystled wyth here.

Her lewde lyppes twayne,
 They slauer, men sayne,
 Lyke a ropy rayne,
 A gummy glayre :
 She is vgly fayre ;
 Her nose somdele hoked,
 And camously coked,
 Neuer stoppynge,
 But euer droppynge ; 30
 Her skynne lose and slacke,
 Grained lyke a sacke ;
 With a coked backe.

Her eyen gowndy
 Are full vnsowndy,
 For they are blered ;
 And she gray hered ;
 Jawed lyke a jetty ;
 A man would haue pytty
 To se how she is gumbed, 40
 Fyngered and thumbed,
 Gently ioynted,
 Gresed and annoynted
 Vp to the knockels ;
 The bones [of] her huckels
 Lyke as they were with buckles
 Togyther made fast :
 Her youth is farre past :

Foted lyke a plane,
 Legged lyke a crane;
 And yet she wyll iet,
 Lyke a iolly fet,
 In her furred flocket,
 And gray russet rocket,
 With symper the cocket.
 Her huke of Lyncole grene,
 It had ben hers, I wene,
 More then fourty yere;
 And so doth it apere,
 For the grene bare thredes
 Loke like sere wedes,
 Wyddered lyke hay,
 The woll worne away;
 And yet I dare saye
 She thynketh herselfe gaye
 Vpon the holy daye,
 Whan she doth her aray,
 And gyrdeth in her gytes
 Styched and pranked with pletes;
 Her kyrtel Brystow red,
 With clothes vpon her hed
 That wey a sowe of led,
 Wrythen in wonder wyse,
 After the Sarasyns gyse,
 With a whym wham,
 Knyt with a trym tram,
 Vpon her brayne pan,
 Like an Egyptian,

Capped¹ about :
 Whan she goeth out
 Herselfe for to shewe,
 She dryueth downe the dewe
 Wyth a payre of heles
 As brode as two wheles ;
 She hobles as a gose
 With her blanket hose
 Ouer the falowe ;
 Her shone smered wyth talowe,
 Gresed vpon dyrt
 That baudeth her skyrt.

Primus passus.

And this comely dame,
 I vnderstande, her name
 Is Elynour Rummynge,
 At home in her wonnynge ;
 And as men say
 She dwelt² in Sothray,
 In a certayne stede
 Bysyde Lederhede.
 She is a tonnysh gyb ;
 The deuyll and she be syb.
 But to make vp my tale,
 She breweth nopy ale,

¹ *Capped*] Lant's ed. "Lapped"—rightly, perhaps.

² *dwelt*] Qy. "dwels?"

And maketh therof port sale¹
 To trauellars, to tynkers,
 To sweters, to swynkers,
 And all good ale drynkers,
 That wyll nothyng spare,
 But drynke till they stare
 And brynge themselfe bare,
 With, Now away the mare, 110
 And let vs sley care,
 As wyse as an hare !

Come who so wyll
 To Elynour on the hyll,
 Wyth, Fyll the cup, fyll,
 And syt there by styll,
 Erly and late :
 Thyther cometh Kate,
 Cysly, and Sare,
 With theyr legges bare, 120
 And also theyr fete
 Hardely full vnsweate ;
 Wyth theyr heles dagged,
 Their kyrtelles all to-iagged,
 Theyr smockes all to-ragged,
 Wyth tytters and tatters,
 Brynge dysshes and platters,
 Wyth all theyr myght runnyng

¹port sale] So Lant's ed. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "pore sale." Day's ed. "poore sale." Marshe's ed. "poorte sale." (Rand's ed. "pot-sale.") See notes.

To Elynour Rummynge,
 To haue of her tunnyng: 130
 She leneth them on the same,
 And thus begynneth the game.

Some wenches come vnclased,
 Some huswyues come vnbrased,
 Wyth theyr naked pappes,
 That flyppes and flappes;
 It wygges and it¹ waggges,
 Lyke tawny saffron bagges;
 A sorte of foule drabbes
 All scuruy with scabbes: 140

Some be flybyttten,
 Some skewed as a kyttten;
 Some wyth a sho clout
 Bynde theyr heddes about;
 Some haue no herelace,
 Theyr lockes about theyr face,
 Theyr tresses vntrust,
 All full of vnlust;
 Some loke strawry,
 Some cawry mawry; 150
 Full vntydy tegges,
 Lyke rotten egges.
 Suche a lewde sorte
 To Elynour resorte
 From tyde to tyde:
 Abyde, abyde,

¹ *R* *it*] Qy. "That that?"

And to you shall be tolde
 Howe hyr ale is solde
 To Mawte and to Molde.

Secundus passus.

Some haue no mony 160
 That thyder commy,
 For theyr ale to pay,
 That is a shreud aray ;
 Elynour swered, Nay,
 Ye shall not beare away
 My ale for nought,
 By hym that me bought !
 With, Hey, dogge, hay,
 Haue these hogges away !
 With, Get me a staffe, 170
 The swyne eate my draffe !
 Stryke the hogges with a clubbe,
 They haue dronke vp my swyllynge tubbe !
 For, be there neuer so much prese,
 These swyne go to the hye dese,
 The sowe with her pygges ;
 The bore his tayle wrygges,
 His rumpe also he frygges
 Agaynst the hye benche !
 With, Fo, ther is a stenche ! 180
 Gather vp, thou wenche ;
 Seest thou not what is fall ?
 Take vp dyrt and all,
 And bere out of the hall :

God gyue it yll preuyng
 Clenly as yuell cheuyng!
 But let vs turne playne,
 There we lefte agayne.
 For, as yll a patch as that,
 The hennes ron in the mashfat;
 For they go to roust
 Streight ouer the ale ioust,
 And donge, whan it commes,
 In the ale tunnes.
 Than Elynour taketh
 The mashe bolle, and shaketh
 The hennes donge away,
 And skommeth it into a tray
 Whereas the yeest is,
 With her maungy fystis:
 And somtyme she blennes
 The donge of her hennes
 And the ale together;
 And sayeth, Gossyp, come hyther,
 This ale shal be thycker,
 And flowre the more quicker;
 For I may tell you,
 I lerned it of a Jewe,
 Whan I began to brewe,
 And I haue founde it trew;
 Drinke now whyle it is new;
 And ye may it broke,
 It shall make you loke
 Yonger than ye be

199

200

210

Yeres two or thre,
 For ye may proue it by me ;
 Beholde, she sayde, and se
 How bryght I am of ble !
 Ich am not cast away,
 That can my husband say,
 Whan we kys and play
 In lust and in lykyng ;
 He calleth me his whytyng,
 His mullyng and his mytyng,¹
 His nobbes and his conny,
 His swetyng and his honny,
 With, Bas, my prety bonny,
 Thou art worth good and monny.
 This make I my falyre fonny,
 Til that he dreme and dronny ;
 For, after all our sport,
 Than wyll he rout and snort ;
 Than swetely together we ly,
 As two pygges in a sty.

To cease me semeth best,
 And of this tale to rest,
 And for to leue this letter,
 Because it is no better,
 And because it is no swetter ;
 We wyll no farther ryme
 Of it at this tyme ;

¹ *mytyng*] Eds. of Kynge and Marche, and of Lant, "nyt-
vng." Day's ed. "nittinge." Marshe's ed. "nittine." (Rand's
ed. "mittine.") See notes.

But we wyll turne playne
Where we left agayne.

Tertius passus.

Instede of coyne and monny,¹
Some brynge her a conny,
And some a pot with honny,
Some a salt, and some a spone,
Some theyr hose, some theyr shone;
Some ran a good trot
With a skellet or a pot;
Some fyll theyr pot full
Of good Lemster woll:
An huswyfe of trust,
Whan she is athrust,
Suche a webbe can spyn,
Her thryft is full thyn.

Some go streyght thyder,
Be it slaty or slyder;
They holde the hye waye,
They care not what men say,
Be that as be maye;

¹ *Instede of coyne, &c.*] In Skelton's *Workes*, 1786, the passage is thus exhibited:

“Some *instede of coine and monny*
Will come and *brynge her a conny*
Or else a *pot with honni*
Some a knife and some a spone
Some brynge their hose, some ther shone.”

Some, lothe to be espyde,
 Start in at the backe syde,
 Ouer the hedge and pale,
 And all for the good ale.

Some renne tyll they swete,
 Brynge wyth them malte or whete,
 And dame Elynour entrete
 To byrle them of the best.

Than cometh an other gest ; 270
 She swered by the rode of rest,
 Her lypes are so drye,
 Without drynke she must dye ;
 Therefore fyll it by and by,
 And haue here a pecke of ry.

Anone cometh another,
 As drye as the other,
 And wyth her doth brynge
 Mele, salte, or other thyng,
 Her haruest gyrdle, her weddyng rynge, 280
 To pay for her scot

As cometh to her lot.
 Som bryngeth her husbandes hood,
 Because the ale is good ;
 Another brought her his cap
 To offer to the ale tap,
 Wyth flaxe and wyth towe ;
 And some brought sowre dowe ;
 Wyth, Hey, and wyth, howe,
 Syt we downe a rowe, 290
 And drynke tyll we blowe,
 And pye tyrlly tyrlowe !

Some layde to pledge
 Theyr hatchet and theyr wedge,
 Theyr hekell and theyr rele,
 Theyr rocke, theyr spynnyng whele :
 And some went so narrowe,
 They layde to pledge theyr wharrowe,
 Theyr rybskyn and theyr spyndell,
 Theyr nedell and theyr thymbell :
 Here was scant thryft
 Whan they made suche shyft.

Theyr thrust was so great,
 They asked neuer for mete,
 But drynke, styll drynke,
 And let the cat wynke,
 Let vs washe our gomme
 From the drye crommes.

Quartus passus.

Some for very nede
 Layde downe a skeyne of threde,
 And some a skeyne of yarne ;
 Some brought from the barne
 Both benes and pease ;
 Small chaffer doth ease
 Sometyme, now and than :
 Another there was that ran
 With a good brasse pan ;
 Her colour was full wan ;
 She ran in all the hast
 Vnbrased and vnlast ;

Tawny, swart, and sallowe,
 Lyke a cake of tallowe ;
 I swere by all hallow,
 It was a stale to take
 The deuyll in a brake.

And than came haltyng Jone,
 And brought a gambone
 Of bakon that was resty :
 But, Lorde, as she was testy,
 Angry as a waspy !
 She began to yane and gaspy,
 And bad Elynour go bet,
 And fyll in good met ;
 It was dere that was farre fet.

Another brought a spycke
 Of a bacon flycke ;
 Her tonge was verye quycke,
 But she spake somewhat thycke :
 Her felow did stammer and stut,
 But she was a foule slut,
 For her mouth fomyd
 And her bely groned :
 Jone sayne she had eaten a fyest ;
 By Christ, sayde she, thou lyst,
 I haue as swete a breth
 As thou, wyth shamfull deth !

Than Elynour sayde, Ye callettes,
 I shall breake your palettes,
 Wythout ye now cease !
 And so was made the peace.

Than thyder came dronken Ales ;
 And she was full of tales,
 Of tydynges in Wales,
 And of saint James in Gales,
 And of the Portyngales ;
 Wyth Lo, gossyp, I wys,
 Thus and thus it is,
 There hath ben great war
 Betwene Temple Bar
 And the Crosse in Chepe,
 And there came an hepe
 Of mylstones in a route :
 She speketh thus in her snout,
 Sneuelyng in her nose,
 As thoughe she had the pose ;
 Lo, here is an olde tyyppet,
 And ye wyll gyue me a syyppet
 Of your stale ale,
 God sende you good sale !
 And as she was drynkynge,
 She fyll in a wynkyng
 Wyth a barlyhood,
 She pyst where she stood ;
 Than began she to wepe,
 And forthwyth fell on slepe.
 Elynour toke her vp,
 And blessed her wyth a cup
 Of newe ale in cornes ;
 Ales founde therin no thornes,
 But supped it vp at ones,
 She founde therin no bones.

Quintus passus.

Nowe in cometh another rabell;
 Fyrst one wyth a ladell,
 Another wyth a cradell,
 And wyth a syde sadell:
 And there began a fabell,
 A clatterynge and a babell
 Of folys fylly¹
 That had a fole wyth wyly,
 With, Iast you, and, gup, gylyly!
 She coulede not lye stylyly.

Then came in a genet,
 And sware by saynct Benet,
 I dranke not this sennet
 A draught to my pay;
 Elynour, I thé pray,
 Of thyne ale let vs assay,
 And haue here a pylche of gray
 I were skynnes of conny,
 That causeth I loke so donny.

Another than dyd hyche her,
 And brought a pottel pycher,
 A tonnel, and a bottell,
 But she had lost the stoppell;
 She cut of her sho sole,
 And stopped therwyth the hole

Amonge all the blommer,
 Another brought a skommer,

¹ *fylly*] Marshe's ed. "silly."

A fryinge pan, and a slyce ;
 Elynour made the pryce
 For good ale eche whyt.

Than sterte in mad Kyt,
 That had lyttle wyt ;
 She semed somdele seke,
 And brought a peny cheke
 To dame Elynour,
 For a draught of lycour.

Than Margery Mylkeducke
 Her kyrtell she did vptucke
 An ynche aboue her kne,
 Her legges that ye myght se ;
 But they were sturdy and stubbed,
 Myghty pestels and clubbed,
 As fayre and as whyte
 As the fote of a kyte :
 She was somewhat foule,
 Crokenecked lyke an oule ;
 And yet she brought her fees,
 A cantell of Essex chese
 Was well a fote thicke,
 Full of maggottes quycke ;
 It was huge and greate,
 And myghty stronge meate
 For the deuyll to eate ;
 It was tart and punyete.

Another sorte of slutttes,
 Some brought walnuttes,
 Some apples, some peres,
 Some brought theyr clyppynge sheres,

Some brought this and that, 440
 Some brought I wote nere what,
 Some brought theyr husbandes hat,
 Some podynges and lynkes,
 Some trypes that stynkes.

But of all this througe
 One came them amonge,
 She semed halfe a leche,
 And began to preche
 Of the tewsdai in the weke
 Whan the mare doth keke ; 450
 Of the vertue of an vnset leke ;
 Of her husbandes breke ;
 Wyth the feders of a quale
 She could to Burdeou sayle ;
 And wyth good ale barme
 She could make a charme
 To helpe wythall a stytych.
 She semed to be a wtych.

Another brought two goslynges,
 That were noughty froslynges ; 460
 She brought them in a wallet,
 She was a cumly callet :
 The goslenges were untyde ;
 Elynour began to chyde,
 They be wretchockes thou hast brought,
 They are shyre shakyng nought !

Sextus passus.

Maude Ruggy thyther skyped :
 She was vgly hypped,

And vgly thycke lyped,
Lyke an onyon syded,
Lyke tan ledder hyded :
She had her so guyded
Betwene the cup and the wall,
That she was there wythall
Into a palsey fall ;
Wyth that her hed shaked,
And her handes quaked :
Ones hed wold haue aked
To se her naked :
She dranke so of the dregges,
The dropsy was in her legges ;
Her face glystryng lyke glas ;
All foggy fat she was ;
She had also the gout
In all her ioyntes about ;
Her breth was soure and stale,
And smelled all of ale :
Suche a bedfellow
Wold make one cast his craw ;
But yet for all that
She dranke on the mash fat.
There came an old rybybe ;
She halted of a kybe,
And had broken her shyn
At the threshold comyng in,
And fell so wyde open
That one myght se her token,
The deuyll thereon be wroken !
What nede all this be spoken ?

She yelled lyke a calfe : 500
 Ryse vp, on Gods halfe,
 Said Elynour Rummyng,
 I beshrew thé for thy cummyng!
 And as she at her did pluck,
 Quake, quake, sayd the duck
 In that lampatrams lap ;
 Wyth, Fy, couer thy shap
 Wyth sum flyp flap !
 God gyue it yll hap,
 Sayde Elynour for shame, 510
 Lyke an honest dame.
 Vp she stert, halfe lame,
 And skantly could go
 For payne and for wo.

In came another dant,
 Wyth a gose and a gant :
 She had a wide wesant ;
 She was nothyng plesant ;
 Necked lyke an olyfant ;
 It was a bullyfant, 520
 A gredy cormerant.

Another brought her garlyke hedes ;
 Another brought her bedes
 Of iet or of cole,
 To offer to the ale pole :
 Some brought a wymble,
 Some brought a thymble,
 Some brought a sylke lace,
 Some brought a pyncase,

Some her husbandes gowne, 530
 Some a pyllow of downe,
 Some of¹ the napery ;
 And all this shyfte they make
 For the good ale sake.

A strawe, sayde Bele, stande vtter,
 For we haue egges and butter,
 And of² pygeons a payre.

Than sterte forth a fysgygge,
 And she brought a bore pygge ;
 The fleshe therof was ranke, 540
 And her brethe strongly stanke,
 Yet, or she went, she dranke,
 And gat her great thanke
 Of Elynour for her ware,
 That she thyther bare
 To pay for her share.
 Now truly, to my thynkyng,
 This is a solempne drinkyng.

Septimus passus.

Soft, quod one; hyght Sybbyll,
 And let me wyth you bybyll. 550
 She sat downe in the place,
 With a sory face
 Wheywormed about ;

¹ *Some of, &c.*] The line which rhymed with this has dropt out.

² *And of, &c.*] The line which rhymed with this has dropt out.

Garnyshed was her snout
 Wyth here and there a puscull,
 Lyke a scabbyd muscull.
 This ale, sayde she, is nopyy ;
 Let vs syppe and sopyy,
 And not spyll a droppy,
 For so mote I hoppy, 560
 It coleth well my croppy.

Dame Elynoure, sayde she,
 Haue here is for me,
 A cloute of London pynnes ;
 And wyth that she begynnes
 The pot to her plucke,
 And dranke a good lucke ;
 She swynged vp a quarte
 At ones for her parte ;
 Her paunche was so puffed, 570
 And so wyth ale stuffed,
 Had she not hyed apace,
 She had defoyled the place.

Than began the sporte
 Amonge that dronken sorte :
 Dame Eleyneur, sayde they,
 Lende here a cocke of hey,
 To make all thyng cleane ;
 Ye wote well what we meane.

But, syr, among all 580
 That sat in that hall,
 There was a pryckemedenty,
 Sat lyke a seynty,

And began to paynty,
 As though she would faynty ;
 She made it as koy
 As a lege de moy ;
 She was not halfe so wyse
 As she was peuysshe nyse.
 She sayde neuer a worde,
 But rose from the borde,
 And called for our dame,
 Elynour by name.
 We supposed, I wys,
 That she rose to pys ;
 But the very grounde
 Was for to compoude
 Wyth Elynour in the spence,
 To pay for her expence :
 I haue no penny nor grote
 To pay, sayde she, God wote,
 For washyng of my throte ;
 But my bedes of amber
 Bere them to your chamber.
 Then Elynour dyd them hyde
 Wythin her beddes syde.

But some than sat ryght sad
 That nothyng had
 There of theyr awne,
 Neyther gelt nor pawne ;
 Suche were there menny
 That had not a penny,
 But, whan they should walke,

Were fayne wyth a chalke
 To score on the balke,
 Or score on the tayle:
 God gyue it yll hayle!
 For my fyngers ytche;
 I haue wrytten to mytche
 Of this mad mummynge
 Of Elynour Rummynge.
 Thus endeth the gest
 Of this worthy fest.

Quod Skelton, Laureat.

LAUREATI SKELTONIDIS IN DESPECTU MALIGNANTIUM
 DISTICHON.

*Quamvis insanis, quamvis marcescis inanis,
 Inuide, cantamus; hæc loca plena jocis.*

Bien men souvient.

*Omnes fæminas, quæ vel nimis bibulæ sunt, vel
 quæ sordida labe squaloris, aut qua spurca fædi-
 tatis macula, aut verbosa loquacitate notantur, poeta
 invitatur ad audiendum hunc libellum, &c.*

*Ebria, squalida, sordida fæmina, prodiga verbis,
 Huc currat, properet, veniat! Sua gesta libellus
 Iste volutabit: Pæan sua plectra sonando
 Materiam risus cantabit carmine rauco.*

Finis.

Quod Skelton, Laureat.

POEMS AGAINST GARNESCHE.*

SKELTON LAURIAE DEFEND[ER] AGENST M[ASTER]
GARNESCHE CHALLENGER, ET CETERA.

SITHE ye haue me chalyngyd, M[aster] Garnesche,
Ruduly revilyng me in the kynges noble hall,
Soche an odyr chalyngyr cowde me no man wysch,¹
But yf yt war Syr Tyrmagant that tyrnyd with
out nall; ²

For Syr Frolo de Franko was neuer halfe so
talle.

But sey me now, Syr Satrapas, what autoryte ye
haue

In your chalenge, Syr Chystyn, to cale me knaue?

What, haue ye kythyd yow a knyght, Syr Dugles
the dowty,

So currysly to beknaue me in the kynges place? ³

* These Poems against Garnesche (now for the first time printed) are from a MS. in the Harleian Collection, 367 (fol. 101), which is in many parts scarcely legible, being written in a hand very difficult to decipher, as well as being much injured by damp.

¹ *wysch*] So MS. seems to read.

² *with out nall*] Seems to be the reading of MS.,—"nall" having been added, instead of "alle," which is drawn through with the pen.

³ *place*] Might be read perhaps "palace."

Ye stronge sturdy stalyon, so sterne and stowty, 10

Ye bere yow bolde as Barabas, or Syr Terry
of Trace;

Ye gyrne grymly with your gomys and with
your grysly face.

But sey me yet, Syr Satropas, what auctoryte ye
haue

In your chalange, Syr Chesten, to calle me a
knaue?

Ye fowle, fers, and felle, as Syr Ferumbras the
ffreke,

Syr capten of Catywade, catacumbas of Cayre,
Thow ye be lusty as Syr Lybyus launces to
breke,

Yet your contenons oncomly, your face ys nat
fayer:

For alle your proude prankyng, your pride may
apayere.

But sey me yet, Syr Satrapas, wat auctoryte ye
haue 20

In your chalenge, Syr Chesten, to cal me a knaue?

Of Mantryble the Bryge, Malchus the murryon,

Nor blake Baltazar with hys basnet routh as a
bere,

Nor Lycon, that lothly luske, in myn opnyon,

Nor no bore so brymly brystlyd ys with here,

As ye ar brystlyd on the bake for alle your
gay gere.

[But sey me yet, Syr Satrapas, what auctoryte
ye haue
In your chalenge, Syr Chesten, to calle me a
knaue?]

Your wynde schakyn shankkes, your longe lothy
legges,

Crokyd as a camoke, and as a kowe calfes, 30
Bryngges yow out of fauyr with alle femall teggys :
That mastres Punt put yow of, yt was nat alle
causeles ;

At Orwelle hyr hauyn your anggre was laules.
[But sey me yet, Syr Satrapas, what auctoryte
ye haue
In your chalenge, Syr Chesten, to calle me a
knaue?]

I sey, ye solem Sarson, alle blake ys your ble ;
As a glede glowynge, your ien glyster as glasse,
Rowlynge in yower holow hede, vgly to see ; 38

Your tethe teintyd with tawny ; your semely
snowte doth passe,

Howkyd as an hawkys beke, lyke Syr Topyas.
Boldly bend you to batell, and buske your selfe
to saue :

Challenge your selfe for a fole, call me no more
knaue.

Be the kynges most noble commandement.

SKELTON LAURYATE DEFENDER AGENST M[ASTER] GAR-
NESCHE CHALANGAR, WITH GRESY, GORBELYD
GODFREY [ET] CETERA.

How may I your mokerie mekely tollerate,
[Your]¹ gronynge, your groutyng, your groin-
yng lyke a swyne?
[Your] pride ys alle to peuiche, your porte im-
portunate;
[You] mantycore,² ye maltaperte, ye can bothe
wins and whyne;
[Your] lothesum lere to loke on, lyke a gresyd
bote dothe schyne.
Ye cappyd Cayface copious, your paltoke on your
pate,
Thow ye prate lyke prowde Pylate, be ware yet
of chek mate.

Hole ys your brow that ye brake with Deu[ra]n-
dall your awne sworde;
Why holde ye on yer cap, syr, then? your
pardone ys expyryd:
Ye hobble very homly before the kynges borde; 10

¹ *Your*] The beginning of this line, and of the next three lines, torn off in MS.

² *mantycore*] MS. "mantyca."

Ye countyr vmwhyle to capcyously, and ar ye
be dysiryd ;

Your moth etyn mokkysh maneres, they be all
to myryd.

Ye cappyd Cayface copyous, your paltoke on your
pate,

Thow ye prate lyke prowde Pylate, be ware of
cheke mate.

O Gabionyte of Gabyone, why do ye gane and
gaspé ?

Huf a galante Garnesche, loke on your comly
cors !

Lusty Garnysche, lyke a lowse, ye jet full lyke a
jaspe ;

As wytes as a wylde goos, ye haue but small
remorrs

Me for to chalenge that of your chalennege
makyth so lytyll fors.

Ye capyd Cayfas copyous, your paltoke on your
pate,

Tho ye prate lyke prowde Pylate, be ware of
cheke mate.

Syr Gy, Syr Gawen, Syr Cayus, for and Syr
Olyuere,

Pyramus, nor Priamus, nor Syr Pyrrus the
prowde,

In Arturys auncyent actys no where ys prouyd
your pere ;

The facyoun of your fysnamy the devyl in a
clowde;

Your harte ys to hawte, I wys, yt wyll nat be
alowde.

Ye capyd Cayfas copyus, your paltoke on your
pate,

Thow ye prate lyke prowde Pylate, be ware of
cheke mate.

Ye grounde yow vpon Godfrey, that grysly gar-
gons face,

Your stonde, Syr Olifranke, agenst me for
to splay: 30

Baile, baile at yow bothe, frantyke folys! follow
on the chase!

Cum Garnyche, cum Godfrey, with as many as
3e may!

I advyse yow be ware of thys war, ranng yow
in aray.

Ye cappyd Cayfas copyous, [your paltoke on
your pate,

Thow ye prate lyke prowde Pylate, be ware of
cheke mate.]

Gup, gorbelyd Godfrey, gup, Garnysche, gaudy
fole!

To turney or to tante with me ye ar to fare to
seke:

For thes twayn whypslouens calle for a coke
stole:

Thow mantycore, ye marmoset, garnyshte lyke
a Greke,

Wranglynge, waywyrde, wytles, wraw, and
nothyng meke. 46

Ye cappyd [Cayfas copyous, your paltoke on your
pate,

Thow ye prate lyke prowde Pylate, be ware of
cheke mate.]

Mirres vous y,

Loke nat to hy.

By the kynges most noble commaundment.

SKELTON LAWRYATE DEFENDER AGENYST LUSTY GARNYCHE
 WELLE BE SEYN CRYSTEOUYR CHALANNGER, ET
 CETERA.

I HAUE your lewde letter receyuyd,
 And well I haue yt perseyuyd,
 And your skrybe I haue aspyed,
 That your mad mynde contryuyd.
 Sauynge your vsscheres rod,
 I caste me nat to be od
 With neythyr of yow tewyne :
 Wherfore I wryght ageyne ;
 How the fauyr of your face
 Is voyd of all good grace ;
 For alle your carpet cousshons,
 Ye haue knauyche condycyonns.
 Gup, marmeset, jast ye, morelle !
 I am laureat, I am no lorelle.
 Lewdely your tyme ye spende,
 My lyuyng to reprehende ;¹
 And wyll neuer intende
 Your awne lewdnes to amende :
 Your Englyshe lew[d]ly ye sorte,
 And falsly 3e me reporte.
 Garnyche, ye gape to wyde :

10

20

¹ *My lyuyng to reprehende*] Added to MS. in a different hand.

Yower knavery I wyll nat hyde,
For to aswage your pride.

Whan ye war yonger of age,
Ye war a kechyn page,
A dyshwasher, a dryvyll,
In the pott your nose dedde sneuyll ;
Ye fryed and ye broylyd,
Ye rostyd and ye boylyd,
Ye rostyd, lyke a fonne,
A gose with the fete vponne ;
Ye slvfferd ¹ vp sowse
In my lady Brewsys howse.

Wherto xulde I wryght
Of soche a gresy knyght ?
A bawdy dyscheclowte,
That bryngyth the worlde abowte
With haftyng and with polleyng,
With lyenge and controlleyng.

At Gynys when ye ware
But a slendyr spere,
Dekkyd lewdly in your gere ;
For when ye dwelt there,
Ye had a knauysche cote
Was skantly worthe a grote ;
In dud frese ye war schrynyd,
With better frese lynyd ;
The oute syde euery day,
Ye myght no better a way ;

¹ *slvfferd*] Might perhaps be read "slooferd"

The insyde ye ded calle
 Your best gowne festyvalle,
 Your drapry 3e ded wante,
 The warde with yow was skante,
 When ye kyst a shepys ie;
 . . . ¹ mastres Andelby;
 . . . Gynys vpon a gonge,
 . . . sat sumwhat to longe;
 . . . hyr husbandes hed,
 . . . malle of lede,
 . . . that ye ther prechyd,
 To hyr loue ye nowte rechyd:
 Ye wolde haue bassyd hyr bumme,
 So that sche wolde haue kum
 On to your lowsy den;
 But sche of all men
 Had yow most in despyght,
 Ye loste hyr fauyr quyt;
 Your pylyd garleke hed
 Cowde hocupy there no stede;
 She callyd yow Syr Gy of Gaunt,
 Nosyd lyke an olyfaunt,
 A pykes or a twybyll;
 Sche seyde how ye ded brydell,
 Moche lyke a dromadary;
 Thus with yow sche ded wary,
 With moche mater more
 That I kepe in store.

¹ A portion of MS. torn off here.

Your brethe ys stronge and quike ;
 Ye ar an eldyr steke ;
 Ye wot what I thynke ;
 At bothe endes ye stynke ;
 Gret daunger for the kyng,
 Whan hys grace ys fastyng,
 Hys presens to aproche :
 Yt ys to your reproche.
 Yt fallyth for no swyne,
 Nor sowtters to drynke wyne,
 Nor seche a nody polle
 A pryste for to controlle.

Lytyll wyt in your srybys nolle
 That srybblyd your fonde scrolle,
 Vpon hym for to take
 Agennst me for to make,
 Lyke a doctor dawpate,
 A lauryate poyete for to rate.
 Yower termys ar to grose,
 To far from the porpose,
 To contaminate
 And to violate
 The dygnyte lauryate.

Bolde bayarde, ye are to blynde,
 And grow all oute of kynde,
 To occupy so your mynde ;
 For reson can I non fynde
 Nor good ryme in yower mater ;
 I wondyr that ye smatyr,
 So for a knaue to clatyr ;

Ye wolde be callyd a maker,
 And make moche lyke Jake Rakar ;
 Ye ar a comly crakar,
 Ye lernyd of sum py bakar.
 Caste vp your curyows wrytyng,
 And your dyrty endytyng,
 And your spyghtfull despyghtyng,
 For alle ys nat worthe a myteyng,
 A makerell nor a wyteyng :
 Had ye gonne with me to scole,
 And occupied no better your tole,
 Ye xulde haue kowththyd me a fole.

But now, gawdy, gresy Garnesche,
 Your face I wyse to varnyshe
 So suerly yt xall nat tarnishe.
 Thow a Sarsens hed ye bere,
 Row and full of lowsy here,
 As heuery man wele seethe,
 Ful of grett knauys tethe,
 In a felde of grene peson
 Ys ryme yet owte of reson ;
 Your wyt ys so geson,
 Ye rayle all out of seson.

Your ¹ skyn scabbyd and scuruy,
 Tawny, tannyd, and shuruy,
 Now vpon thys hete
 Rankely whan ye swete,
 Men sey ye wyll wax lowsy,
 Drunkyn, drowpy, drowsy.

¹ Your] Added to MS. in a different hand.

Your sworde ye swere, I wene, blowe
 So tranchaunt and so kene,
 111 Xall kyt both wyght and grene :
 Your foly ys to grett
 The kynges colours to threte,
 Your brethe yt ys so felle
 And so puantely dothe smelle,
 And so haynously doth stynke,
 That naythyr pump nor synke
 Dothe sauyr halfe so souer
 Ageynst a stormy shouer.
 O ladis of bryght colour,
 121 Of bewte that beryth the flower,
 When Garnyche cummyth yow amonge
 With hys brethe so stronge,
 130 Withowte ye haue a confection
 Agenst hys poysond infeccioun,
 Els with hys stynkyng jawys
 He wyl cause yow caste your crawes,
 And make your stomoke seke
 Ovyr the perke to pryke
 Now, Garnyche, garde thy gummys;
 141 My serpentins and my gunnyys
 Agenst ye now I bynde ;
 Thy selfe therfore defende,
 Thou tode, thou scorpyone,
 Thou bawdy babyone,
 Thou bere, thou brystlyd bore,
 Thou Moryshe mantycore,
 Thou rammysche stynkyng gote,

Thou fowle chorlyshe parote, 170
 Thou gresly gargone glaymy,
 Thou swety slouen seymy,
 Thou murrion, thow mawment,
 Thou fals stynkyng serpent,
 Thou mokyshie marmoset,
 I wyll nat dy in they¹ det.
 Tyburne thou me assynynd,
 Where thou xulddst haue bene shrynynd ;
 The nexte halter ther xall be
 I bequeth yt hole to the
 Soche pelfry thou hast pachchyd,
 And so thy selfe houyr wachyd
 That ther thou xuldyst be rachchyd, 180
 If thou war metely machchyd.

Ye may wele be bedawyd,

Ye ar a fole owlelayd ;

And for to telle the gronde,

Pay Stokys hys fyue pownd.

I say, Syr Dalyrag,

Ye bere yow bold and brag

With othyr menys charge :

Ye kyt your clothe to large :

Soche pollyng paianttis ye pley, 190

To poynt yow fresche and gay.

And he that sryblyd your scrolles,

I rekyn yow in my rowllys,

For ij dronken sowllys.

¹ they] Compare v. 18 of the next poem.

Rede and lerne ye may,
 How olde proverbys say,
 That byrd ys nat honest
 That flythe hys owne nest.
 Yf he wyst what sum wotte,
 The flesche bastyng of his cote
 Was sowyd with slendyr thre[de]:
 God sende you wele good spede,
 With *Dominus vobiscum!*
 Good Latyn for Jake a thrum,
 Tyll more matyr may cum.

By the kynges most noble commaundment.

DONUM LAUREATI DISTICHON CONTRA GOLIARDUM
 GARNISHE ET SCRIBAM EJUS.

*Tu, Garnishe, fatuus, fatuus tuus est mage scriba:
 Qui sapuit puer, insanit vir, versus in hydram.*

SKELTON LAUREATE DEFENDAR AGEINST LUSTY GARNYSHE
 WELL BESEEN CRYSTOFER CHALANGAR, ET CETERA.

GARNYSHE, gargone, gastly, gryme,
 I haue receyuyd your secunde ryme.
 Thowthe ye kan skylle of large and longe,
 Ye syng allway the kukkowe songe:

Ye rayle, ye ryme, with Hay, dog, hay !
 Your chorlyshe chauntyng ys all o lay.
 Ye, syr, rayle all in deformite :
 Ye haue nat red the properte
 Of naturys workys, how they be
 Myxte with sum incommodite,
 As prouithe well, in hys Rethorikys olde,^a
 Cicero with hys tong of golde.
 That nature wrowght in yow and me,
 Irreucable ys hyr decre ;
 Waywardly wrowght she hath in thé,
 Beholde thi selfe, and thou mayst se ;
 Thow xalte beholde no wher a warse,
 They myrrour may be the deuyllys ars.
 Wyth, knaue, syr knaue, and knaue ageine !
 To cal me knaue thou takyst gret payne : 20
 The prowdyt knaue yet of vs tewyne
 Within thy şkyn he xall remayne ;
 The starkest knaue, and lest good kan,
 Thou art callyd of euery man ;
 The corte, the contre, wylage, and towne,
 Sayth from thy to vnto thi crowne,
 Of all prowde knauys thow beryst the belle,
 Lothsum as Lucifer lowest in helle.
 On that syde, on thys syde thou dost gasy,
 Thou thynkyst thy selfe Syr. Pers de Brasy, 30

^a Observa prologum libri 2ⁱ in veteri Rhetorica Ciceronis.
 Incipit autem sc. g. Crotoniati quondam cum florent omnibus copiis, et cetera. [*Side Note.*]

Thy caytyvys carkes cōurs and crasy ;
 Moche of thy māneres I can blasy.

Of Lumbardy Gorge Hardyson,
 Thow wolde haue scoryd hys habarion ;
 That jentyll Jorge the Januay,
 Ye wolde haue trysyd hys trowle away :
 Soche paiantes with your fryndes ye play,
 With trechery ye them betray.

Garnyshe, ye gate of Gorge with gaudry,
 Crimsin velvet for your bawdry ;
 Ye haue a fantasy to Fanchyrche strete,
 With Lumbardes lemmanis for to mete,
 With, Bas me, buttyng, praty Cys !
 Yower lothesum lypps loue well to kyse,
 Slaueryng lyke a slymy snayle ;
 I wolde ye had kyst hyr on the tayle !

Also nat fare from Bowgy row,
 Ye pressyd pertely to pluk a crow ;
 Ye lost your holde, onbende your bow,
 Ye wan nothyng there but a mow ;
 Ye wan nothyng there but a skorne ;
 Sche wolde nat of yt thow had sworne
 Sche seyde ye war coluryd with cole dust ;
 To daly with yow she had no lust.

Sche seyde your brethe stanke lyke a broke ;
 With, Gup, Syr Gy, ye gate a moke.
 Sche sware with hyr ye xulde nat dele,
 For ye war smery, lyke a sele,
 And ye war herey, lyke a calfe ;
 Sche praiid yow walke, on Goddes halfe !

And thus there ye lost yower pray;
Get ye anothisr where ye may.

Dysparage ye myn auncetry?
Ye ar dysposyd for to ly:
I sey, thou felle and fowle flesh fly,
In thys debate I thé askry:
Thow claimist thé jentyll, thou art a curre;
Haroldis they know thy cote armur:
Thow thou be a jantyll man borne,
Yet jentylnes in thé ys thred bare worne;
Haroldes from honor may thé devors,
For harlottes hawnte thyn hatefull cors:
Ye bere out brothells lyke a bawde;
Ye get therby a slendyr laude
Betweyn the tappett and the walle,—
Fusty bawdyas! I sey nat alle:
Of harlottes to vse soche an harres,
Yt bredth mothis in clothe of Arres.

What eylythe thé, rebawde, on me to raue?
A kyng to me myn habyte gaue:
At Oxforth, the vniversityte,
Auaunsid I was to that degre;
By hole consent of theyr senate,
I was made poete lawreate,
To cal me lorell ye ar to lewde:
Lythe and lystyn, all bechrewe!
Of the Musys nyne, Calliope
Hath pointyd me to rayle on thé.
It semyth nat thy pyll'd pate
Agens a poyet lawreat

To take vpon thé for to scryue:
 It cumys thé better for to dryue
 A dong cart or a tumrelle
 Than with my poems for to melle.

The honor of Englonde I lernyd to spelle,
 In dygnyte roialle that doth excelle:
 Note and marke wyl¹ thys parcele;
 I yaue hym drynke of the sugryd welle
 Of Eliconys waters crystallyne,
 Aqueintyng hym with the Musys nyne. 100
 Yt commyth thé wele me to remorde,
 That creaunser was to thy sofre[yn]e] lorde:
 It plesyth that noble prince roialle
 Me as hys master for to calle
 In hys lernyng primordialle.
 Auaunt, rybawde,² thi tung reclame!
 Me to beknaue thow art to blame;
 Thy tong vntawte, with poyson infecte,
 Withowte thou leue thou shalt be chekt,³
 And takyn vp in such a frame, 110
 That all the warlde wyll spye your shame.
 Auaunt, auaunt, thow slogysh . . .
 And sey poetis no dys . . .
 It ys for no bawdy knaue
 The dignite lawreat for to haue.

¹ *wyl*] Compare v. 135.

² *rybawde*] MS. seems to have "rylowde."

³ *Withowte thou leue, &c.*] In MS. the latter part of this line, and the concluding portions of the next two lines, are so injured by stains that I can only guess at the words. The endings of the third and fourth lines after this are illegible.

Thow callyst me scallyd, thou callyst me mad :
 Thow thou be pylyd, thow ar nat sade.
 Thow ar frantyke and lakkyst wyt,
 To rayle with me that thé can hyt.
 Thowth it be now ful tyde with thé,
 Yet ther may falle soche caswelte,
 Er thou be ware, that in a throw
 Thow mayst fale downe and ebbe full lowe :
 Wherefore in welthe beware of woo,
 For welthe wyll sone departe thé froo.
 To know thy selfe yf thou lake grace,
 Lerne or be lewde, I shrow thy face.

Thow seyst I callyd thé a pecok :
 Thow liist, I callyd thé a wodcoke ;
 For thou hast a long snowte,
 A semly nose and a stowte,
 Prickyd lyke an vnicorne :
 I wold sum manys bake ink horne
 Wher thi nose spectacle case ;
 Yt wold garnyche wyll thy face.

Thow demyst my raylyng ourthwarthe ;
 I rayle to thé soche as thou art.
 If thou war aquentyd with alle
 The famous poettes saturicall,
 As Percius and Iuynall,
 Horace and noble Marciall,
 If they wer lyueyng thys day,
 Of thé wote I what they wolde say
 They wolde thé wryght, all with one steuyn,
 The follest slouen ondyr heuen,

Prowde, peuiche, lyddy, and lewde,
Malapert, medyllar, nothyng well thewde,
Besy, braynles, to bralle and brage,
Wytles, wayward, Syr Wryg wrag,
Dysdaynous, dowble, ful of dyseyte,
Liing, spyng by suttelte and slyght,
Fleriing, flatyryng, fals, and fykkelle,
Scornefull and mokkyng ouer to mykkylle.

My tyme, I trow, I xulde but lese
 To wryght to thé of tragydese,
 It ys nat mete for soche a knaue;
 But now my proces for to saue,
 I have red, and rede I xall,
 Inordynate pride wyll haue a falle.
Presumptuous pride ys all thyn hope:
God garde thé, Garnyche, from the rope!
 Stop a tyd, and be welle ware,
 Ye be nat cawte in an hempen snare.
 Harkyn herto, ye Haruy Haftar,
Pride gothe before and schame commyth after.

Thow wrythtyst I xulde let thé go pley:
 Go pley thé, Garnyshe, garnysshyd gay;
 I care nat what thow wryght or sey;
 I cannat let thé the knaue to play,
To dauns the hay or rune the ray:
 Thy fonde face can me nat fray.
 Take thys for that, bere thys in mynde,
 Of thy lewdenes more ys behynde;
 A reme of papyr wyll nat holde
 Of thi lewdenes that may be tolde.

My study myght be better spynt ;
 But for to serue the kynges entent,
 Hys noble pleasure and commandemnt,
 Scrybbyl thow, scrybyll thow, rayle or wryght,
 Wryght what thow wylte, I xall thé aquyte. 100

By the kyngys most noble commandemnt.

AGAINST VEREMORE'S TONGUES EMPLOYED WITH BELCHER

DER AND FAIRER DETECTION, &c.

Quid datur tibi, aut quid apponatur tibi ad scri-
 bendum dolosum? Psalm. c. xliij.

Deus destruit te in finem; excelsus es et erigebis
 te de tabernaculo tuo, et radicem tuam de
 terra evertentur. Psalm. lxxv.

A matter well pondered and well to be regarded,
 How much a false lying tongue that be rewarded?
 Such things should be torne out by the parde
 root.

Howling like houghes that growles and wrotes.

Dilectio omnia verba precipitationis lingua do-
 losi. I. p. 1. c. 2.

For as I have read in Iohnes oide,
 A false lying tongue is harde to withhold;
 A standing tongue, a tongue of a skolve,
 Worketh more mischief than can be tolde;

* From the manuscript of the "Garneschea"
 in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, 1688.

SKELTON LAVREATE,

ORATORIS REGIS TERTIUS,¹

AGAINST VENEMOUS TONGUES ENPOYSONED WITH SCLAUNDER
AND FALSE DETRACTIONS, &c.*

Quid detur tibi, aut quid apponatur tibi ad linguam dolosam? Psalm. c. xlij.

Deus destruet te in finem; evellet te, et emigrabit te de tabernaculo tuo, et radicem tuam de terra viventium. Psal. lxvii.

Al maters wel pondred and wel to be regarded,
How shuld a fals lying tung then be rewarded?
Such tungen shuld be torne out by the harde
rootes,
Hoyning like hogges that groynis and wrotes.

Dilexisti omnia verba præcipationis, lingua dolosa. Ubi s. &c.

For, as I haue rede in volumes olde,
A fals lying tunge is harde to withholde;
A sclaunderous tunge, a tunge of a skolde,
Worketh more mischiefe than can be tolde;

¹ *Tertius*] A misprint: qy. "Versus?"

* From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

That, if I wist not to be controlde,
 Yet somewhat to say I dare well be bolde,
 How some delite for to lye thycke and threfolde.

Ad sannam hominem redigit comice et graphice.

For ye said, that he said, that I said, wote ye
 what?

I made, he said, a windmil of an olde mat :
 If there be none other mater but that,
 Than ye may commaunde me to gentil Cok wat.

*Hic notat purpuraria arte intextas literas Romanas
 in amictibus post ambulonum¹ ante et retro.*

For before on your brest, and behind on your
 back,

In Romaine letters I neuer founde lack ;
 In your crosse rowe nor Christ crosse you spede,
 Your Pater noster, your Aue, nor your Crede.
 Who soeuer that tale vnto you tolde,
 He saith vntruly, to say that I would
 Controlle the cognisaunce of noble men
 Either by language or with my pen.

*Pædagogium meum de sublimiori Minerva con-
 stat esse : ergo, &c.*

My scole is more solem and somewhat more haute
 Than to be founde in any such faute.

¹ *post ambulonum*] The Rev. J. Mitford would read "*ambu-
 lonum post*:" *post* is probably an abridgment of *positas*.
Gent. Mag. Sept. 1844, p. 244.

*Pædagogium meum male sanos maledicos sibilis
comploisique manibus explodit, &c.*

My scoles are not for vnthriftes vntaught,
For frantick faitours half mad and half straught;
But my learning is of an other degree
To taunt them like liddrous, lewde as thei bee.

*Laxent ergo antennam elationis, suæ inflatam
vento vanitatis. li. ille, &c.*

For though some be liddrer, and list for to rayle,
Yet to lie vpon me they can not preuayle:
Then let them vale a bonet of their proud sayle,
And of their taunting toies rest with il hayle.

Nobilitati ignobilis cedat vilitas, &c.

There is no noble man wil iudge in me
Any such folly to rest or to be:
I care muche the lesse what euer they say,
For tungen vntayde be renning astray;
But yet I may say safely, so many wel lettred
Embraudred, enlasid together, and fettered,
And so little learning, so lewdly alowed,
What fault find ye herein but may be auowed?
But ye are so full of verfibilité,
And of frenetyke folabilité,
And of melancoly mutabilité,
That ye would coarte and enforce me
Nothing to write, but hay the gy of thre,
And I to suffre you lewdly to ly
Of me with your language full of vilany!

Sicut novacula acuta fecisti dolium. Ubi s.

Malicious tungen, though they haue no bones,
Are sharper then swordes, sturdier then stones.

Lege Philostratum de vita Tyanæi Apollonii.

Sharper then raysors that shaue and cut throtes,
More stinging then scorpions that stang Phara-
otis.

Venenum aspidum sub labiis eorum. Ps.

More venemous and much more virulent
Then any poisoned tode or any serpent.

*Quid peregrinis egemus exemplis? ad domestica
recurramus, &c. li. ille.*

Such tungen vnhappy hath made great diuision
In realmes, in cities, by suche fals abusion;
Of fals fickil tungen suche cloked collusion
Hath brought, nobil princes to extreme confu-
sion.

*Quicquid loquantur, ut effœminantur, ita effan-
tur &c.*

Somtime women were put in great blame,
Men said they could not their tungen atame;
But men take vpon them nowe all the shame,
With skolding and sklauding make their tungen
lame.

Novarum rerum cupidissimi, captatores, delatores, adulatores, invigilatores, deliratores, &c. id genus. li. ille.

For men be now tratlers and tellers of tales;
 What tidings at Totnam, what newis in Wales,
 What shippis are sailing to Scalis Malis?
 And all is not worth a couple of nut shalis:
 But lering and lurking here and there like
 spies;
 The deuil tere their tunges and pike out their
 ies!
 Then ren they with lesinges and blow them
 about,
 With, He wrate suche a bil withouten dout;
 With, I can tel you what such a man said;
 And you knew all, ye would be ill apayd. 10

De more vulpino, gannientes ad aurem, fictas fabellas fabricant. il. ille.

Inauspicatum, male ominatum, infortunatum se fateatur habuisse horoscopum, quicumque male dixerit vati Pierio, S[keltonidi] L[aureato], &c.

But if that I knewe what his name hight,
 For clatering of me I would him sone quight;
 For his false lying, of that I spake neuer,
 I could make him shortly repent him for **euer**:
 Although he made it neuer so tough,
 He might be sure to haue shame ynough.

*Cerberus horrendo barathri latrando sub antro
Te rodatque voret, lingua dolosa, precor.*

A fals double tunge is more fiers and fell
Then Cerberus the cur couching in the kenel of
hel;

Wherof hereafter I thinke for to write,
Of fals double tungen in the dispite.

*Recipit se scripturum opus sanctum, laudabile,
acceptabile, memorabileque, et nimis honorifi-
candum.*

*Disperdat Dominus universa labia dolosa et lin-
guam magniloquam!*

A lye double tyme is more hys and fell
YE may here now, in this ryme,
How euery thing must haue a tyme.*

Tyme is a thing that no man may resyst;
Tyme is trancytory and irreuocable;
Who sayeth the contrary, tyme passeth as hym
lyst;
Tyme must be taken in season couenable;
Take tyme when tyme is, for tyme is ay
mutable;
All thynge hath tyme, who can for it prouyde;
Byde for tyme who wyll, for tyme wyll no man
byde.

Tyme to be sad, and tyme to play and sporte; 10
Tyme to take rest by way of recreacion;
Tyme to study, and tyme to use comfort;
Tyme of pleasure, and tyme of consolation:
Thus tyme hath his tyme of diuers maner
facion:

* This and the next three poems are from the ed. by Kyng and Marche of *Certaine bokes compyled by mayster Skelton*, n. d., collated with the same work, ed. Day, n. d., and ed. Lant, and with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568. I may here notice that in those eds. the present piece is preceded by a copy of verses, "All nobyll men of this take hede," &c., which will be given afterwards, before *Why come ye not to Courte?* where it is repeated in all the eds.

Tyme for to eate and drynke for thy repast ;
 Tyme to be lyberall, and tyme to make no wast ;

Tyme to trauell, and tyme for to rest ;

Tyme for to speake, and tyme to holde thy
 pease ;

Tyme would be vsed when tyme is best ;

Tyme to begyn, and tyme for to cease ;

And when tyme is, [to] put thyselfe in prease,
 And when tyme is, to holde thyselfe abacke ;

For tyme well spent can neuer haue lacke.

The rotys take theyr sap in tyme of vere ;

In tyme of somer flowres fresh and grene ;

In tyme of haruest men their corne shere ;

In tyme of wynter the north wynde waxeth kene,

So bytterly bytynge the flowres be not sene ;

The kalendis of Janus, with his frostes hore,

That tyme is when people must lyue vpon the store.

Quod Skelton, Laureat.

PRAYER TO THE FATHER OF HEAVEN.

O RADIANT Luminary of lyght intermynable,
 Celestial Father, potenciall God of myght,
 Of heauen and earth, O Lord incomperable,
 Of all perfections the essencial most perfyght !
 O Maker of mankynde, that formyd day and
 nyghte,
 Whose power imperyal comprehendeth euery
 place !

Myne hert, my mynde, my thought, my hole
 delyght
 Is, after this lyfe, to see thy glorious face :

Whose magnifycence is incomprehensybyll,
 All argumentes of reason which far doth excede,
 Whose Deite dowlles is indiuysybyll, 11
 From whom all goodnes and vertue doth pro-
 ceede ;

Of thy support all creatures haue nede :
 Assyst me, good Lord, and graunte me of thy grace,
 To lyue to thy pleasure in word, thoughte, and
 dede,

And, after this lyfe, to see thy glorious face.

TO THE SECONDE PARSON.

O BENYGNE Jesu, my souerayne Lord and Kyng,
 The only Sonne of God by filiacion,
 The Seconde Parson withouten beginnyng,
 Both God and man our fayth maketh playne
 relacion,

Mary the mother, by way of incarnacion,
 Whose glorious passion our soules doth reuyue!
 Agayne all bodely and goostely trybulacion
 Defende me with thy piteous woundis fyue.

O pereles Prynce, payned to the deth,
 Rufully rent, thy body wan and blo,
 For my redempcion gaue vp thy vytall breth,
 Was neuer sorow lyke to thy dedly wo!
 Graunte me, out of this world when I shall go,
 Thyne endles mercy for my preseruatyue;
 Agaynst the world, the flesh, the deuyll also,
 Defende me wyth thy pyteous woundis fyue.

TO THE HOLY GOOSTE.

O FIRY feruence, inflamed wyth all grace,
 Enkyndelyng hertes with brandis charitable,

The endles reward of pleasure and solace,
To the Father and the Son thou art communi-
cable

In unitate which is inseperable
O water of lyfe, O well of consolacion!
Agaynst all suggestions dedly and dampnable
Rescu me, good Lorde, by your preseruacion :

To whome is appropried the Holy Ghost by name,
The Thyrde Parson, one God in Trinite,
Of perfyte loue thou art the ghostly flame :

O myrrour of mekenes, pease, and tranquylite,
My confort, my counsell, my parfyte charyte!
O water of lyfe, O well of consolacion!
Agaynst all stormys of harde aduersyte
Rescu me, good Lord, by thy preseruacion.

Amen.

Quod Skelton, Laureat.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

O FIRE of heauen, inflamed with all grace,
Eunke thy helpe to me with brandis charitable,

WOFFULLY araid,*
 My blode, man,
 For thé ran,
 It may not be naid ;
 My body bloo and wan,
 Woffully araid.

Beholde me, I pray thé, with all thi hole reson,
 And be not so hard hartid, and ffor this encheson,
 Sith I for thi sowle sake was slayne in good seson,
 Begylde and betraide by Judas fals treson ; 10
 Vnkyndly entretid,
 With sharpe corde sore fretid,
 The Jewis me thretid,
 They mowid, they grynned, they scornyd me,
 Condempnyd to deth, as thou maist se,
 Woffully araid.

* From the Fairfax MS. (which once belonged to Ralph Thoresby, and now forms part of the Additional MSS., 5465, in the British Museum), where it occurs twice,—(fol. 76 and, less perfectly, fol. 86); collated with a copy written in a very old hand on the fly-leaves of *Boetius de Discip. Schol. cum notabili commento, Davenportie*, 1496, 4to. (in the collection of the late Mr. Heber), which has supplied several stanzas not in the Fairfax MS. It was printed from the latter, not very correctly, by Sir John Hawkins, *Hist. of Music*, ii. 89. I have followed the metrical arrangement of the MS. in the *Boetius*.

Thus nakyd am I nailid, O man, for thy sake!
 I loue thé, then loue me; why slepist thou? awake!
 Remembir my tendir hart rote for thé brake, 19
 With panyys my vaynys constreyn[e]d to crake;
 Thus toggid to and fro,
 Thus wrappid all in woo,
 Whereas neuer man was so,
 Entretid thus in most cruell wyse,
 Was like a lombe offerd in sacrifice,
 Woffully araid.

Off sharpe thorne I haue worne a crowne on my
 hede,
 So paynyd, so straynyd, so ruffull, so red;
 Thus bobbid, thus robbid,¹ thus for thy loue ded,
 Onfaynyd² not deynyd my blod for to shed; 20
 My fete and handes sore
 The sturdy nailis bore;
 What myzt I suffir more
 Than I haue don, O man, for thé?
 Cum when thou list, wellcum to me,
 Woffully araide.³

Off record thy good Lord y haue beyn and schal
 bee;
 Y am thyn, thou artt myne, my brother y call thee

¹ *bobbid . . . robbid*] MS. in the *Boetius*, "bowde . . . rowyd."

² *Onfaynyd*] MS. in the *Boetius*, "Unfraynyd."

³ *Woffully araide*] Here the Fairfax MS. concludes: what follows is given from the MS. in the *Boetius*.

Thé love I enterly ; see whatt ys befall me !
 Sore bettyng, sore thretyng, too mak thee, man,
 all fre : 40

Why art thou wnkynde ?
 Why hast nott mee yn mynde ?
 Cum 3ytt, and thou schalt fynde
 Myne endlys mercy and grace ;
 See how a spere my hert dyd race,
 Woyfully arayd.

Deyr brother, noo other thyng y off thee desyre
 Butt gyve me thyne hert fre to rewarde myn hyre :
 Y wrouzt thé, I bowgzt thé frome eternal fyre ;
 Y pray thé aray thé tooward my hyzt empyre, 50
 Above ¹ the oryent,
 Wheroff y am regent,
 Lord God omnypotent,
 Wyth me too reyn yn endlys welthe ;
 Remember, man, thy sawlys helthe.

Wooffully arayd,
 My blode, man,
 For thé rane,
 Hytt may nott be nayd ;
 My body blow and wane, 60
 Woyfully arayde.

Explicit qd. Skelton.

¹ Above] MS. "I love."

Now synge we, as we were wont,
Vexilla regis prodeunt. *

The kinges baner on felde is [s]playd,
 The crosses mistry can not be nayd,
 To whom our Sauyour was betrayd,
 And for our sake;

Thus sayth he,
 I suffre for thé,
 My deth I take.

Now synge we, &c.

Beholde my shankes, behold my knees,
 Beholde my hed, armes, and thees,
 Beholde of me nothyng thou sees
 But sorowe and pyne;

Thus was I spylt,
 Man, for thy gylte,
 And not for myne.

Now synge we, &c.

* From *Bibliographical Miscellanies* (edited by the Rev. Dr. Bliss), 1813, 4to, p. 48, where it is given from an imperfect volume (or fragments of volumes) of black-letter *Christmas Carolles*, partly (but probably not wholly) printed by Kele.

Behold my body, how Jewes it donge
 With knots of whipcord and scourges strong;
 As stremes of a well the blode out sprong

On euery syde; 20

The knottes were knyt,

Ryght well made with wyt,

They made woundes wyde.

Now syng we, &c.

Man, thou shalt now vnderstand,
 Of my head, bothe fote and hand,
 Are four c. and fyue thousand

Woundes and sixty;

Fifty and vii.

Were tolde full euen

Vpon my body. 20

Now syng we, &c.

Syth I for loue bought thé so dere,
 As thou may se thy self here,
 I pray thé with a ryght good chere

Loue me agayne,

That it lyketh me

To suffre for thé

Now all this payne.

Now syng we, &c.

Man, vnderstand now thou shall,
 In sted of drynke they gaue me gall,
 And eysell mengled therwithall, 20

The Jewes fell ;
 These paynes on me
 I suffred for thé
 To bryng thé fro hell.
 Now syng we, &c.

Now for thy lyfe thou hast mysled,
 Mercy to aske be thou not adred ;
 The lest drop of blode that I for thé bled
 Myght clense thé soone
 Of all the syn
 The worlde within,
 If thou haddest doone.
 Now syng we, &c.

I was more wrother with Judas,
 For he wold no mercy aske,
 Than I was for his trespas
 Whan he me solde ;
 I was euer redy
 To graunt hym mercy,
 But he none wolde.
 Now syng we, &c.

Lo, how I hold my armes abrode,
 Thé to receyue redy isprode !
 For the great loue that I to thé had
 Well may thou knowe,
 Some loue agayne
 I wolde full fayne

Thou woldest to me shewe.

Now synge we, &c.

For loue I aske nothyng of thé

But stand fast in faythe, and syn thou fle,

And payne to lyue in honeste

Bothe nyght and day ;

And thou shalt have blys

That neuer shall mys

Withouten nay.

Now synge we, &c.

Now, Jesu, for thy great goodnes,

That for man suffred great hardnes,

Saue vs fro the deuyls cruelnes,

And to blys us send,

And graunt vs grace

To se thy face

Withouten ende.

Now synge we, &c.

[“CCCCXXXII.

“*Codex membranaceus in 4to, seculo xiv scriptus, figuris illuminatis, sed injuria temporis pene deletis ornatus, in quo continetur,*

I. Polichronitudo basileos sive historia belli quod Ricardus I. gessit contra Sarracenos, *Gallice.*

*Hoc opus Skeltono ascribitur a Cl. Stanleio; primo autem intuitu satis liquet codicem ipsum longe ante tempus quo claruit Skeltonus fuisse scriptum, ab eoque regi dono missum, ut testantur sequentes versus diverso et recenti caractere primæ paginæ inscripti:**]

*I, liber, et propera, regem tu pronus adora;
Me sibi commendes humilem Skeltonida vatem:
Ante suam majestatem, (per cætera passim,)
Inclyta bella refer, gessit quæ maximus heros
Anglorum, primus nostra de gente Ricardus,
Hector ut intrepidus, contra validissima castra
Gentis Agarenæ; memora quos ille labores,
Quos tulit angores, qualesque recepit honores.
Sed*

*Chronica Francorum, validis inimica Britannis,
Sæpe solent celebres Britonum compescere laudes.*

* Nasmith's *Catal. Libr. Manuscript. quos Coll. Corporis Christi et B. Mariæ Virginis in Acad. Cantabrig. legavit Reverendiss. in Christo Pater Matthæus Parker, Archiepisc. Cantuar.* p. 400. 1777, 4to.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH THE BOKE ENTYTULED

WARE THE HAUKE,*

PER SKELTON, LAUREAT.

PROLOGUS SKELTONIDIS LAUREATI SUPER WARE THE
HAWKE.

THIS worke deuysed is
 For such as do amys ;
 And specyally to controule
 Such as haue cure of soule,
 That be so farre abused,
 They cannot be excused
 By reason nor by law ;
 But that they play the daw,
 To hawke, or els to hunt
 From the aulter to the funte, 14
 With cry vnreuerent,
 Before the sacrament,
 Within the holy church bowndis,
 That of our faith the grounde is.
 That pryest that hawkys so,
 All grace is farre him fro ;

* From the ed. by Kynge and Marche of *Certaine bokes
 compyled by mayster Skelton*, n. d., collated with the same
 work, ed Day, n. d., and ed. Lant, n. d., and with Marshe's
 ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568

He semeth a sysmatyke,
 Or els an heretyke,
 For fayth in him is faynte.
 Therefore to make complaynte
 Of such mysaduysed
 Parsons and dysgysed,
 This boke we haue deuysed,
 Compendiously comprysed,
 No good priest to offende,
 But suche dawes to amende,
 In hope that no man shall
 Be myscontent withall.

I shall you make relacion,
 By waye of apostrofacion,
 Vnder supportacion
 Of youre pacyent tolleracion,
 How I, Skelton Laureat,
 Deuysed and also wrate
 Vpon a lewde curate,
 A parson benyficed,
 But nothing well aduysed:
 He shall be as now nameles,
 But he shall not be blameles,
 Nor he shal not be shameles;
 For sure he wrought amys,
 To hawke in my church of Dis.
 This fonde frantyeke fauconer,
 With his polutid pawtenar,
 As priest vnreuerent,
 Streyght to the sacrament

He made his hawke to fly,
 With hogeneous showte and cry.
 The hye auter he strypt naked ;
 There on he stode, and craked ;
 He shoke downe all the clothis,
 And sware horrible othes
 Before the face of God,
 By Moyses and Arons rod,
 Or that he thens yede,
 His hawke shoulde pray and fede
 Vpon a pigeons maw.
 The bloude ran downe raw
 Vpon the auter stone ;
 The hawke tyrid on a bonne ;
 And in the holy place
 She mutid there a chase
 Vpon my corporas face.
 Such *sacrificium laudis*
 He made with suche gambawdis.

OBSERVATE.

His seconde hawke wexid gery,
 And was with flying wery ;
 She had flowin so oft,
 That on the rode loft
 She perkyd her to rest.
 The fauconer then was prest,
 Came runnyng with a dow,
 And cryed, Stow, stow, stow !
 But she would not bow.

He then, to be sure,
 Callid her with a lure.
 Her mete was very crude,
 She had not wel endude ;
 She was not clene ensaymed,
 She was not well reclaymed :
 But the fawconer vnfayned
 Was much more febler brayned.
 The hawke had no lyst
 To come to hys fyst ;
 She loked as she had the frounce ;
 With that he gaue her a bounce
 Full vpon the gorge :
 I wyll not fayne nor forge ;
 The hawke with that clap
 Fell downe with euyll hap.
 The church dores were sparred,
 Fast boltyd and barryd,
 Yet wyth a prety gyn
 I fortunèd to come in,
 This rebell to beholde,
 Wherof I hym controlde ;
 But he sayde that he woulde,
 Agaynst my mynde and wyll,
 In my churche hawke styll.

CONSIDERATE.

On Sainct John decollacion
 He hawked on this facion,
Tempore vesperarum,
Sed non secundum Sarum,

But lyke a Marche harum,
 His braynes were so *parum*.
 He sayde he would not let
 His houndis for to fet,
 To hunte there by lyberte
 In the dyspyte of me,
 And to halow there the fox : 110
 Downe went my offerynge box,
 Boke, bell, and candyll,
 All that he myght handyll :
 Cros, staffe, lectryne, and banner,
 Fell downe on this manner.

DELIBERATE.

With, troll, cytrace, and trouy,
 They ranged, hankin bouy,
 My churche all aboute.
 This fawconer then gan showte,
 These be my gopellers, 120
 These be my pystillers,
 These be my querysters,
 To helpe me to synge,
 My hawkes to mattens ryng.
 In this priestly gydyng
 His hawke then flew vppon
 The rode with Mary and John.
 Delt he not lyke a fon ?
 Delt he not lyke a daw ?
 Or els is this Goddes law, 130
 Decrees or decretals,

Or holy sinodals,
 Or els prouincials,
 Thus within the wals
 Of holy church to deale,
 Thus to ryng a peale
 With his hawkis bels ?
 Dowtles such losels
 Make the churche to be
 In smale auctoryte :
 A curate in speciall
 To snappar and to fall
 Into this open cryme ;
 To loke on this were tyme.

VIGILATE.

But who so that lokys
 In the officialis bokis,
 Ther he may se and reed
 That this is matter indeed.
 How be it, mayden Meed
 Made theym to be agreed,
 And so the Scrybe was feed,
 And the Pharasay
 Than durst nothing say,
 But let the matter slyp,
 And made truth to trip ;
 And of the spiritual law
 They made but a gewgaw,
 And toke it out in drynke,
 And this the cause doth shrynke :

The church is thus abused, 160
 Reproched and pollutyd :
 Correccion hath no place,
 And all for lacke of grace.

DEPLORATE.

Loke now in *Exodi*,
 And *de arca Domini*,
 With *Regum* by and by ;
 The Bybyll wyll not ly ;
 How the Temple was kept,
 How the Temple was swept,
 Where *sanguis taurorum*, 170
Aut sanguis vitulorum,
 Was offryd within the wallis,
 After ceremoniallis ;
 When it was poluted,
 Sentence was executed,
 By wey of expiacion,
 For reconciliacion.

DIVINITATE.¹

Then muche more, by the rode,
 Where Christis precious blode
 Dayly offred is, 180
 To be poluted this ;
 And that he wysshed withall
 That the dowues donge downe might fal

¹ *Divinitate*] Qy. "Divinate?"

Into my chalis at mas,
 When consecrated was
 The blessed sacrament :
 O priest vnreuerent !
 He sayde that he woulde hunt
 From the aulter to the funt.

REFORMATE.

Of no tyrande I rede, 190
 That so farre dyd excede,
 Neyther yet Dioclesyan,
 Nor yet Domisian,
 Nor yet croked Cacus,
 Nor yet dronken Bacus ;
 Nother Olibrius,
 Nor Dionisyus ;
 Nother Phalary,
 Rehersed in Valery ;
 Nor Sardanapall, 200
 Vnhappiest of all ;
 Nor Nero the worst,
 Nor Clawdius the curst ;
 Nor yet Egeas,
 Nor yet Syr Pherumbras ;
 Nother Zorobabell,
 Nor cruel Jesabell ;
 Nor yet Tarquinius,
 Whom Tytus Liuius
 In wrytynge doth enroll ; 210
 I haue red them poll by poll ;

The story of Arystobell,
 And of Constantinopell,
 Whiche citey miscreantys wan,
 And slew many a Christen man ;
 Yet the Sowden, nor the Turke,
 Wrought neuer suche a worke,
 For to let theyr hawkes fly
 In the Church of Saint Sophy ;
 With much matter more,
 That I kepe in store.

PENSITATE.

Then in a tabull playne
 I wroute a verse or twayne,
 Whereat he made dysdayne :
 The pekysh parsons brayne
 Cowde not rech nor attayne
 What the sentence ment ;
 He sayde, for a crokid intent
 The wordes were paruerted :
 And this he ouerthwarted.
 Of the which proces
 Ye may know more expres,
 If it please you to loke
 In the resydew of this boke.

Here after followeth the tabull.

Loke on this tabull,
 Whether thou art abull

To rede or to spell
What these verses tell.

*Sicculo lutueris est colo būraarā*¹
*Nixphedras uisarum caniuter tuntantes*²
*Raterplas Natābrian*³ *umsudus itnugenus.*
18 . 10 . 2 . 11 . 19 . 4 . 13 . 3 . 3 . 1 . *tēualet*.⁴
Chartula stet, precor, hæc nullo temeranda petulco.
Hos rapiet numeros non homo, sed mala bos.
Ex parte rem chartæ adverte aperte, pone Musam
Arethusam hanc.

Whereto should I rehers
The sentence of my vers?
In them be no scholys
For braynsycke frantyycke folys:
Construas hoc,
Domine Dawcocke!
Ware the hawke!
Maister sophista,
Ye simplex syllogista,
Ye deuelysh dogmatista,
Your hawke on your fista,

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¹ *būraarā*] In Day's ed. the final letter of this word being blurred looks like a *d*; and Marshe's ed. has "bunraad." The meaning of this "tabull playne" is quite beyond my comprehension.

² *tuntantes*] Marshe's ed. "tauntantes."

³ *Natābrian*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "Natanbrian." The Editor of 1736 prints "*Natanbrianum sudus*."

⁴ *tēualet*] Perhaps, "ten (10) valet."

To hawke when you lista 250

In ecclesia ista,

*Domine concupisti,*¹

With thy hawke on thy fisty?

Nunquid sic dixisti?

Nunquid sic fecisti?

Sed ubi hoc legisti

Aut unde hoc,

Doctor Dawcocke?

Ware the hawke!

Doctor *Dialectica,* 260

Where fynde you in *Hypothetica,*

Or in *Categoria,*

Latina sive Dorica,

To vse your hawkys *forica*

In propitiatorio,

Tanquam diversorio?

Unde hoc,

Domine Dawcocke?

Ware the hawke!

Saye to me, Jacke Harys, 270

Quare aucuparis

Ad sacramentum altaris?

For no reuerens thou sparys

To shake my pygeons federis

Super arcam fœderis:

Unde hoc,

Doctor Dawcocke?

Ware the hawke!

¹ *concupisti*] Eds. "racapisti" and "cacapisti."

Sir *Dominus vobiscum,*
Per aucupium
 Ye made your hawke to cum
Desuper candelabrum
Christi crucifixi
 To fede vpon your fisty:
Dic, inimice crucis Christi,
Ubi didicisti
Facere hoc,
Domine Dawcocke?

Ware the hawke!

Apostata Julianus,
 Nor yet Nestorianus,
 Thou shalt no where rede
 That they dyd suche a dede,
 To let theyr hawkys fly
Ad ostium tabernaculi,
In quo est corpus Domini:
Cave hoc,
 Doctor Dawcocke!

Ware the hawke!

This dowlles ye rauyd,
 Dys church ye thus deprauid;
 Wherfore, as I be sauyd,
 Ye are therefore beknauid:
Quare? quia Evangelia,
Concha et conchyliã,
Accipiter et sonalia,
Et bruta animalia,
Cætera quoque talia

Tibi sunt æqualia :

Unde hoc,

Domine Dawcocke ?

Ware the hawke !

Et relis et ralis,

Et reliqualis,

From Granado to Galis,

From Wynchelsee to Walys,

Non est braynsycke talis,

Nec minus rationalis,

Nec magis bestialis,

That synggys with a chalys :

Construas hoc,

Doctor Dawcocke !

Ware the hawke !

Masyd, wytles, smery smyth,

Hampar with your hammer vpon thy styth,

And make hereof a syckyll or a saw,

For thoughe ye lyue a c. yere, ye shall dy a daw.

Vos valetè,

Doctor indiscrete !

SKELTONIS APOSTROPHAT AD DIVUM JOHANNEM DECOL-
LATUM, IN CUJUS PROFESTO FIEBAT HOC AUCUPIUM.

*O memoranda dies, qua, decollate Johannes,
Aucupium facit, haud quondam quod fecerit, intra
Ecclesiam de Dis, violans tua sacra sacrorum !*

*Rector de Whipstok, doctor cognomine Daucock,
Et dominus Wodcock; probat is, probat hic, pro-
bat hæc hoc.*

IDEM ¹ DE LIBERA DICACITATE POETICA IN EXTOLLENDAM
PROBITATE, ET IN PERFRICANDA IGNOBILITATE.

*Libertas veneranda piis concessa poetis
Dicendi est quæcunque placent, quæcunque juva-
bunt,
Vel quæcunque valent justas defendere causas,
Vel quæcunque valent stolidos mordere petulcos.
Ergo dabis veniam.*

Quod Skelton, laureat.

¹ *Idem, &c.*] These lines follow *Ware the Hawk* in all the
eds.

EPITHAPHE.*

THIS tretise devysed it is
 Of two knaues somtyme of Dis.
 Though this knaues be deade,
 Full of myschiefe and queed,
 Yet, where so euer they ly,
 Theyr names shall neuer dye.

Compendium de duobus versipellibus, John Jayberd, et Adam all a knaue, deque illorum notissima vilitate.

A DEUOUTE TRENTALE FOR OLD JOHN CLARKE, SOMETYME
 THE HOLY PATRIARKE OF DIS.

*Sequitur trigintale
 Tale quale rationale,
 Licet parum curiale,
 Tamen satis est formale,
 Joannis Clerc, hominis
 Cujusdam multinominis,*

* From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

Joannes Jayberd qui vocatur,
Clerc cleribus nuncupatur.
Obiit sanctus iste pater
Anno Domini MD. sexto.
In parochia de Dis
Non erat sibi similis :
In malitia vir insignis,
Duplex corde et bilinguis ;
Senio confectus,
Omnibus suspectus,
Nemini dilectus,
Sepultus est amonge the wedes :
God forgeue hym his mysdedes !

Dulce melos
Penetrans cœlos.

Carmina cum cannis
cantemus festa Joannis :
Clerc obiit vere,
Jayberd nomenque dedere ;
Dis populo natus,
Clerc cleribus estque vocatus,
Hic vir Chaldæus,
nequam ver, ceu Jebusæus,
In Christum Domini
fremuit de more cameli,
Rectori proprio
tam verba retorta loquendo

Unde resultando-
*que Acheronta*¹ *boando tonaret.*
Nunquam sincere
solitus sua crimina flere ;
Cui male lingua loquax-
que dicax mendaxque, fuere
Et mores tales
resident in nemine quales ;
Carpens vitales
auras, turbare sodales
Et cines socios,
asimus, mulus velut, et bos.
Omne suum studium
rubeum pictum per amictum
Discolor ; et victum
faciens semper maledictum
Ex intestinis ovium-
que boumque caprorum ;
Tendens adque forum,
fragmentum colligit horum
Dentibus exemptis
mastigat cumque polentis

¹ *que Acheronta, &c. . . . que dicax, &c.*] Perhaps these passages ought to be arranged thus for the sake of the rhyme;

“*que Acheronta boando
tonaret. Nunquam sincere,*” &c.

“*que dicax mendax-
que, fuere Et mores tales,*” &c.

But from the rest of the poem it seems that Skelton intended each hexameter to be cut only into two parts.

*Lanigerum caput aut ovis*¹
aut vacca mugientis.

Quid petis, hic sit quis?

John Jayberd, incola de Dis;

Cui, dum vixerat is,

sociantur jurgia, vis, lis.

Jam jacet hic starke deed,

Neuer a toth in his heed.

Adieu, Jayberd, adue,

I faith, dikkon thou crue!

Fratres, orate

For this knauate,

By the holy rode,

Dyd neuer man good:

I pray you all,

And pray shall,

At this trentall

On knees to fall

To the fote ball;

With, fill the blak bowle

For Jayberdes sowle.

Bibite multum:

Ecce sepultum

Sub pede stultum,

Asinum, et mulum!

The deuill kis his *culum!*

Wit[h], hey, howe, rumbelowe,

¹ *caput aut ovis*] Ed. "caput caput." I give the conjectural reading of the Rev. J. Mitford. The rhyme suggests (but the metre will not allow) "bidentis."

Runpopulorum,
Per omnia secula seculorum ! Amen.

Requiem, &c.

Per Fredericum Hely,
Fratrem de Monte Carmeli,
Qui condunt sine sale
Hoc devotum tringintale.
Vale Jayberd, valde male !

Adam Vddersall,¹
Alias dictus Adam all
 a knaue, his
 Epitaph foloweth deuoutly ;
 He was somtime the holy
 Baillyue of Dis.

Of Dis

Adam degebat :
dum vixit, falsa gerebat,

¹ *Vddersall, &c.*] In this passage I have adopted the arrangement proposed by the Rev. J. Mitford.—Ed. thus:

“ Adam Vddersale. alias dictus
 Adam all. a knaue his Epitaph.
 Foloweth deuoutly,
 He was somtime the holy
 baillyue of dis.”

Namque extorquebat
quicquid natus habebat,
Aut liber natus ; rapidus
lupus inde vocatus :
Ecclesiamque satus
de Belial iste Pilatus
Sub pede calcatus
violavit, nunc violatus :
Perfidus, inatus,
numquam fuit ille beatus :
Uddersall stratus
benedictis est spoliatus,
Improbus, inflatus,
maledictis jam laceratus :
Dis,¹ tibi bacchatus
ballivus prædominatus :
Hic fuit ingratus,
porcus velut insatiatus,
Pinguis, crassatus ;
velut Agag sit reprobatus !
Crudelisque Cacus
barathro, peto, sit tumulatus !
Belsabub his soule saue,
Qui jacet hic, like a knave !
Jam scio mortuus est,
Et jacet hic, like a best.

¹ *Dis, tibi, &c.*] The emendation of the Rev. J. Mitford: compare above, "Baillyue of Dis."—Ed.

"Sis tibi baccatus
 Balian prædominatus."

*Anima ejus
De malo in pejus. Amen.*

*De Dis hæc semper erit camena,
Adam Uddersall sit anathema!*

Auctore Skelton, rectore de Dis.

*Finis, &c. Apud Trumpinton scriptum per
Curatum ejusdem, quinto die Januarii Anno
Domini, secundum computat. Angliæ, MDVII.*

*Adam, Adam, ubi es? Genesis. Re. Ubi nulla
requies, ubi nullus ordo, sed sempiternus horror
inhabitat. Job.*

*Diligo rustincum * cum portant bis duo quointum,
Et cantant delos est mihi dulce melos.*

1. *Canticum dolorosum.*

LAMENTATIO URBS NORVICEN.

*O lacrymosa lues nimis, O quam flebile fatum!
Ignibus exosis, urbs veneranda, ruis;
Fulmina sive Jovis sive ultima fata vocabant,
Vulcani rapidis ignibus ipsa peris.
Ah decus, ah patriæ specie pulcherrima dudum!
Urbs Norvicensis labitur in cineres.
Urbs, tibi quid referam? breviter tibi pauca re-
ponam:
Prospera rara manent, utere sorte tua;
Perpetuum mortale nihil, sors omnia versat.
Urbs miseranda, vale! sors miseranda tua est.*

Skelton.

* This and the following piece are from Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568. In that collection the present couplet is twice printed: "*rustincum*" is the reading of the first copy, "*rusticum*" (which the metre will not admit) of the second: the first copy has "*quonintum*," the second "*quointum*;" the Editor of 1736 gave "*quantum*." See notes for the conjectures of the Rev. J. Mitford on this enigma. "*Canticum dolorosum*" is probably part of the title of the next piece.

IN BEDEL, QUONDAM BELIAL INCARNATUM, DEVOTUM
EPITAPHIUM.

*Ismal, ecce, Bedel, non mel, sed fel, sibi des el!*¹
Perfidus Achitophel, luridus atque lorell;
*Nunc olet iste Jebal,*² *Nabal. S. Nabal, ecce, ri-*
baldus!

Omnibus exosus atque perosus erat;
In plateaque cadens animam spiravit oleto:
Presbyteros odiens sic sine mente ruit.
Discite vos omnes quid sit violare sacratos
Presbyteros, quia sic corrui iste canis.
*Cocytus cui si detur*³ *per Tartara totus,*
Sit, peto, promotus Cerberus huncque voret. 10
At mage sanctu tamen mea Musa precabitur atros
Hos lemuresque eat sic Bedel ad superos;
Non eat, immo ruat, non scandat, sed mage tendat,
Inque caput præceps mox Acheronta petat.

Bedel. Quanta malignatus est inimicus in sancto!
 Psa. 73.

Mortuus est asinus,
Qui pinxit mulum:

¹ *des el*] The Rev. J. Mitford proposes "dorell."

² *Jebal*] Qy. "Jabel?" but I do not understand the line.

³ *si detur*] So the Rev. J. Mitford reads. Ed. "sic petus."

Hic jacet barbarus ;

The deuil kys his *calum ! Amen.*

*Hanc volo transcribas, transcriptam moxque re-
mittas*

Pagellam ; quia sunt qui mea scripta sciunt.

Redde { *Igitur quia sunt qui mala cuncta fremunt,*
 { *Igitur quia sunt qui bona cuncta premunt,*
 { *Nec tamen expaveo de fatuo labio,*
 { *Nec multum paveo de stolido rabulo.*

Salve plus decies quam sunt momenta dierum!*
Quot generum species, quot res, quot nomina rerum,
Quot prati flores, quot sunt et in orbe colores,
Quot pisces, quot aves, quot sunt et in æquore
naves,
Quot volucrum pennæ, quot sunt tormenta gehennæ,
Quot cæli stellæ, quot sunt et in orbe puellæ,
Quot sancti Romæ, quot sunt miracula Thomæ,
Quot sunt virtutes, tantas tibi mitto salutes.

* From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, (where it is printed on the reverse of the title-page,) collated with a copy in Additional MSS. Brit. Mus. (4787, fol. 224,) which is headed "Ex Jo. Skeltono Poeta Laureato."

ORATOR REGIUS SKELTONIS LAUREATUS IN SINGULARE
 MERITISSIMUMQUE PRÆCONIUM NOBILISSIMI PRINCIPIS
 HENRICI SEPTIMI, NUPER STRENUISSIMI REGIS ANGLIÆ.
 HOC EPITAPHIUM EDIDIT, AD SINCERAM CONTEMPLA-
 TIONEM REVERENDI IN CHRISTO PATRIS AC DOMINI,
 DOMINI JOHANNIS ISLIPPÆ ABBATIS WESTMONASTERIEN-
 SIS OPTIME MERITI, ANNO DOMINI MDXII. PRIDIE DIVI
 ANDRÆ APOSTOLI, &c. *

*Tristia Melpomenes cogor modo plectra sonare ,
 Hos elegos foveat Cynthius ille meos.
 Si quas fata movent lacrymas, lacrymare videtur
 Jam bene maturum, si bene mente sapis.
 Flos Britonum, regum speculum, Salomonis imago,
 Septimus Henricus mole sub hac tegitur.
 Punica, dum regnat, redolens rosa digna vocari,
 Jam jam marcescit, ceu levis umbra fugit.
 Multa novercantis fortunæ, multa faventis
 Passus, et infractus tempus utrumque tulit. 10
 Nobilis Anchises, armis metuendus Atrides,
 Hic erat ; hunc Scottus rex timuit Jacobus.
 Spiramenta animæ vegetans dum vescitur aura,
 Francorum populus conticuit pavidus.*

* This and the next piece from Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, collated with the poems as given in *Reges, Reginae, Nobiles, et alii in Ecclesia Collegiata B. Petri Westmonasterii sepulti*, &c., 1603, 4to.

Immensas sibi divitias cumulasse quid horres?

Ni cumulasset opes, forte, Britanne, luas.

Urgentes casus t cita si mente volutes,

Vix tibi sufficeret aurea ripa Tagi.

Ni sua te probitas consulta mente laborans

Rexisset satius, vix tibi tuta salus. 20

Sed quid plura cano? medians quid plura voluto?

Quisque vigil sibi sit: mors sine lege rapit.

Ad Dominum, qui cuncta regit, pro principe tanto

Funde preces quisquis carmina nostra legis.

Vel mage, si placeat, hunc timuit Jacobus,*

Scottorum dominus, qui sua fata luit;

Quem Leo Candidior Rubeum necat ense Leonem,

Et jacet usque modo non tumulatus humo.

Refrigerii sedem, quietis beatitudinem, luminis

habeat claritatem. Amen.

EULOGIUM PRO SUORUM TEMPORUM CONDITIONE, TANTIS

PRINCIPIBUS NON INDIGNUM, PER SKELTONIDA

LAUREATUM, ORATOREM REGIUM.

Huc, pia Calliope, propera, mea casta puella,

Et mecum resona carmina plena deo.

* *humo*] Not in *Reges*, &c. These lines (containing an allusion to the battle of Flodden) are of a later date than the preceding poem, to the 12th verse of which they are intended as a sort of note. This is not the only passage in our author's Latin pieces where two pentameters occur without an intervening hexameter: see conclusion of *The Garlande of Laurell*.

*Septimus Henricus, Britonum memorabilis heros,
Anglica terra, tuus magnanimus Priamus,
Attalus hic opibus, rigidus Cato, clarus Acestes,
Sub gelido clausus marmore jam recubat.*

*Sic honor omnis, opes, probitas, sic gloria regum,
Omnia nutabunt mortis ad imperium.*

*Anglia, num lacrymas? rides; lacrymare quid
obstas?*

*Dum vixit, lacrymas; dum moritur, jubilas. 10
Canta, tamen penses, dum vixerat, Angligenenses
Vibrabant enses, bella nec ulla timent.*

*Undique bella fremunt nunc, undique praelia
surgunt:*

*Noster honor solus, filius, ecce, suus!
Noster honor solus, qui pondera tanta subire
Non timet, intrepidus arma gerenda vocat;
Arma gerenda vocat, (superi sua caepta secun-
dent!)*

*Ut quatiat Pallas aegida saepe rogat.
Sors tamen est versanda diu, sors ultima belli:
Myrmidonum dominus Marte silente ruit; 20
Et quem non valuit validis superare sub armis
Mars, tamen occubuit insidiis Paridis.*

*Nos incerta quidem pro certis ponere rebus
Arguit, et prohibet Delius ipse pater.
Omnia sunt hominum dubio labentia fato,
Marte sub incerto militat omnis homo.
Omne decus nostrum, nostra et spes unica
tantum,*

Jam bene qui regnat, hunc Jovis umbra tegat!

Ut quamvis mentem labor est inhibere volentem,
Pauca tamen liceat dicere pace sua : 30
Pace tua liceat mihi nunc tibi dicere pauca,
Dulce meum decus, et sola Britannia salus.
Summa rei nostræ remanet, celeberrime princeps,
In te præcipuo, qui modo sceptrâ geris.
Si tibi fata favent, faveant precor atque precabor,
Anglia, tunc plaude ; sin minus, ipsa vale.

Polychronitudo basileos.

TETRASTICHON VERITATIS.

Felix qui bustum formasti, rex, tibi cuprum ;
Auro si tectus fueras, fueras spoliatus,
Nudus, prostratus, tanta est rabiosa cupido
Undique nummorum : rex, pace precor requiescas.
Amen.

SKELTON LAUREATE AGAINST THE
SCOTTES. *

AGAYNST the prowde Scottes clatterynge,
That neuer wyll leaue theyr tratlynge :
Wan they the felde, and lost theyr kynge?
They may well say, fye on that wynnynge!

Lo, these fonde sottes
And tratlynge Scottes,
How thei are blynde
In theyr owne mynde,
And wyll not know
Theyr ouerthrow
At Branxton more!
They are so stowre,
So frantyke mad,
They say they had
And wan the felde
With spere and shelde:

* The following pieces, called forth by the battle of Flodden, and the lines on the Battle of the Spurs annexed to them, are from the ed of Kynge and Marche of *Certaine bokes compiled by mayster Skelton*, n. d., collated with the same work, ed. Day, n. d., ed. Lant, n. d., and with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

That is as trew
As blacke is blew
And grene is gray.
What euer they say,
Jemmy is ded
And closed in led,
That was theyr owne kynge:
Fy on that wynnynge!
At Floddon hyllys
Our bowys, our byllys,
Slewe all the floure
Of theyr honoure.
Are not these Scottys
Folys and sottys,
Suche boste to make,
To prate and crake,
To face, to brace,
All voyde of grace,
So prowde of hart,
So ouerthwart,
So out of frame,
So voyde of shame,
As it is enrolde,
Wrytten and tolde
Within this quayre?
Who lyst to repayre,
And therin reed,
Shall fynde indeed
A mad rekenynge,
Consyderynge al thynge,

That the Scottis may synge
Fy on the wynnynge!

When the Scotte lyued.

Joly Jemmy, ye scorneful Scot,
Is it come vnto your lot
A solempne sumner for to be?
It greyth nought for your degre
Our kynge of Englande for to syght,
Your souerayne lord, our prynce of might:
Ye for to sende such a citacion,
It shameth all your noughty nacion,
In comparyson but kynge Koppynge
Vnto our prince, annoynted kynge.
Ye play Hob Lobbyn of Lowdean;
Ye shew ryght well what good ye can;
Ye may be lorde of Locrian, —
Chryst sence you with a frying pan! —
Of Edingborrow and Saint Ionis towne:
Adieu, syr sumner, cast of youre crowne!

When the Scot was slayne.

Continually I shall remember
The mery moneth of September,
With the ix¹ daye of the same,
For then began our myrth and game;
So that now I haue deuysed,
And in my minde I haue comprysed,

Of the prowde Scot, kynge Jemmy,
 To wryte some lyttle tragedy,
 For no maner consyderacion
 Of any sorowful lamentacion,
 But for the special consolacion
 Of all our royall Englysh nacion.

Melpomone, O Muse tragediall,
 Vnto your grace for grace now I call,
 To guyde my pen and my pen to enbybe!
 Illumyn me, your poete and your scribe,
 That with myxture of aloes and bytter gall
 I may compounde confectures for a cordiall,
 To angre the Scottes and Irysh keteringes withall,
 That late were discomfect with battayle marcyall.

Thalia, my Muse, for you also call I,
 To touche them with tauntes of your armony,
 A medley to make of myrth with sadnes,
 The hartes of England to comfort with gladnes:
 And now to begyn I wyll me adres,
 To you rehersynge the somme of my proces.

Kynge Jamy, Jemmy, Jocky my jo,
 Ye summond our kynge, — why dyd ye so?
 To you nothing it dyd accorde
 To summon our kynge, your souerayne lord.
 A kyng, a sumner! it was great wonder:
 Know ye not suger and salt asonder?
 Your sumner to saucy, to malapert,
 Your harrold in armes not yet halfe experte.
 Ye thought ye dyd yet valyauntly,
 Not worth thre skyppes of a pye:

Syr skyrgalyard, ye were so skyt,
Your wyll than ran before your wyt.

Your lege ye layd and your aly,
Your frantick fable not worth a fly,
Frenche kyng, or one or other ;
Regarded ye should your lord, your brother.
Trowid ye, Syr Jemy, his nobul grace
From you, Syr Scot, would turne his face ?
With, Gup, Syr Scot of Galawey !
Now is your pryde fall to decay.

110

Male vryd was your fals entent
For to offende your presydent,
Your souerayne lord most reuerent,
Your lord, your brother, and your regent.

In him is figured Melchisedec,
And ye were disloyall Amalec.
He is our noble Scipione,
Annoynted kyng ; and ye were none,
Thoughe ye vntruly your father haue slayne.
His tytle is true in Fraunce to raygne ;
And ye, proud Scot, Dunde, Dunbar,
Pardy, ye were his homager,
And suter to his parliament :
For your vntruth now ar ye shent.
Ye bare yourselfe somewhat to bold,
Therefore ye lost your copenhold ;
Ye were bonde tenent to his estate ;
Lost is your game, ye are checkmate.

120

Vnto the castell of Norram,
I vnderstande, to sone ye came.

130

At Branxston more and Flodden hylles,
 Our Englysh bowes, our Englysh bylles,
 Agaynst you gaue so sharpe a shower,
 That of Scotland ye lost the flower.
 The Whyte Lyon, there rampaunt of moode,
 He ragyd and rent out your hart bloode ;
 He the Whyte, and ye the Red,
 The Whyte there slew the Red starke ded.
 Thus for your guerdon quyt ar ye,
 Thanked be God in Trinite, 140
 And swete Sainct George, our ladies knyght !
 Your eye is out ; adew, good nyght !

Ye were starke mad to make a fray,
 His grace beyng out of the way :
 But, by the power and might of God,
 For your owne tayle ye made a rod.
 Ye wanted wit, syr, at a worde ;
 Ye lost your spurres, ye lost your sworde.
 Ye myght haue buskyd you to Huntley bankys ;
 Your pryde was peuysh to play such prankys : 150
 Your pouerte coude not attayne
 With our kyng royal war to mayntayne.

Of the kyng of Nauerne ye might take heed,
 Vngraciously how he doth speed :
 In double delynge so he did dreame,
 That he is kyng without a reme ;
 And, for example ye would none take,
 Experiens hath brought you in suche a brake.
 Your welth, your ioy, your sport, your play,
 Your bragyng bost, your royal aray, 160

Your beard so brym as bore at bay,
 Your Seuen Systers, that gun so gay,
 All haue ye lost and cast away.
 Thus fortune hath tourned you, I dare well
 saye,

Now from a kynge to a clot of clay :
 Out of your robes ye were shaken,
 And wretchedly ye lay starke naked.
 For lacke of grace hard was your hap :
 The Popes curse gaue you that clap.

Of the out yles the roughe foted Scottes, 170
 We haue well eased them of the bottes :
 The rude ranke Scottes, lyke dronken dranes,
 At Englysh bowes haue fetched theyr banes.
 It is not fytting¹ in tower and towne
 A sumner to were a kynges crowne :
 Fortune on you therfore did frowne ;
 Ye were to hye, ye are cast downe.
 Syr sumner, now where is your crowne ?
 Cast of your crowne, cast vp your crowne !
 Syr sumner, now ye haue lost your crowne. 180

Quod Skelton laureate, oratoure to the
 Kynges most royall estate.

*Scotia, redacta in formam provinciæ,
 Regis parebit nutibus Angliæ :
 Alioquin, per desertum Sin, super cherubim,
 Cherubin, seraphim, seraphinque, ergo, &c.*

¹ *fyting*] Other eds. "syting" and "sitting," which, perhaps, Skelton wrote, as he elsewhere uses the word.

VNTO DIUERS PEOPLE THAT REMORD THIS RYMYNGE
 AGAYNST THE SCOT JEMMY.

I AM now constrayned,
 With wordes nothyng fayned,
 This inuectiue to make,
 For some peoples sake
 That lyst for to iangyll
 And waywardly to wrangyll
 Agaynst this my makyng,
 Their males therat shakynge,
 At it reprehending,
 And venemously stingynge,
 Rebukynge and remordynge,
 And nothing accordyng.

Cause haue they none other,
 But for that he was brother,
 Brother vnnatural
 Vnto our kynge royall,
 Against whom he dyd fighte
 Falsly agaynst all ryght,
 Lyke that vntrue rebell
 Fals Kayn agaynst Abell.

Who so therat pyketh mood,
 The tokens are not good
 To be true Englysh blood;
 For, yf they vnderstood
 His traytourly dispyght,
 He was a recrayed knyght,

A subtyll sysmatyke,
 Ryght nere an heretyke,
 Of grace out of the state,
 And died excomunycate.

30

And for he was a kyng,
 The more shamefull rekenyng
 Of hym should men report,
 In earnest and in sport.
 He skantly loueth our kyng,
 That grudgeth at this thing :
 That cast such ouerthwartes
 Percase haue hollow hartes.

Si veritatem dico, quare non creditis mihi :

CHORUS DE DIS CONTRA SCOTTOS CUM OMNI PROCESSIONALI
 FESTIVITATE SOLEMNISAVIT HOC EPITOMA XXII
 DIE SEPTEMBRIS, &C.

*Salve, festa dies, toto resonabilis ævo,
 Qua Scottus Jacobus, obrutus ense, cadit.
 Barbara Scottorum gens, perfida, plena malorum,
 Vincitur ad Norram, vertitur inque fugam.
 Vasta palus, sed campestris, (borie memoratur
 Branxton more), Scottis terra perosa fuit.
 Scottica castra fremunt Floddun sub montibus
 altis,
 Quæ valide invadens dissipat Angla manus.
 Millia Scottorum trusit gens Anglica passim ;
 Luxuriat tepido sanguine pinguis humus : 10
 Pars animas miseri miseris misere sub umbras,
 Pars ruit in foveas, pars subiit latebras.
 Jam quid agit Jacobus, damnorum germine cretus?
 Perfidus ut Nemroth, lapsus ad ima ruit.
 Dic modo, Scottorum dudum male sane malorum
 Rector, nunc regeris, mortuus, ecce, jaces !
 Sic Leo te rapidus, Leo Candidus, inclytus ursit,
 Quo Leo tu Rubeus ultima fata luis.
 Anglia, duc choreas ; resonent tua tympana,
 psallas ;¹
 Da laudes Domino, da pia vota Deo. 20
 Hæc laureatus Skeltonis, regius orator.*

¹ *tympana, psallas*] Qy. "tympana psalmis?"

CHORUS DE DIS, &C. SUPER TRIUMPHALI VICTORIA CONTRA
GALLOS, &C. CANTAVIT SOLEMNITER, HOC ELOGIUM IN
PROFESTO DIVI JOHANNIS AD DECOLLATIONEM.

*Salve, festa dies, toto memorabilis ævo,
Qua rex Henricus Gallica bella premit.
Henricus rutilans Octavus noster in armis
Tirwinnæ gentis mœnia stravit humi.
Sceptriger Anglorum bello validissimus Hector,
Francorum gentis colla superba terit.
Dux armis nuper celebris, modo dux inermis,
De Longville modo dic quo tua pompa ruit?
De Clermout clarus dudum dic, Galle superbe,
Unde superbus eris? carcere nonne gemis? 10
Discite Francorum gens cætera capta, Britannum
Noscite magnanimum, subdite vosque sibi.
Gloria Cappadocis, divæ milesque Mariæ,
Illius hic sub ope Gallica regna reget.
Hoc insigne bonum, divino numine gestum,
Anglica gens referat semper, ovansque canat.
Per Skeltonida laureatum, oratorem regium.*

VILITISSIMUS · SCOTUS DUNDAS ALLEGAT CAUDAS CONTRA
ANGLIGENAS.

*Caudatos Anglos, spurcissime Scote, quid effers?
Effrons es, quoque sons, mendax, tua spurcaque
bucca est.*

*Anglicus a tergo
caudam gerit;
est cunis ergo.*

*Anglice caudate,
cape caudam
ne cadat a te.*

*Ex causa caudæ
manet Anglica
gens sine laude.*

*Diffamas patriam, qua non
est melior usquam.*

*Cum cauda plaudis dum
possis, ad ostia pultas
Mendicans; mendicus eris,
mendaxque bilinguis,*

¹ *Vilitissimus*] So, perhaps, Skelton wrote; but qy. "Vilissimus?"—This poem from Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

*Scabidus, horribilis, quem
vermes sexque pedales
Corrodunt misere ; miseris
genus est maledictum.*

Skelton, *nobilis poeta.*

Gup, Scot,
Ye blot :
Laudate
Caudate,
Set in better
Thy pentameter.
This Dundas,
This Scottishe as,
He rymes and railles
That Englishmen haue tailles.

10

Skeltonus laureatus,
Anglicus natus,
Provocat Musas
Contra Dundas
Spurcissimum Scotum.
Undique notum,
Rustice fotum,
Vapide potum.
Skelton laureat
After this rate
Defendeth with his pen
All Englysh men
Agayn Dundas,
That Scottishe asse.

20

Shake thy tayle, Scot, lyke a cur,
 For thou beggest at euery mannes dur :
 Tut, Scot, I sey,
 Go shake thy ¹ dog, hey !
 Dundas of Galaway
 With thy versyfyeng rayles 30
 How they haue tayles.
 By Jesu Christ,
 Fals Scot, thou lyst :
 But behynd in our hose
 We bere there a rose
 For thy Scottyshe nose,
 A spectacle case
 To couer thy face,
 With tray deux ase.
 A tolman to blot, 40
 A rough foted Scot !
 Dundas, sir knaue,
 Why doste thow depraue
 This royall reame,
 Whose radiant beame
 And relucen light
 Thou hast in despite,
 Thou donghyll knyght ?
 But thou lakest might,
 Dundas, dronken and drowsy, 50
 Skabed, scuruy, and lowsy,
 Of vnhappy generacion
 And most vngracious nacion.

¹ *thy*] Qy. "thé?" but see notes.

Dundas,
That dronke asse,
That ratis and rankis,
That prates and pranke
On Huntley bankes,
Take this our thanks ;
Dunde, Dunbar,
Walke, Scot,
Walke, sot,
Rayle not to far.

ELEGIA IN SERENISSIMÆ PRINCIPIS ET DOMINÆ, DOMINÆ
 MARGARETÆ NUPER COMITISSÆ DE DERBY, STRENUISSIMI
 REGIS HENRICI SEPTIMI MATRIS, FUNEBRE MINISTERIUM,
 PER SKELTONIDA LAUREATUM, ORATOREM REGIUM, XVI.
 DIE MENSIS AUGUSTI, ANNO SALUTIS MDXVI. *

*Aspirate meis elegis, pia turma sororum,
 Et Margaretam collacrymate piam.
 Hac sub mole latet regis celeberrima mater
 Henrici magni, quem locus iste fovet ;
 Quem locus iste sacer celebri celebrat polyandro,
 Illius en genitrix hac tumulatur humo !
 Cui cedat Tanaquil (Titus hanc super astra re-
 portet),
 Cedat Penelope, carus Ulixis amor :
 Huic Abigail, velut Hester, erat pietate secunda :
 En tres jam proceres nobilitate pares !
 Pro domina, precor, implora, pro principe tanta
 Flecte Deum precibus, qui legis hos apices.
 Plura referre piget, calamus torpore rigescit,
 Dormit Mecænas, negligitur probitas ;
 Nec juvat, aut modicum prodest, nunc ultima versu
 Fata recensere (mortua mors reor est).*

* From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, collated with the piece as given in *Reges, Reginae, Nobiles, et alii in Ecclesia Collegiata B. Petri Westmonasterii sepulti, &c.*, 1603, 4to.

*Quæris quid decus est? decus est modo dicier
hircus;*

*Cedit honos hirco, cedit honorque capro.
Falleris ipse Charon; iterum surrexit Abyron,
Et Stygios remos despicit ille tuos.* 20

*Vivitur ex voto: mentis præcordia tangunt
Nulla sepulcra ducum, nec monumenta patrum;
Non regum, non ulla hominum labentia fato
Tempora, nec totiens mortua turba ruens.
Hinc statuo certe perituræ parcere chartæ,
Ceu Juvenalis avert eximius satirus.*

Distichon execrationis in phagolædoros.

*Qui lacerat, violatve rapit præsens epitoma,
Hunc laceretque voret Cerberus absque mora!*

*Calon, agaton, cum areta. Re. in pa.
Hanc tecum statuas dominam, precor, O sator orbis,
Quo regnas rutilans rex sine fine manens!*

WHY were ye *Calliope* embrawdred with letters
of golde? *

SKELTON LAUREATE, ORATO. REG. MAKETH THIS
AUNSWERE, &c.

CALLIOPE,
As ye may se,
Regent is she
Of poetes al,
Whiche gaued to me
The high degre
Laureat to be
Of fame royall;
Whose name enrolde
With silke and golde
I dare be bolde
Thus for to were.
Of her I holde
And her housholde;
Though I waxe olde
And somdele sere,
Yet is she fayne,

* These pieces on Calliope from Marshe's ed. of Skelton's
Workes, 1568.

Voyde of disdayn,
 Me to retayne
 Her seruiture :
 With her certayne
 I wyll remayne,
 As my souerayne
 Moost of pleasure,
Maulgre touz malheureux.

Latinum Carmen Sequitur.

Cur tibi contexta est aurea Calliope?

RESPONSIO EJUSDEM VATIS.

*Candida Calliope, vatum regina, coronans
 Pierios lauro, radiante intexta sub auro!
 Hanc ego Pierius tanto dignabor honore,
 Dum mihi vita manet, dum spiritus hos regit artus :
 Quamquam conficior senio marcescoque sensim,
 Ipse tamen gestare sua hæc pia pignora certo,
 Assensuque suo placidis parebo camenis.
 Inclyta Calliope, et semper mea maxima cura est.*

Hæc Pierius omni Spartano liberior.

CALLIOPE,

Musarum excellentissima, speciosissima, formosissima, heroicis præest versibus.

THE BOKE OF THREE FOOLLES.*

M. SKELTON, POETE LAUREATE, GAUE TO MY LORD
CARDYNALL.

THE FYRST FOOLE.

THE man that doth wed a wyfe
For her goodes and her rychesse,
And not for lygnage femynatyfe,
Procureth doloure and dystresse,
With infynyte payne and heynesse ;
For she wyll do hym moche sorowe,
Bothe at eyn and at morowe.

THE SECONDE FOOLE.

The dartes ryght cursed of Ennye
Hath rayned sythe the worlde began,
Whiche bryngeth man euydently
Into the bondes of Sathan ;
Wherfore he is a dyscrete man
That can eschewe that euyll synne
Where body and soule is lost in.

THE THYRD FOOLE.

Dyuers by voluptuousnes
Of women, the which be present,

* From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

Be brought into full great dystres,
 Forgettingt vertues excellent
 Of God, the whych is permanent,
 And suffreth themselfe to be bounde
 In cordes, as it were a hounde.

Come hyther, and take this boke, and rede therein for your lernyng with clere iyen, and loke in this boke, that sheweth you folysh fooles without wyt or vnderstanding. Pecunious fooles, that bee auaryce, and for to haue good tyme and to lyue meryly, weddeth these olde wyddred women, whych hath sakes full of nobles, claryfye here your syghte, and ye shal know what goodnes commeth therby, and what joye and gladnes. Some there be that habandoneth themselfe for to gather togyther the donge that yssueth oute of theyr asses arse, for to fynde euermore grese: it is grete foly trulye; but yet the yonge man is more folyssher the whiche weddeth an olde wyfe, for to haue her golde and syluer. I say that he is a great foole that taketh anne olde wyfe for her goodes, and is much to blame.

They the whiche do so procureth all trybulations; for with her he shall neither haue ioy, recreacion, nor rest. He noryssheth stryfes and greate debates, thoughte, payne, anguyshe, and melancoly: and yf he wolde accomplysse the workes of maryage, hee may not, for shee is so debylyte, colde, vnpropyce, vnnaturall, and vndys-

urrente, for the coldenes that is in her. The husbände of this olde wyfe hath none esperance to haue lygnage by her, for he neuer loued her. The man is a verye foole to make his demoraunce vpon such an olde wife. Whan he thinketh sometime vpon such thynges, he leseth his naturall wit, in cursynge hymselfe more then a m. tymes with the golde and the syluer, and the cursed hasarde of Fortune. And when he seeth his poore lyfe in suche dystresse, his hert is all oppressed with melancoly and dolour: but whan the vnhappye man seeth that it is force, and that hee is constrained to haue pacience, he putteth his cure to draw to hym the money of the olde wyddred woman in makyng to her glade chere. And whan hee hath the money and the bagge with nobles, God knoweth what chere he maketh, wythoute thynkinge on them that gathered it. And when he hath spente al, he is more vnhappyer than hee was before. Yf that the foole be vnhappye, it is well ryghte, for hee hath wedded auaryce, mother of all euylles: yf hee had taken a wyfe that had ben fayre and yonge, after his complection, he had not fallen into so great an inconuenience. It is wryten in auncient bokes, that hee whiche weddeth a wyfe by auaryce, and not for to haue lygnage, hath no cure of the honestie of matrymonye, and thynketh full euyll on his conscience. The vnyon of maryage is decayed; for, vnder the coloure of good and loyall maryage, is wedded auaryce, as

we se euery day by experience through the world. And one wil haue a wife, and that hee marke his to be demaunded in maryage, they will enquire of his ryches and conninge. And on the other syde he wyl demaunde great goodes with her, to norysshe her with : for and her father and mother and frendes haue no greate ryches, he wyl not of her ; but and she be ryche, hee demaundeth none other thyng. It is written, that one were better haue his house in deserte, whereas no mencion shoulde be of hym, thenne to bide with suche wyues, for they be replete with all cursednes. And the pore foole breketh his hearte ; he loseth his soule, and corrompeth his body. He selleth his youth vnto the olde wife that weddeth her for auaryce, and hath but noyse and discention, in vsyng his lyfe thus in synne. Consydre, you fooles, what seruytude ye put your self in, when ye wedde such wyues. I pray you be chast, if that ye wyl lyue without vnhap. My frends, whiche be not in that bande, put you not therin, and yee shalbe well happy. Notwithstanding, I defende you not to mary, but I exhorte you to take a wyfe that ye may haue progeny by, and solace bodely and gostly, and thereby to wyn the ioyes of Paradyse.

OF ENUYE, THE SECONDE FOOLE.

Approche, you folyshe enuyous, the which can say no good by them that ye hate, come and se in this booke youre peruerse and euyll condicions.

O Enuy, that deuoureth the condycions of men, and dyssypers of honour! Thou makest to haue rauisshynge heartes famyshed; thou brennest the desyres, and sleeth the soule in the ende; thou engendrest the darte enuyronned with mischefe, that whiche traueyleth diuers folkes. Cursed foole, howe haste thou thy heart so replete with cruelte? for, if I haue temporall goodes, thou wilt haue enuye therat; or, if that I can worke well, and that I apply mee vnto dyuers thynges the whiche be honest, or if that I haue castels, landes, and tenementes, or if that I am exalted vnto honoure by my science, or won it by my hardynes truely and iustlye, or if that I am beloued of dyuers persons whiche reclaymeth mee good and vertuous and of a noble courage, thou wylt vilepende me with thy wordes: thou wottest neuer in what maner thou mayst adnychell mine honour. Thy malicious hert is hurt with a mortall wounde, in such wise that thou haste no ioye nor solace in this world, for the darte of Enuye perceth thy herte lyke a spere. Thou hast wylde lycoure, the whiche maketh all thy stomacke to be on a flambe. There is no medicyne that maye hele thy mortall wounde. I, beyng in a place where as myne honoure was magnyfyed, thoughte for to haue taken alyauce with an odyfferaunt floure, but all sodaynely I was smyten with a darte of Enuye behinde my backe, wherthroughe all tho that were on my partye turned theyr

backes vpon me, for to agree to one of Venus dissolate seruantes, procedynge frome a hearte enuened with enuye. Wherefore I shall specyfy vnto you the condycyons of the enuyous. Who that holdeth hym of the subgetes of Enuye, she constytueth to deuoure and byte euery bodye; gyuyng vnappes and myseryes vnto her seruantes. Suche folkes doth the innocente a thousande wronges. They be replenysshed with so many treasons, that they can not slepe in theyr beddes; they haue no swete cantycles nor songs. They haue theyr tonges honyed with swete words vnder the coloure of loue; they be lene, and infecte of rygoure these enuyous, more bytterer thenne the gall of the fyshe glauca, wyth theyr eyen beholdinge a trauers, of stomackes chaufed syntillously, and without their mouthes, as the vyne that is newe cut, they be enuyroned with rage and greate anguysshe, beholdynge euermore to destroy some body. Conceyue the history of Joseph in your myndes, the which had vii. brethren, that were enuyous against him which was the yongeste, and solde hym vnto the marchauntes of Egypte by enuy, and betrayed him; the which were delybered of a longe time to haue destroyed him. These enuious neuer laughe but whan some good man hath damage vpon the see or lande; or at the disfortune of some body, he drynketh his bloud as milke. Notwithstandinge his heart is euer embraced with enuy, and as longe

as he lyueth it shall gnawe his hert. Hee resembleth vnto Ethna whiche brenneth alwayes. As of Romulus, and Remus his brother, the whiche Romulus edefyed first Rome, and gaue it to name Rome, after his owne name. Neuertheles they were pastours, for they establyshed lawes in the citie. And Romulus punished euerye body egally. He dyd instytute lymittes or markes aboute the citie, and ordeyned that he that passed the lymyttes shuld be put to death. His brother passed them, wherfore he was put vnto death incontinente in the same place. Wee rede also how Cayme slewe his owne brother by enuye. Haue we not ensample semblablye of Atreus, of whom his brother occupied the parke, howe well that they were in the realme stronge and puyssaunte, for to defende them? It was Thesius that expulsed his brother oute of the realme by enuy, and was called agayne bycause that he had taken the parke, and fynally was banyshed, and by enuye and vnder the colour of peace he was sent for. And when hee was commen vnto a feast, he made his two children for to be rested, and made them to drynke their bloude. O what horroure was it to see his twoo children dye that were so dyscrete! In lykewise Ethiocles by his brethren receyued great enormyties by that cursed Enuye. O thou prudent man, if thou wilt be discrete, good, and wise, flye from Enuy, and thou shalt finde thy selfe sounde of body and soule!

OF THE VOLUPTUOUSNES CORPORALL, THE THIRD
FOOLE.

Ryghte heartely I beseche you, foylysshe and lecherous people, that it will please you for to come and make a litell collacion in this booke; and if there be any thinge that I can do for you, I am all yours both body and goodes; for truelye I haue an ardaunte desyre to doo you some meritorious¹ dede, bicause that I haue euer frequented your seruyce.

Nowe herken what I haue found you, cautellous women. They that the pappes be sene all naked, their heyre combed and trussed in dyuers places merueylously, be vnreasonable fooles, for they dresse them like voluptuous harlottes, that make their heyre to appere at theyr browes, yalowe as fine golde, made in lytel tresses for to drawe yonge folke to theyr loue. Some, for to haue their goodes, presenteth to theim their beddes for to take their carnall desires; and after that they haue taken all their disportes, they pill them as an onion. The other, for to haue their plesures mondayne, cheseth them that she loueth best, and maketh sygnyfyauce to them, sayeng that she is anamoured on them. Thou art a verye idyot so to abandone thy selfe vnto the vyle synne of lecherye, for thou lettest thy selfe be wrapped

¹ *meritorious*] ed. "meditorious." C.

therein, lyke as a calfe or a shepe is bounde in a corde, in suche wise that ye can not vnbynde youre selfe. O foole, haue aspecte vnto that whiche thou commyttest! for thou putttest thy poore soule in great daunger of damnation eternall; thou putttest thy goodes, thyne vnderstandinge, and thy ioy, vnto dolorous perdicion: and for all that yee bee in your wor[1]dly pleasures, yet it is mengled with dystres or with mysery, greate thoughte or melancoly. I requyre thee, leue thy wor[1]dlye pleasures, that endureth no lenger then the grasse of the feeelde. Yf you haue ioye one only momente, thou shalt haue twayne of sorow for it. Wee rede of Sardanapalus, that for his lecherye and lybidinosite fell into hell; the whiche put him selfe in the guise of a poore woman: his men, seinge hym so obstinate in that vile sinne, slewe him, and so fynished hee his dayes for folowinge of his pleasaunce mondayne. The soueraigne Creatour was more puyssante thenne this wretched sinner. Let vs not apply our selfe therto, sith that hee punysheth sinners so asprely; but with all our hertes enforce we our selfe for to resist againste that vyle and abhomynable sinne of lechery, the whiche is so full of enfeccion and bytternes, for it distayneth the soule of man. Fle frome the foolisshe women, that pylleth the louers vnto the harde bones, and you shal be beloued of God and also of the worlde

*Honorificatissimo, * amplissimo, longeque reverendissimo in Christo patri, ac domino, domino Thomæ, &c. tituli sanctæ Cecilïæ, sacrosanctæ Romanæ ecclesiæ presbytero, Cardinali meritissimo, et apostolicæ sedis legato, a latereque legato superillustri, &c., Skeltonis laureatus, ora. reg., humillimum dicit obsequium cum omni debita reverentia, tanto tamque magnifico digna principe sacerdotum, totiusque justitiæ æquabilissimo moderatore, necnon præsentis opusculi fautore excellentissimo, &c., ad cujus auspiciatissimam contemplationem, sub memorabili prelo gloriosæ immortalitatis, præsens pagella felicitatur, &c.*

A REPLYCACION AGAYNST CERTAYNE YONG SCOLERS
ABIURED OF LATE, &c.

Argumentum.

*Crassantes nimium, nimium sterilesque labruscas,
Vinea quas Domini Sabaot non sustinet ultra
Laxius expandi, nostra est resecare voluntas.*

Cum privilegio a rege indulto.

* The portion of this piece given on the present page forms the title-page of the original edition by Pynson, n. d.

Protestacion alway canonically prepensed, professed, and with good delyberacion made, that this lytell pamphilet, called the Replicacion of Skelton laureate, ora. reg., remordyng dyuers recrayed and moche vnresonable errorrs of certayne sophystycate scolars and rechelesse yonge heretykes lately abiured, &c. shall euermore be, with all obsequious redynesse, humbly submytted vnto the ryght discrete reformacyon of the reuerende prelates and moche noble doctours of our mother holy Church, &c.

Ad almam Universitatem Cantabrigensem, &c.

Eulogium consolationis.

Alma parens O Cantabrigensis,

Cur lacrymaris? Esto, tui sint

Degeneres hi filioli, sed

Non ob inertes, O pia mater,

Insciolos vel decolor esto.

Progenies non nobilis omnis,

Quam tua forsam mamma fovebat.

Tu tamen esto Palladis almæ

Gloria pollens plena Minervæ,

Dum radiabunt astra polorum:

Jamque valet, meque foveto,

Namque tibi quondam carus alumnus eram.

Cantabria
Skeltonidi
laureato pri-
mam mam-
mam erudi-
tionis pien-
tissime pro-
pinavit.

Zebub mus-
ca inflativa
sibilans ab
austro, quæ
intumescere
facit hæresi-
archas con-
tra fidem or-
thodoxam,
&c. h. il.
Eruditionis
exordium in
tenera auda-
cique juven-
ta temperatæ
moderationis
frenum pos-
tulat. Alio-
quin scientia
effrenata in-
flataque spu-
ma elationis, quod dulce venenum est, subtiliter intoxicat interimitque
incantum possessorem suum, &c. h. il. Non sit igitur tibi, Philologia,
ratione intemperatæ loquacitatis suæ, inordinatæ dicacitatis, incogi-
tatæ procacitatis, in singulum et scrupulum cordis tui, &c. h. il.
Eloquentiam sine sapientia prodesse nunquam, obesse plerumque, sa-
tis constat evidenter i. veterum rhetoris.

How yong scolders nowe a dayes en-
boldned with the flyblowen blast of the
moche vayne glorious pipplyng wynde,
whan they haue delectably lycked a
lytell of the lycorous electuary of lusty
lernyng, in the moche studious scole-
hous of scrupulous Philology, countyng
them selfe clerkes excellently enformed
and transcendingly sped in moche high
connyng, and whan they haue ones su-
perciliusly caught

Rhetorica-
ri incompo-
site, logicari
meticulose,
philosophari
perfunctorie,
theologisari
phrenetice,
arguit in
concionatore
nedum luci-
dum inter-
vallum, sed
continuum
peruincem-
que mentis
alienation-
em, fæculen-
tam, amur-
catam, temu-
lentam, &c.
hæc il. Vos
ergo ele-
phantice
evangeiizan-
tes, tanquam

A lytell ragge of rethorike,
A lesse lumpe of logyke,
A pece or a patche of philosophy,
Than forthwith by and by
They tumble so in theology,
Drowned in dregges of diuinite,
That they iuge them selfe able to be
Doctours of the chayre in the Uyntre
At the Thre Cranes,
To magnifye their names :
But madly it frames,
For all that they preche and teche
Is farther than their wytte wyll reche.
Thus by demeryttes of their abusyon,

Finally they fall to carefull confusyon
To beare a fagot, or to be enflamed:
Thus are they vndone and vtterly
shamed.

anseris stre-
pentes inter
canoros olo-
res, relega-
mus ad tres
grues bac-
chato Bro-
mio initiatos,
pro foribus

Vinitoris, propter fluentia Thamisiæ. Ubi poti potati cum fasciculo
Inambusto ambustum futurum fasciculum pensitate, &c. hæc il.

Ergo

*Licet non enclitice,
Tamen enthymematice,
Notandum imprimis,
Ut ne quid nimis.
Tantum pro primo.*

Ouer this, for a more ample processe
to be farther delated and contynued,
and of euery true christenman lauda-
bly to be employed, iustifyed, and con-
stantly mainteyned; as touchyng the
tetrycall theologisacion of these demy
diuines, and Stoicall studiantes, and fris-
caioly yonkerkyns, moche better bayned
than brayned, basked and baththed in
their wylde burblyng and boyling blode,
feruently reboyled with the infatuate
flames of their rechelesse youthe and
wytlesse wontonnesse, enbrased and en-
terlased with a moche fantastical frenesy
of their insensate sensualityte, surmysed

Stoicam
sectam Ze-
non primus
instituit.

Juvenes
sanguinolenti,
propter
libidinem do-
minandi et
gloriam fa-
mæ, fre-
quenter fieri
solent sediti-
osi. hæc
Dias.

Perihermenias, Latine interpretatio, &c.

Porphyrius floruit Athenis tempore Gordiani imperatoris
C.C.XLIX. &c.

Analytica, libri priorum et posteriorum Aris.

Topica, i. liber totalis de totalibus locis, &c.

Presumere, est non audenda facere, &c.

De idolatria lege Hieronymum ad Jovenianum, &c.

Idolatria dictio composita ex idolo (quod est simulacrum) et latria (quod est cultura) apud nos, &c.

De latria, hyperdulia,

dulia, quid sanctitas apostolica cum Constantino magno Constantinopoli ordinavit in concilio Latrensi, manifeste reperies et infra.

vnsurely in their perihermeniall principles, to prate and to preche proudly and leudly, and loudly to lye; and yet they were but febly enformed in maister Porphyris problemes, and haue waded but weakly in his thre maner of clerkly workes, analeticall, topicall, and logycall: howbeit they were puffed so full of vaynglorious pompe and surcudant elacyon, that popholy and peuysshe presumption prouoked them to publysshe and to preche to people imprudent perilously, howe it was idolatry to offre to ymages of our blessed lady, or to pray and go on pylgrimages, or to make oblacions to any ymages of sayntes in churches or els where.

Agaynst whiche erronyous errors, odyous, orgulyous, and flyblowen opynions, &c.,

To the honour of our blessed lady,
And her most blessed baby,
I purpose for to reply

Agaynst this horryble heresy
Of these yong heretikes, that stynke
vnbrent,

Conuenio vos, O publici injuriatores sanctæ et apostolicæ ecclesiæ, &c.

Whom I nowe sommon and content,
 That leudly haue their tyme spent,
 In their study abhomynable,
 Our glorious lady to disable,
 And heynously on her to bable
 With langage detestable ;
 With your lypes polluted
 Agaynst her grace disputed,
 Whiche is the most clere christall
 Of all pure clenness virgynall,
 That our Sauyour bare,
 Whiche vs redemed from care.

I saye, thou madde Marche hare,
 I wondre howe ye dare
 Open your ianglyng iawes,
 To preche in any clawes,
 Lyke pratyng poppyng dawes,
 Agaynst her excellence,
 Agaynst her reuerence,
 Agaynst her preemynence,
 Agaynst her magnifycence,
 That neuer dyde offence.

Ye heretykes recrayed,
 Wotte ye what ye sayed
 Of Mary, mother and mayed ?
 With baudrie at her ye brayed ;
 With baudy wordes vnmete
 Your tonges were to flete ;
 Your sermon was nat swete ;
 Ye were nothyng discrete ;

O prodigiosa progenies, qualem de filio quæritis habere misericordiam, cuius matrem inficiamini esse matrem misericordiæ ?
 30 Canit tamē universalis ecclesia, Salve, regina, mater misericordiæ, &c.

Conuenio vos, O Ariani, Juliano apostata execrabiliorea &c.

Conuenio vos, O spurcissimi, O vilissimi, O nequissimi obtretratores matris Christi, &c.

Convenio
vos, O in-
sati litera-
rum profes-
sores, &c.

Ye were in a dronken hete.
Lyke heretykes confettred,
Ye count yourselve wele lettred :
Your lernyng is starke nought,
For shamefully ye haue wrought,
And to shame your selfe haue brought.

Convenio
vos, O Jebu-
sæi, O Ju-
dæi. O Ca-
nanæi, O
Pharisæi,
&c.

Bycause ye her mysnamed,
And wolde haue her defamed, 60
Your madnesse she attamed ;
For ye were worldly shamed,
At Poules crosse openly,
All men can testifye ;

Non vacat,
O contemp-
tores Mari-
ani, non va-
cat, inquam,
quod digna
factis rece-
pistis in dei-
paræ virgi-
nis concep-
tione, &c.
hæc il.

There, lyke a sorte of sottes,
Ye were fayne to beare fagottes ;
At the feest of her conception
Ye suffred suche correction.

Sive per æquivocum,

Sive per univocum, 70
Sive sic, sive nat so,

Ye are brought to, Lo, lo, lo !

Convenio
vos, O ma-
lesani, vani,
profani
Christiani.

Se where the heretykes go,
Wytlesse wandring to and fro !
With, Te he, ta ha, bo ho, bo ho !
And suche wondringes many mo.
Helas, ye wreches, ye may be wo !
Ye may syng wele away,

And curse bothe nyght and day,
Whan ye were bredde and borne, 80

Convenio
vos, O Hus-
siani, &c.

And whan ye were preestes shorne,
Thus to be laughed to skorne,

Thus tattred and thus torne,
 Thorowe your owne foly,
 To be blowen with the flye
 Of horryble heresy.

Fayne ye were to reny,
 And mercy for to crye,
 Or be brende by and by,
 Confessyng howe ye dyde lye 90
 In prechyng shamefully.

Your selfe thus ye discured
 As clerkes vnassured,
 With ignorance obscured :

Ye are vnhappely vred.
 In your dialecticall
 And principles silogisticall,
 If ye to remembrance call

Howe *sylogisari*
Non est ex particulari, 100

Neque negativis,
Recte concludere si vis,
Et cætera id genus,

Ye coude nat *corde tenus,*
 Nor answer *verbo tenus,*
 Whan prelacy you opposed ;
 Your hertes than were hosed,
 Your relations reposed ;

And yet ye supposed
Respondere ad quantum, 110

But ye were *confuse tantum,*
 Surrendring your supposycions,

Convenio
 vos, O Lu-
 theriani.

Neque
 non, neque
 legas.

Quoniam
 ignorantibus
 suppositio-
 nes veritatis
 propositio-
 num non re-
 lucent, &c.

For there ye myst you[r] quosshons.

Wolde God, for your owne ease,

Harpocra-
tes digito la-
biis impresso
admonuit si-
lentium fieri
in Isidis tem-
plo, &c.

Conuenio
vos, O coax-
antes ranæ,
&c.

That wyse Harpocrates

Had your mouthes stopped,

And your tonges cropped,

Whan ye logyke chopped,

And in the pulpete hopped,

And folysshly there fopped,

And porissbly forthe popped

Your sismaticate sawes

Agaynst Goddes lawes,

And shewed your selfe dawes!

Ye argued argumentes,

As it were vpon the elenkes,

De rebus apparentibus

Et non existentibus;

And ye wolde appere wyse,

But ye were folysshe nyse:

Yet be meanes of that vyse

Ye dyde prouoke and tyse,

Oftnar than ones or twyse,

Many a good man

And many a good woman,

By way of their deuocion

To helpe you to promocion,

Whose charite wele regarded

Can nat be vnrewarded.

Conuenio
os, O Hero-
ani.

I saye it for no sedicion,

But vnder pacient tuicyon,

It is halfe a supersticyon

120

130

140

To gyue you exhibycion
 To mainteyne with your skoles,
 And to proue your selfe suche foles.

Some of you had ten pounce,
 Therwith for to be founde
 At the vnyuersyte,
 Employed whiche myght haue be
 Moche better other wayes. 150

Obscurus
 sarcasmos.

But, as the man sayes,
 The blynde eteth many a flye:
 What may be ment hereby,
 Ye may soone make construction
 With right lytell instruction;
 For it is an aunycnt brute,
 Suche apple tre, suche frute.
 What shulde I prosecute,
 Or more of this to clatter?
 Retourne we to our matter. 160

Ex fructu-
 bus eorum
 cognoscetis
 eos, &c.

Ye soored ouer hye
 In the ierarchy
 Of Iouenyans heresy,
 Your names to magnifye,
 Among the scabbed skyes
 Of Wycliffes flesshe flyes;
 Ye strynged so Luthers lute,
 That ye dawns all in a sute
 The heritykes ragged ray,
 That bringes you out of the way 170
 Of holy churches lay;
 Ye shayle *inter enigmata*

Sublimius
 æquo aucu-
 pium agunt,
 &c.

Conuenio
 vos, O Wich-
 lististæ.

And *inter paradigmata*,
 Marked in your cradels
 To beare fagottes for babyls.

And yet some men say,
 Howe ye are this day,
 And be nowe as yll,
 And so ye wyll be styll,
 As ye were before. 186

What shulde I recken more ?

Conuenio
 vos, O ver-
 bosi sophis-
 tæ, &c.

Men haue you in suspicion
 Howe ye haue small contrycion
 Of that ye haue mys wrought :
 For, if it were well sought,
 One of you there was
 That laughed whan he dyd pas
 With his fagot in processyon ;
 He counted it for no correction,
 But with scornfull affection 190
 Toke it for a sporte,
 His heresy to supporte ;
 Whereat a thousande gased,
 As people halfe amased,
 And thought in hym smale grace
 His foly so to face.

Some iuged in this case
 Your penaunce toke no place,
 Your penaunce was to lyght ;
 And thought, if ye had right, 200
 Ye shulde take further payne
 To resorte agayne

Conuenio
 vos, O dia-
 bolici dog-
 matistæ, &c.

To places where ye haue preched,
 And your lollardy lernyng teched,
 And there to make relacion
 In open predycacion,
 And knowlege your offence
 Before open audyence,
 Howe falsely ye had surmysed,
 And deuylllysshely deuyssed 210
 The people to seduce,
 And chase them thorowe the muse
 Of your noughty counsell,
 To hunt them into hell,
 With blowyng out your hornes,
 Full of mockysshe scornes,
 With chatyng and rechatyng,
 And your busy pratyng :
 Of the goppell and the pystels
 Ye pyke out many thystels,
 And bremely with your bristels
 Ye cobbles and ye clout
 Holy Scripture so about,
 That people are in great dout
 And feare lest they be out
 Of all good Christen order.
 Thus all thyng ye disorder
 Thorowe out euery bord[e]r.

It had ben moche better
 Ye had neuer lerned letter, 220
 For your ignorance is gretter,
 I make you fast and sure,

220 Sunt ple-
 rique alii,
 sed non
 alieni, qui
 tantumdem
 pæne enun-
 tiant, &c.

220 Convenio
 vos, male
 docti legistæ,
 &c.

Than all your lytterature.
 Ye are but lydder *logici*,
 But moche worse *isagogici*,
 For ye haue enduced a secte
 With heresy all infecte ;
 Wherefore ye are well checte,
 And by holy churche correcte,
 And in maner as abiecte,
 For euermore suspecte,
 And banysshed in effect
 From all honest company,
 Bycause ye haue eaten a flye,
 To your great vyllony,
 That neuer more may dye.

Conuenio
 vos, O hypo-
 critæ, &c.

Come forthe, ye popeholy,
 Full of melancoly ;
 Your madde ipocrisy,
 And your idiosy,
 And your vayne glorie,
 Haue made you eate the flye,
 Pufte full of heresy,
 To preche it idolatry,
 Who so dothe magnifye

Maledictio
 Mariana de-
 scendat su-
 per capita
 vestra, O
 hæretici, cre-
 tici, phrene-
 tici, &c.

That glorious mayde Mary ;
 That glorious mayde and mother,
 So was there neuer another
 But that princesse alone,
 To whom we are bounde echone
 The ymage of her grace
 To reuerence in euery place.

I saye, ye braynlesse beestes,
 Why iangle you suche iestes,
 In your diuynite
 Of Luthers affynite,
 To the people of lay fee,
 Raylyng in your rages
 To worshyppe none ymages,
 Nor do pylgrymages? 270

Conuenio
 vos, O Ma-
 chomitani,
 &c.

I saye, ye deuylysshe pages,
 Full of suche dottages,
 Count ye your selfe good clerkes,
 And snapper in suche werkes?

Saynt Gregorie and saynt Ambrose,
 Ye haue reed them, I suppose,
 Saynt Jerome and saynt Austen,
 With other many holy men,
 Saynt Thomas de Aquyno,
 With other doctours many mo, 280
 Whiche *de latria* do trete;
 They saye howe *latria* is an honour grete,
 Belongyng to the Deite:
 To this ye nedes must agre.

Conuenio
 vos, O dæ-
 moniaci me-
 ridiani, &c.

But, I trowe, your selfe ye ouerse
 What longeth to Christes humanyte.
 If ye haue reed *de hyperdulia*,
 Than ye knowe what betokeneth *dulia*:
 Than shall ye fynde it fyrme and stable,
 And to our faithe moche agreable, 290
 To worshyppe ymages of sayntes.
 Wherfore make ye no mo restrayntes,

Nota de
 latria, hy-
 perdulia, du-
 lia, quid pro
 sancto sanxi-
 tum est Con-
 stantinopoli
 ab ecclesia
 catholica et
 apostolica
 iterum in-

fringere ;
quid hoc sibi
vult, fascicu-
lum consu-
lite inflam-
matum, &c.

O medici,
mediam per-
tundite ve-
nam.

But mende your myndes that are mased ;
Or els doutlesse ye shalbe blased,
And be brent at a stake,
If further busynesse that ye make.
Therefore I vyse you to forsake
Of heresy the deuyllsbe scoles,
And crye Godmercy, lyke frantyeke
foles.

Tantum pro secundo.

*Peroratio ad nuper abjuratos quosdam
hypotheticos hæreticos, &c.*

*Audite, viri Ismaelitæ, non dico Is-
raelitæ ;*

*Audite, inquam, viri Madianitæ, As-
calonitæ ;*

*Ammonitæ, Gabaonitæ, audite verba
quæ loquar.*

*Opus evangelii est cibus perfectorum ;
Sed quia non estis de genere bonorum,
Qui caterisatis¹ categorias cacodæmo-
niorum,*

Ergo

*Et reliqua vestra problemata, schemata,
Dilemmata, sinto anathemata !
Ineluctabile argumentum est.*

¹ caterisatis] Qy. "catarrhizatis?"

A confutacion responsyue, or an in-
euitably prepensed answer to all way-
warde or frowarde altercacyons that can
or may be made or obiected agaynst
Skelton laureate, deuyser of this Reply-
cacyon, &c.

Why fall ye at debate
With Skelton laureate,
Reputyng hym vnable
To gainsay replycable
Opinyons detestable
Of heresy execrable?

300

Ye saye that poetry
Maye nat flye so hye
In theology,
Nor analogy,
Nor philology,
Nor philosophy,
To answer or reply
Agaynst suche heresy.

Tota erras
via, si doc-
tos poetas
(illis autem
non desunt
charismata)
arguis de in-
scitia. h. il.

310

Wherfore by and by
Nowe consequently
I call to this rekenyng
Dauyd, that royall kyng,
Whom Hieronymus,
That doctour glorious,
Dothe bothe write and call
Poete of poetes all,
And prophete princypall.

David rex
et propheta
per diuum
Hierony-
mum matri-
culatur in
nobili catalo-
go poetarum
lyricorum, ut
patet infra,
&c. hæc il.

320

Vos igitur
omnes irri-
sores con-
temptores-
que poeta-
rum erubes-
cite cum ig-
nominiosa
verecundia,
exitiosaque
confusio ope-
riat facies
vestras. hæc
il.

This may nat be remorded,
For it is wele recorded
In his pystell *ad Paulinum*,
Presbyterum divinum,
Where worde for worde ye may
Rede what Jerome there dothe say.

*David, inquit, Simonides noster, Pin-
darus, et Alcæus, Flaccus quoque, Ca-
tullus, atque Serenus, Christum lyra
personat, et in decachordo psalterio
ab inferis excitat resurgentem. Hæc
Hier.*

The Englysshe.

Kyng Daid the prophete, of prophetes
principall,
Of poetes chefe poete, saint Jerome
dothe wright,
Resembled to Symonides, that poete
lyricall
Among the Grekes most relucent of
lyght,
In that faculte whiche shyned as Phe-
bus bright ;
Lyke to Pyndarus in glorious poetry,
Lyke vnto Alcheus, he dothe hym mag-
nify.

Flaccus nor **Catullus** with hym may nat
 compare,
 Nor solempne **Serenus**, for all his
 armony
In metricall muses, his harpyng we may
 spare ;
 For **Dauid**, our poete, harped so me-
 loudlyously
 Of our Sauyour **Christ** in his deca-
 corde psautry, 310
That at his resurrection he harped out
 of hell
Olde patriarkes and prophetes in heuen
 with him to dwell.

Returne we to our former processe.

Than, if this noble kyng
 Thus can harpe and syng
 With his harpe of prophecy
 And spyrituall poetry,
 As saynt **Jerome** saythe,
 To whom we must gyue faythe,
 Warblyng with his strynges
 Of suche theologicall thynges, 320
 Why haue ye than disdayne
 At poetes, and complayne
 Howe poetes do but fayne ?

Ye do moche great outrage,
 For to disparage
 And to discourage

Fama ma-
 tricula, i.
 scripta in
 quadam
 chartula im-
 mortalitatis
 et schedula
 gratie in-
 marcescibi-
 lis, &c. h. il

The fame matryculate
Of poetes laureate.

For if ye sadly loke,
And wesely rede the Boke
Of Good Aduertysement,
With me ye must consent
And infallibly agre
Of necessity,
Howe there is a spyrituall,
And a mysteriall,
And a mysticall

*Energia
Græce, Latine
efficax operatio,
internoque
quodam spiritu
impulsu inopinabili-
ter originata,
&c.*

Effecte energiall,
As Grekes do it call,
Of suche an industry,
And suche a pregnancy,
Of heuently inspyracion
In laureate creacyon,
Of poetes commendacion,

*Est deus
in nobis;
agitante cal-
lescimus illo.
Sedibus
ætheriis spi-
ritus iste ve-
nit. h. Ovi.*

That of diuynе myseracion
God maketh his habytacion
In poetes whiche excelles,
And soiourns with them and dwelles.

*Dona Dei,
carmen niti-
dum, facun-
dia præstans,
Mittitur ex
astris, a su-
perisque da-
tur. hæc
Bapt. Man.*

By whose inflammacion
Of spyrituall instygacion
And diuynе inspyracion,
We are kyndled in suche facyon
With hete of the Holy Gost,
Which is God of myghtes most,
That he our penne dothe lede,
And maketh in vs suche spede,

*Tarda ne-
sci: molimi-*

That forthwith we must nede
 With penne and ynke procede,
 Somtyme for affection,
 Somtyme for sadde dyrection,
 Somtyme for correction,
 Somtyme vnder protection
 Of pacient sufferance,
 With sobre cyrcumstance,
 Our myndes to auance
 To no mannes anoyance;
 Therefore no greuance,
 I pray you, for to take,
 In this that I do make
 Agaynst these frenetykes,
 Agaynst these lunatykes,
 Agaynst these sysmatykes,
 Agaynst these heretykes,
 Nowe of late abiured,
 Most vnhappely vred:
 For be ye wele assured,
 That frensy nor ielousy
 Nor heresy wyll neuer dye.

na Spiritus
 Sancti gra-
 tia. hæc Hiero-
 nymy.

Lingua
 mea calamus
 scribæ velo-
 citer scriben-
 tis. h. psal.

Dixi

iniquis, Nolite inique agere; et delin-
quentibus, Nolite exaltare cornu.

Hæc psal-
 mista.

Tantum pro tertio.

De raritate poetarum, deque gymno-
phistarum, philosophorum, theologo-

rum, cæterorumque eruditorum infinita numerositate, Skel. L. epitoma.

Quæ sunt
inter socia-
bus¹ sicut
Achates. h.
Gag. &c.

*Sunt infiniti, sunt innumerique sophistæ,
Sunt infiniti, sunt innumerique logistæ,
Innumeri sunt philosophi, sunt theologique,*

*Sunt infiniti doctores, suntque magistri
Innumeri; sed sunt pauci rarique poetæ.
Hinc omne est rarum carum: reor ergo
poetas*

*Ante alios omnes divino flamine flatos.
Sic Plato divinat, divinat sicque So-
crates;*

Lege Val-
lerium Max-
imum de in-
signi veneratione poetarum.

*Sic magnus Macedo, sic Cæsar, maximus heros
Romanus, celebres semper coluere poeta[s].*

Thus endeth the Replicacyon of
Skel. L. &c.

¹ sociabus] Qy. "sociatos?"

END OF VOL. I.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN SKELTON.

—◆—
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN SKELTON.

MAGNYFYCENCE,

A GOODLY INTERLUDE AND A MERY,

DEUYSED AND MADE BY

MAYSTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE.*

These be the Names of the Players :

FELYCYTE.	FOLY.
LYBERTE.	ADUERSYTE.
MEASURE.	POUERTE.
MAGNYFYCENCE.	DYSPARE.
FANSY.	MYSCHEFE.
COUNTERFET COUNT- [NAUNCE].	GOODHOPE.
CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE.	REDRESSE.
CLOKYD COLUSYON.	[SAD] CYRCUMSECCYON.
COURTLY ABUSYON.	PERSEUERAUNCE.

* From the ed. printed by Rastell, n. d.;—in which the above list of characters is placed at the end of the drama.

POEMS OF SKELTON

MAGNYFYCENCE.

Felicite. AL thyngys contryuyd by mannys
reason,

The world enuyronnyd of hygh and low estate,
Be it erly or late, welth hath a season,
Welth is of wysdome the very trewe probate ;
A fole is he with welth that fallyth at debate :
But men nowe a dayes so vnhappely be vryd,
That nothyng than welth may worse be enduryd.
'To tell you the cause me semeth it no nede,
The amense therof is far to call agayne ;
For when men by welth, they haue lytyll drede 10
Of that may come after ; experyence trewe and
playne,
Howe after a drought there falleth a showre of
rayne,

And after a hete oft cometh a stormy colde.
 A man may haue welth, but not, as he wolde,
 Ay to contynewe and styll to endure ;
 But yf prudence be proued with sad cyrcumspec-
 cyon,

Welthe myght be wonne and made to the lure,
 If noblenesse were aquayntyd with sober dyrec-
 cyon ;

But wyll hath reason so vnder subieccyon,
 And so dysordereth this worlde ouer all, 20
 That welthe and felicite is passynge small.
 But where wonnys Welthe, and a man wolde wyt ?
 For welthfull Felicite truly is my name.

*Lyberte.*¹ Mary, Welthe and I was apoynted to
 mete,

And eyther I am dysseyued, or ye be the same.

Fel. Syr, as ye say, I haue harde of your fame ;
 Your name is Lyberte, as I vnderstande.

Lyb. Trewe you say, syr ; gyue me your hande.

Fel. And from whens come ye, and it myght
 be askyd ?

Lyb. To tell you, syr, I dare not, leest I sholde
 be maskyd 30

In a payre of fetters or a payre of stockys.

Fel. Here you not howe this gentyelman mockys ?

Lyb. Ye, to knackyngne ernyst what and it
 preue ?

¹ *Lyberte*] Enters, probably, towards the end of the pre-
 ceding speech.

Fel. Why, to say what he wyll, Lyberte hath leue.

Lyb. Yet Lyberte hath ben lockyd vp and kept in the mew.

Fel. In dede, syr, that lyberte was not worthe a cue:

Howe be it lyberte may somtyme be to large,
But yf reason be regent and ruler of your barge.

Lyb. To that ye say I can well condyssende:
Shewe forth, I pray you, here in what you intende.

Fel. Of that I intende to make demonstracyon,
It askyth lesure with good aduertysment.

Fyrst, I say, we owght to haue in consydera-
cyon,

'That lyberte be lynkyd with the chayne of coun-
tenaunce,

Lyberte to let from all maner offence;

For lyberte at large is lothe to be stoppyd,

But with countenaunce your corage must be
croppyd.

Lyb. Then thus to you—

Fel. Nay, suffer me yet ferther to say,
And peraduenture I shall content your mynde.

Lyberte, I wot well, forbere no man there may,

It is so swete in all maner of kynde;

Howe be it lyberte makyth many a man blynde;

By lyberte is done many a great excesse;

Lyberte at large wyll oft wax reklesse:

Perceyue ye this parcell?

Lyb. Ye, syr, passyng well:

But, and you wolde me permyt
 To shewe parte of my wyt,
 Somwhat I coulde enferre,
 Your consayte to debarre,
 Vnder supportacyon
 Of pacyent tolleracyon

Fel. God forbyd ye sholde be let
 Your reasons forth to fet ;
 Wherefore at lyberte
 Say what ye wyll to me.

Lyb. Brefly to touche of my purpose the
 effecte ;

Lyberte is laudable and pryuylegyd from lawe,
 Judycyall rygoure shall not me correcte— 70

Fel. Softe, my frende ; herein your reason is
 but rawe.

Lyb. Yet suffer me to say the surpluse of my
 sawe ;

What wote ye where vpon I wyll conclude ?
 I say, there is no welthe where as lyberte is sub-
 dude ;

I trowe ye can not say nay moche to this ;
 To lyue vnder lawe, it is captyuyte ;
 Where drede ledyth the daunce, there is no ioy
 nor blysse ;

Or howe can you proue that there is felycyte,
 And you haue not your owne fre lyberte
 To sporte at your pleasure, to ryn and to ryde ? 80
 Where lyberte is absent, set welthe asyde.

Hic intrat MEASURE.

Meas. Cryst you assyste in your altrycacyon!

Fel. Why, haue you harde of our dysputacyon?

Meas. I parceyue well howe eche of you doth reason.

Lyb. Mayster Measure, you be come in good season.

Meas. And it is wonder that your wyld insolence

Can be content with Measure presence.

Fel. Wolde it please you then—

Lyb. Vs to informe and ken—

Meas. A, ye be wonders men!

Your langage is lyke the penne
Of hym that wryteth to fast.

Fel. Syr, yf any worde haue past
Me other fyrst or last,
To you I arecte it, and cast
Therof the reformacyon.

Lyb. And I of the same facyon;
Howe be it, by protestacyon,
Dyspleasure that you none take,
Some reason we must make.

Meas. That wyll not I forsake,
So it in measure be:
Come of, therefore, let se;
Shall I begynne or ye?

Fel. Nay, ye shall begynne, by my wyll.

Lyb. It is reason and skyll,
We your pleasure fulfyll.

Meas. Then ye must bothe consent
 You to holde content
 With myne argument ;
 And I muste you requyre
 Me pacyently to here.

Fel. Yes, syr, with ryght good chere.

Lyb. With all my herte intere.

Meas. Oracius to recorde, in his volumys olde,
 With euery condycyon measure must be sought :
 Welthe without measure wolde bere hymselfe to
 bolde,
 Lyberte without measure proue a thyng of
 nought ;
 I ponder by number, by measure all thyng is
 wrought,
 As at the fyrst orygnall by godly opynyon,
 Whych prouyth well that measure shold haue
 domynon :
 Where measure is mayster, plenty dothe none
 offence ;
 Where measure lackyth, all thyng dysorderyd is ;
 Where measure is absent, ryot kepeth resydence ;
 Where measure is ruler, there is nothyng amyse ;
 Measure is treasure : howe say ye, is it not this ?

Fel. Yes, questyonlesse, in myne opynyon,
 Measure is worthy to haue domynon.

Lyb. Vnto that same I am ryght well agrede,
 So that lyberte be not lefte behynde.

Meas. Ye, lyberte with measure nede neuer
 drede.

Lyb. What, lyberte' to measure then wolde ye bynde?

Meas. What ellys? for otherwyse it were agaynst kynde:

If lyberte sholde lepe and renne where he lyst,
It were no vertue, it were a thyng vnblyst;
It were a myschefe, yf lyberte lacked a reyne,
Where with to rule hym with the wrythyng of a rest:

All trebyllys and tenours be rulyd by a meyne;
Lyberte without measure is acountyd for a beste;
There is no surfet where measure rulyth the feste;
There is no excesse where measure hath his helthe;

Measure contynwyth prosperyte and welthe. 149

Fel. Vnto your rule I wyll annex my mynde.

Lyb. So wolde I, but I wolde be lothe,
That wonte was to be formyst, now to come behynde:

It were a shame, to God I make an othe,
Without I myght cut it out of the brode clothe,
As I was wonte euer at my fre wyll.

Meas. But haue ye not herde say, that wyll is no skyll?

Take sad dyreceyon, and leue this wantonnesse. 150

Lyb. It is no maystery.

Fel. Tushe, let Measure procede,
And after his mynde herdely your selfe adresse
For, without measure, pouerte and nede
Wyll crepe vpon vs, and vs to myschefe lede;

For myschefe wyll mayster vs, yf measure vs
forsake.

Lyb. Well, I am content your wayes to take.

Meas. Surely, I am ioyous that ye be myndyd
thus.

Magnyfycence to mayntayne, your promosyon
shalbe.

Fel. So in his harte he may be glad of vs. 163

Lyb. There is no prynce but he hath nede of
vs thre,

Welthe, with Measure and plesaunt Lyberte.

Meas. Nowe pleasyth you a lytell whyle to
stande;

Me semeth Magnyfycence is comynge here at
hande.

Hic intrat MAGNYFYCENCE.

Magn. To assure you of my noble porte and
fame,

Who lyst to knowe, Magnyfycence I hyght.

But, Measure my frende, what hyght this mannys
name?

Meas. Syr, though ye be a noble prynce of
myght,

Yet in this man you must set your delyght;

And, syr, this other mannys name is Lyberte. 164

Magn. Welcome, frendys, ye are bothe vnto me:
But nowe let me knowe of your conuersacyon.

Fel. Pleasyth your grace, Felycyte they me
call.

Lyb. And I am Lyberte, made of in euery
nacyon.

Magn. Conuenient persons for any prynce
ryall.

Welthe with Lyberte, with me bothe dwell ye
shall,

To the gydyng of my Measure you bothe com-
myttinge :

That Measure be mayster, vs semeth it is *fy*tyttinge.

Meas. Where as ye haue, syr, to me them as-
sygned,

Suche order, I trust, with them for to take, 187

So that welthe with measure shalbe conbyned,

And lyberte his large with measure shall make.

Fel. Your ordenaunce, syr, I wyll riot forsake.

Lyb. And I my selfe hooly to you wyll inelyne.

Magn. Then may I say that ye be seruauntys
myne,

For by measure, I warne you, we thynke to be
gydyd ;

Wherin it is necessary my pleasure you knowe,

Measure and I wyll neuer be deuydyd

For no dyscorde that any man can sawe ; 189

For measure is a meane, nother to hy nor to lawe,

In whose attemperaunce I haue suche delyght,

That measure shall neuer departe from my syght

Fel. Laudable your consayfe is to be acountyd ;

For welthe without measure sodenly wyll slyde.

Lyb. As your grace full nobly hath recountyd,
Measure with noblenesse sholde be alyde.

Magn. Then, Lyberte, se that Measure be your
gyde,

For I wyll vse you by his aduertysment.

Fel. Then shall you haue with you prosperyte
resydent.

Meas. I trowe, good fortune hath annexyd vs
together, 200

To se howe greable we are of one mynde ;
There is no flaterer, nor losyll so lyther,
This lynkyd chayne of loue that can vnbynde.
Nowe that ye haue me chefe ruler assyngned,
I wyll endeuour me to order euery thyng
Your noblenesse and honour consernyng.

Lyb. In ioy and myrthe your mynde shalbe in-
largyd,

And not embracyd with pusyllanymyte ;
But plenary all thought from you must be dys-
chargyd,

If ye lyst to lyue after your fre lyberte : 210

All delectacyons aquayntyd is with me,
By me all persons worke what they lyste.

Meas. Hem, syr, yet beware of Had I wyste !
Lyberte in some cause becomyth a gentyll mynde,
Bycause course of measure, yf I be in the way :
Who countyth without me, is caste to fer behynde
Of his rekenyng, as euydently we may
Se at our eye the worlde day by day ;
For defaute of measure all thyng dothe exceede.

Fel. All that ye say is as trewe as the Crede ; 220
For howe be it lyberte to welthe is conuenient,

And from felycyte may not be forborne,
 Yet measure hath ben so longe from vs absent,
 That all men laugh at lyberte to scorne;
 Welth and wyt, I say, be so threde bare worne,
 That all is without measure, and fer beyonde the
 mone.

Magn. Then noblenesse, I se well, is almoste
 vndone,

But yf therof the soner amendys be made;
 For dowllesse I parceyue my magnyfyence
 Without measure lyghtly may fade, 230
 Of to moche lyberte vnder the offence:
 Wherefore, Measure, take Lyberte with you hence,
 And rule hym after the rule of your scole.

Lyb. What, syr, wolde ye make me a poppynge
 fole?

Meas. Why, were not your selfe agreed to the
 same,

And now wolde ye swarue from your owne ordyn-
 aunce?

Lyb. I wolde be rulyd, and I myght for shame.

Fel. A, ye make me laughe at your inconstaunce.

Magn. Syr, without any longer delyaunce,
 Take Lyberte to rule, and folowe myne entent. 240

Meas. It shalbe done at your commaundement.

Itaque MEASURE *exeat locum cum* LIBERTATE, *et*
maneat MAGNYFYCENCE *cum* FELICITATE.

Magn. It is a wanton thyng this Lyberte;
 Perceyue you not howe lothe he was to abyde

The rule of Measure, notwithstanding we
 Haue deputyd Measure hym to gyde?
 By measure eche thyng e duly is tryde:
 Thyinke you not thus, my frende Felycyte?

Fel. God forbede that it other wyse sholde be!

Magn. Ye coulde not ellys, I wote, with me
 endure.

Fel. Endure? no, God wote, it were great
 payne; 250

But yf I were orderyd by iust measure,
 It were not possyble me longe to retayne.

Hic intrat FANSY.

Fan. Tusche, holde your pece, your langage is
 vayne.

Please it your grace to take no dysdayne,
 To shewe you playnly the truth as I thyinke.

Magn. Here is none forsyth whether you flete
 or synke.

Fel. From whens come you, syr, that no man
 lokyd after?

Magn. Or who made you so bolde to interrue
 my tale?

Fan. Nowe, *benedicite*, ye wene I were some
 hafter,

Or ellys some iangelynge Jacke of the vale; 251
 Ye wene that I am dronken, bycause I loke
 pale.

Magn. Me semeth that ye haue dronken more
 than ye haue bled.

Fan. Yet amonge noble men I was brought vp
and bred.

Fel. Nowe leue this iangelynge, and to vs ex-
pounde

Why that ye sayd our langage was in vayne.

Fan. Mary, vpon trouth my reason I grounde,
That without largesse noblenesse can not rayne ;
And that I sayd ones, yet I say agayne,
I say without largesse worshyp hath no place, ²⁸⁹
For largesse is a purchaser of pardon and of grace.

Magn. Nowe, I beseche thé, tell me what is
thy name?

Fan. Largesse, that all lordes sholde loue, syr,
I hyght.

Fel. But hyght you, Largesse, encrease of
noble fame?

Fan. Ye, syr, vndoubted.

Fel. Then, of very ryght,
With Magnyfyence, this noble prynce of myght,
Sholde be your dwellynge, in my consyderacyon.

Magn. Yet we wyll therin take good delybera-
cyon.

Fan. As in that, I wyll not be agaynst your
pleasure.

Fel. Syr, hardely remembre what may your
name auaunce. ²⁹¹

Magn. Largesse is laudable, so it be in measure.

Fan. Largesse is he that all prynces doth
auaunce ;

I reporte me herein to Kynge Lewes of Fraunce.

Fel. Why haue ye hym named, and all other refused?

Fan. For, syth he dyed, largesse was lytell vsed.

Plucke vp your mynde, syr; what ayle you to muse?

Haue ye not welthe here at your wyll?

It is but a maddynge, these wayes that ye vse :

What auayleth lordshyp, yourselfe for to kyll

With care and with thought howe Jacke shall haue Gyl?

290

Magn. What? I haue aspyed ye are a carles page.

Fan. By God, syr, ye se but fewe wyse men of myne age;

But couetyse hath blowen you so full of wynde, That *colica passio* hath gropyd you by the guttys.

Fel. In fayth, broder Largesse, you haue a mery mynde.

Fan. In fayth, I set not by the worlde two Dauncaster cuttys.

Magn. Ye wante but a wylde flyeng bolte to shote at the buttes :

Though Largesse ye hyght, your langage is to large;

For whiche ende goth forwarde ye take lytell charge.

Fel. Let se, this checke yf ye voyde canne. 300

Fan. In faythe, els had I gone to longe to scole, But yf I coulde knowe a gose from a swanne.

Magn. Wel, wyse men may ete the fysshe,
when ye shal draw the pole.

Fan. In fayth, I wyll not say that ye shall
proue a fole,
But ofte tymes haue I sene wyse men do mad
dedys.

Magn. Go, shake the dogge,¹ hay, syth ye wyll
nedys!

You are nothyng mete with vs for to dwell,
That with your lorde and mayster so pertly can
prate:

Gete you hens, I say, by my counsell; 309
I wyll not vse you to play with me checke mate.

Fan. Syr, yf I haue offended your noble estate,
I trow I haue brought you suche wrytyng of
recorde,

That I shall haue you agayne my good lorde:
To you recommendeth Sad Cyrsumspeccyon,
And sendeth you this wrytyng closed vnder sele.

Magn. This wrytyng is welcome with harty
affeccyon:
Why kepte you it thus longe? howe dothe he?
wele?

Fan. Syr, thanked be God, he hath his hele.

Magn. Welthe, gete you home, and commaunde
me to Mesure; 319
Byd hym take good hede to you, my synguler
tresure.

¹ the dogge] Qy. "thé, dogge?" but see notes.

Fan. I pray, God kepe you in that mood!

Magn. This letter was wryten ferre hence. 346

Fan. By lakyn, syr, it hathe cost me pence
And grotes many one, or I came to your presence.

Magn. Where was it delyuered you, shewe vnto
me.

Fan. By God, syr, beyonde the se.

Magn. At what place nowe, as you gesse?

Fan. By my trouthe, syr, at Pountesse;
This wrytynge was taken me there,
But neuer was I in gretter fere.

Magn. Howe so?

Fan. By God, at the see syde, 350
Had I not opened my purse wyde,
I trowe, by our lady, I had ben slayne,
Or elles I had lost myne eres twayne.

*Magn.*¹ By your soth?

Fan. Ye, and there is suche a wache,
That no man can scape but they hym cache.
They bare me in hande that I was a spye;
And another bade put out myne eye,
Another wolde myne eye were blerde, 360
Another bade shaue halfe my berde;
And boycs to the pylery gan me plucke,
And wolde haue made me Freer Tucke,
To preche out of the pylery hole,
Without an antetyme or a stole;

¹ *By your soth*] Ed. prefixes "*Fansy*" to these words, and omits the prefix to the next speech.

And some bade sere hym with a marke :
To gete me fro them I had moche warke.

Magn. Mary, syr, ye were afrayde.

Fan. By my trouthe, had I not payde and
prayde,

And made largesse as I hyght,
I had not ben here with you this nyght ; 370
But surely largesse saued my lyfe,
For largesse stynteth all maner of stryfe.

Magn. It dothe so sure nowe and than,
But largesse is not mete for euery man.

Fan. No, but for you grete estates :
Largesse stynteth grete debates ;
And he that I came fro to this place
Sayd I was mete for your grace ;
And in dede, syr, I here men talke,
By the way as I ryde and walke, 380
Say howe you excede in noblenesse,
If you had with you largesse.

Magn. And say they so in very dede ?

Fan. With ye, syr, so God me spede.

Magn. Yet mesure is a mery mene.

Fan. Ye, syr, a blannched almonde is no bene.
Measure is mete for a marchauntes hall,
But largesse becometh a state ryall.
What, sholde you pynche at a pecke of otes,
Ye wolde sone pynche at a pecke of grottes. 390
Thus is the talkynge of one and of oder,
As men dare speke it hugger mugger ;
A lorde a negarde, it is a shame,
But largesse may amende your name.

Magn. In faythe, Largesse, welcome to me.

Fan. I pray you, syr, I may so be,
And of my seruyce you shall not mysse.

Magn. Togyder we wyll talke more of this:
Let vs departe from hens home to my place.

Fan. I folow euen after your noble grace. 400

*Hic discedat MAGNIFICENS cum FANSY, et intrat*¹
COUNTERFET COUNTENAUNCE.

C. Count. What, I say, herke a worde.

Fan. Do away, I say, the deuylls torde!

C. Count. Ye, but how longe shall I here
awayte?

Fan. By Goddys body, I come streyte:
I hate this blunderyng that thou doste make.

C. Count. Nowe to the deuyll I thé betake,
For in fayth ye be well met.

Fansy hath cachyd in a flye net

This noble man Magnyfyence,

Of Largesse vnder the pretence. 410

They haue made me here to put the stone:

But nowe wyll I, that they be gone,

In bastarde ryme, after the dogrell gyse,

Tell you where of my name dothe ryse.

For Counterfet Countenaunce knowen am I;

This worlde is full of my foly.

¹ *intrat*] Qy. "intret?"—This stage-direction is not quite correct, for *Count. Count.* enters as *Fansy* is going off, and detains him till v. 406.

I set not by hym a fly,
 That can not counterfet a lye,
 Swere, and stare, and hyde therby,
 And countenaunce it clenly, 430
 And defende it manerly.
 A knaue wyll counterfet nowe a knyght,
 A lurdayne lyke a lorde to fyght,¹
 A mynstrell lyke a man of myght,
 A tappyster lyke a lady bryght:
 Thus make I them wyth thryft to fyght,
 Thus at the laste I brynge hym² ryght
 To Tyburne, where they hange on hyght.
 To counterfet I can by praty wayes:
 Of nyghtys to occupy counterfet kayes, 430
 Clenly to counterfet newe arayes,
 Counterfet eyrnest by way of playes:
 Thus am I occupyed at all assayes;
 What so euer I do, all men me prayse,
 And mekyll am I made of nowe adays:
 Counterfet maters in the lawe of the lande,
 Wyth golde and grotes they grese my hande,
 In stede of ryght that wronge may stande,
 And counterfet fredome that is bounde;
 I counterfet³ suger that is but founde; 440
 Counterfet capytaynes by me are mande;
 Of all lewdnesse I kyndell the brande;

¹ *to fyght*] Qy. "to flyght"—scold (a word used elsewhere by Skelton), or "to syght?" see next line but two.

² *hym*] Compare v. 1275.

³ *I counterfet*, &c.] This line seems to be corrupt.

Counterfet kyndnesse, and thynke dyscayte ;
 Counterfet letters by the way of sleight ;
 Subtelly vsynge counterfet weyght ;
 Counterfet langage, fayty bone geyte.
 Counterfetyng is a proper bayte ;
 A counte to counterfet in a resayte ;
 To counterfet well is a good consayte.
 Counterfet maydenhode may well be borne, 450
 But counterfet coynes is laughyng to scorne ;
 It is euyll patchyng of that is torne ;
 Whan the noppe is rughe, it wolde be shorne ;
 Counterfet haltynge without a thorne ;
 Yet counterfet chafer is but euyll corne ;
 All thyng is worse whan it is worne.
 What, wolde ye, wyues, counterfet
 The courtly gyse of the newe iet ?
 An olde barne wolde be vnder set :
 It is moche worthe that is ferre fet. 460
 What, wanton, wanton, nowe well ymet !
 What, Margery Mylke Ducke, mermoset !
 It wolde be masked in my net ;
 It wolde be nyce, thoughe I say nay ;
 By Crede, it wolde haue fresshe aray,
 And therefore shall my husbände pay ;
 To counterfet she wyll assay
 All the newe gyse, fresshe and gaye,
 And be as praty as she may,
 And iet it ioly as a iay : 470
 Counterfet prechyng, and byleue the contrary ·
 Counterfet conscyence, peuysshe pope holy ;

Counterfet sadnesse, with delynge full madly ;
 Counterfet holynes is called ypocrysy ;
 Counterfet reason is not worth a flye ;
 Counterfet wysdome, and workes of foly ;
 Counterfet countenaunce euery man dothe occupy ;
 Counterfet worshyp outwarde men may se ;
 Ryches rydeth out, at home is pouerte ;
 Counterfet pleasure is borne out by me : 438
 Coll wolde go clenly, and it wyll not be,
 And Annot wolde be nyce, and laughes, tehe
 wehe ;

Your counterfet countenaunce is all of nysyte,
 A plummed partrydge all redy to flye :
 A knokylbonyarde wyll counterfet a clarke,
 He wolde trotte gentyly, but he is to starke,
 At his cloked counterfetynge dogges dothe
 barke ;

A carter a courtyer, it is a worthy warke,
 That with his whyp his mares was wonte to
 yarke ;

A custrell to dryue the deuyll out of the derke, 439
 A counterfet courtyer with a knaues marke.
 To counterfet this freers haue lerned me ;
 This nonnes nowe and then, and it myght be,
 Wolde take in the way of counterfet charyte
 The grace of God vnder *benedicite* ;
 To counterfet thyr counsell they gyue me a fee ;
 Chanons can not counterfet but vpon thre,
 Monkys may not for drede that men sholde
 them se.

Hic ingrediatur FANSY properanter cum CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE, cum fame multo adinvicem garrulantes : tandem, viso COUNTERFET COUNTEAUNCE, dicat CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE.

Cr. Con. What, Counterfet Countenaunce !

C. Count. What, Crafty Conueyaunce ! 500

Fan. What, the deuyll, are ye two of aquayntaunce ?

God gyue you a very myschaunce !

Cr. Con. Yes, yes, syr, he and I haue met.

C. Count. We haue bene togyder bothe erly and late : [longe ?

But, Fаны my frende, where haue ye bene so

Fan. By God, I haue bene about a praty pronge ;

Crafty Conueyaunce, I sholde say, and I.

Cr. Con. By God, we haue made Magnyfycence to ete a flye.

C. Count. Howe coulde ye do that, and [I] was away ?

Fan. By God, man, bothe his pagent and thyne he can play.

C. Count. Say trouth ? 511

Cr. Con. Yes, yes, by lakyn, I shall thé warent, As longe as I lyue, thou haste an heyre parent.

Fan. Yet haue we pyckyd out a rome for thé.

C. Count. Why, shall we dwell togyder all thre ?

Cr. Con. Why, man, it were to great a wonder, That we thre galauntes shoide be longe asonder.

C. Count. For Cockys harte, gyue me thy hande.

Fan. By the masse, for ye are able to dystroy
an hole lande.

Cr. Con. By God, yet it muste begynne moche
of thé. 526

Fan. Who that is ruled by vs, it shalbe longe
or he thee.

C. Count. But, I say, kepest thou the olde name
styll that thou had?

Cr. Con. Why, wenyst thou, horson, that I
were so mad?

Fan. Nay, nay, he hath chaunged his, and I
haue chaunged myne.

C. Count. Nowe, what is his name, and what
is thyne?

Fan. In faythe, Largesse I hyght,
And I am made a knyght.

C. Count. A rebellyon agaynst nature,
So large a man, and so lytell of stature!
But, syr, howe counterfetyd ye? 530

Cr. Con. Sure Surueyaunce¹ I named me.

C. Count. Surueyaunce! where ye suruey,
Thryfte hathe lost her cofer kay.

Fan. But is it not well? howe thynekst thou?

C. Count. Yes, syr, I gyue God auowe,
Myselve coude not counterfet it better.
But what became of the letter,
That I counterfeyted you vnderneath a shrowde?

¹ *Sure Surueyaunce, &c.*] Ed. gives this line to *C. Count.*,
and the next spech to *Cr. Con.* Compare v. 652.

Fan. By the masse, odly well alowde.

Cr. Con. By God, had not I it conuayed, 540
Yet Fandy had ben dysceyued.¹

C. Count. I wote, thou arte false ynoughe for
one.

Fan. By my trouthe, we had ben gone :
And yet, in fayth, man, we lacked thé
For to speke with Lyberte.

C. Count. What is Largesse without Lyberte?

Cr. Con. By Measure mastered yet is he.

C. Count. What, is your conueyaunce no better?

Fan. In faythe, Measure is lyke a tetter,
That ouergroweth a mannes face, 550
So he ruleth ouer all our place.

Cr. Con. Nowe therefore, whylest we are to-
gyder,—

Counterfet Countenaunce, nay, come hyder,—
I say, whylest we are togyder in same—

C. Count. Tushe, a strawe, it is a shame
That we can no better than so.

Fan. We wyll remedy it, man, or we go ;
For, lyke as mustarde is sharpe of taste,²
Ryght so a sharpe fandy must be founde
Wherwith Measure to confounde. 560

Cr. Con. Can you a remedy for a tysyke,
'That sheweth yourselfe thus spedde in physyke?

C. Count. It is a gentyll reason of a rake.

¹ Qy. Dyscryued?

² *taste*] Qy. a line wanting to rhyme with this?

Fan. For all these iapes yet that ye make—

Cr. Con. Your fansy maketh myne elbowe to
ake.

Fan. Let se, fynde you a better way.

C. Count. Take no dyspleasure of that we say.

Cr. Con. Nay, and you be angry aud ouer-
wharte,

A man may beshrowe your angry harte.

Fan. Tushe, a strawe, I thought none yll. 570

C. Count. What, shall we iangle thus all the
day styll?

Cr. Con. Nay, let vs our heddes togyder cast.

Fan. Ye, and se howe it may be compast,
That Mesure were cast out of the dores.

C. Count. Alasse, where is my botes and my
spores?

Cr. Con. In all this hast whether wyll ye ryde?

C. Count. I trowe, it shall not nede to abyde.
Cockes woundes, se, syrs, se, se!

*Hic ingrediatur CLOKED COLUSYON cum elato
aspectu, deorsum et sursum ambulando.*

Fan. Cockes armes, what is he?

Cr. Con. By Cockes harte, he loketh hye; 580
He hawketh, me thynke, for a butterflye.

C. Count. Nowe, by Cockes harte, well abyden,
For, had you not come, I had ryden.

Cl. Col. Thy wordes be but wynde, neuer they
haue no wayght;

Thou hast made me play the iurde hayte.

C. Count. And yf ye knewe howe I haue
mused,

I am sure ye wolde haue me excused.

Cl. Col. I say, come hyder: what are these
twayne?

C. Count. By God, syr, this is Fansy small
brayne;

And Crafty Conuayaunce, knowe you not hym? ⁵⁹⁰

Cl. Col. Knowe hym, syr! quod he; yes, by
Saynt Sym.

Here is a leysse of ratches to renne an hare:

Woo is that purse that ye shall share!

Fan. What call ye him, this?

Cr. Con. I trowe, that he is.

C. Count. Tushe, holde your pece.

Se you not how they prece

For to knowe your name?

Cl. Col. Knowe they not me, they are to blame.

Knowe you not me, syrs? ⁶⁰⁰

Fan. No, in dede.

Cr. Con. Abyde, lette me se, take better hede;
Cockes harte, it is Cloked Colusyon.

Cl. Col. A, syr, I pray God gyue you con-
fusyon!

Fan. Cockes armes, is that your name?

C. Count. Ye, by the masse, this is euen the
same,

That all this matter must vnder grope.

Cr. Con. What is this he wereth, a cope?

Cl. Col. Cappe, syr; I say you be to bolde.

Fan. Se, howe he is wrapped for the colde : 610
Is it not a vestment ?

Cl. Col. A, ye wante a rope.

C. Count. Tushe, it is Syr Johnn Double cloke.

Fan. Syr, and yf ye wolde not be wrothe—

Cl. Col. What sayst ?

Fan. Here was to lytell clothe.

Cl. Col. A, Fansy, Fansy, God sende thé
brayne !

Fan. Ye, for your wyt is clokod for the rayne.

Cr. Con. Nay, lette vs not clatter thus styll.

Cl. Col. Tell me, syrs, what is your wyll. 620

C. Count. Syr, it is so that these twayne
With Magnyfyence in housholde do remayne ;
And there they wolde haue me to dwell,
But I wyll be ruled after your counsell.

Fan. Mary, so wyll we also.

Cl. Col. But tell me where aboute ye go.

C. Count. By God, we wolde gete vs all thyder,
Spell the remenaunt, and do togyder.

Cl. Col. Hath Magnyfyence ony tresure ?

Cr. Con. Ye, but he spendeth it all in mesure. 630

Cl. Col. Why, dwelleth Mesure where ye two
dwell ?

In faythe, he were better to dwell in hell.

Fan. Yet where we wonne, nowe there wonneth
he.

Cl. Col. And haue you not amonge you Ly-
berte ?

C. Count. Ye, but he is a captyuyte.

Cl. Col. What, the deuyll, howe may that be?

C. Count. I can not tell you: why aske you me?
Aske these two that there dothe dwell.

Cl. Col. Syr, the playnesse you tell me.¹

Cr. Con. There dwelleth a mayster men calleth
Measure— 640

Fan. Ye, and he hath rule of all his tresure.

Cr. Con. Nay, eyther let me tell, or elles tell ye.

Fan. I care not I, tell on for me.

C. Count. I pray God let you neuer to thee!

Cl. Col. What the deuyll ayleth you? can you
not agree?

Cr. Con. I wyll passe ouer the cyrcumstaunce,
And shortly shewe you the hole substaunce.

Fansy and I, we twayne,

With Magnyfyence in housholde do remayne,

And counterfeted our names we haue 650

Craftely all thynges vpryght to saue,

His name Largesse, Surueyaunce myne:

Magnyfyence to vs begynneth to encline

Counterfet Countenaunce to haue also,

And wolde that we sholde for hym go.

C. Count. But shall I haue myne olde name
styl?

Cr. Con. Pease, I haue not yet sayd what I
wyll.

¹ *Syr, the playnesse you tell me*] Ed. prefixes *Crafty Con.* to these words, and omits the prefix to the next line.—*Qy.*, for the rhyme,—"you me tell?"

Fan. Here is a pystell of a postyke!

Cl. Col. Tusshe, fonnysse Fansy, thou arte frantyke.

Tell on, syr, howe then? 600

Cr. Con. Mary, syr, he tolde vs, when
We had hym founde, we sholde hym brynge,
And that we fayled not for nothyng.

Cl. Col. All this ye may easely brynge aboute.

Fan. Mary, the better and Measure were out.

Cl. Col. Why, can ye not put out that foule freke?

Cr. Con. No, in euery corner he wyll peke,
So that we haue no lyberte,
Nor no man in courte but he,
For Lyberte he hath in gydyng. 670

C. Count. In fayth, and without Lyberte there
is no bydyng.

Fan. In fayth, and Lybertyes rome is there
but small.

Cl. Col. Hem! that lyke I nothyng at all.

Cr. Con. But, Counterfet¹ Countenaunce, go
we togyder,

All thre, I say.

C. Count. Shall I go? whyder?

*Cr. Con.*² To Magnyfycence with vs twayne,
And in his seruyce thé to retayne.

C. Count. But then, syr, what shall I hyght?

¹ *But, Counterfet, &c.*] Ed. omits the prefix to this speech

² *Cr. Con.*] Ed. "*Cl. Col.*"

Cr. Con. Ye and I talkyd therof to nyght. 680

Fan. Ye, my fansy, was out of owle flyght,
For it is out of my mynde quyght.

Cr. Con. And nowe it cometh to my remem-
braunce :

Syr, ye shall hyght Good Demeynaunce.

C. Count. By the armes of Calys, well con-
ceyued!

Cr. Con. When we haue hym thyder con-
uayed,

What and I frame suche a slyght,

That Fansy with his fonde consayte

Put Magnyfycence in suche a madnesse,

That he shall haue you in the stede of sadnesse, 690

And Sober Sadnesse shalbe your name?

Cl. Col. By Cockys body, here begynneth the
game!

For then shall we so craftely cary,

That Measure shall not there longe tary.

Fan. For Cockys harte, tary whylyst that I
come agayne.

Cr. Con. We wyll se you shortly one of vs
twayne.

C. Count. Now let vs go, and we shall, then.

Cl. Col. Nowe let se quyte you lyke praty
men.¹

¹praty men] Here *Fansy*, *Crafty Conueyaunce*, and *Counter-
fet Countenaunce*, go out.

Hic deambulat.

To passe the tyme and order whyle a man may
talke

Of one thyng and other to occupy the place; 700

Then for the season that I here shall walke,
As good to be occupied as vp and downe to trace

And do nothyng; how be it full lytell grace

There cometh and groweth of my comyng,

For Clokyd Colusyon is a perylous thyng.

Double delyng and I be all one;

Craftyng and haftyng contryued is by me;

I can dyssemble, I can bothe laughe and grone;

Playne delyng and I can neuer agre; 709

But dyuysyon, dyssencyon, dyrysyon, these thre

And I am counterfet of one mynde and thought,

By the menys of myschyef to bryng all thynges
to nought.

And though I be so odyous a geste,

And euery man gladly my company wolde
refuse,

In faythe yet am I occupied with the best;

Full fewe that can themselfe of me excuse.

Whan other men laughe, than study I and muse,

Deuysyng the meanes and wayes that I can,

Howe I may hurte and hynder euery man:

Two faces in a hode couertly I bere, 720

Water in the one hande, and fyre in the other;

I can fede forth a fole, and lede hym by the eyre;

Falshode in felowshyp is my sworne brother.

By cloked colusyon, I say, and none other,

Comberaunce and trouble in Englande fyrst I
 began ;

From that lorde to that lorde I rode and I ran,
 And flatered them with fables fayre before theyr
 face,

And tolde all the myschyef I coude behynde theyr
 backe,

And made as I had knowen nothyng of the case ;
 I wolde begyn all myschyef, but I wolde bere no
 lacke : 730

Thus can I lerne you, syrs, to bere the deuyls
 sacke ;

And yet, I trowe, some of you be better sped
 than I

Frendshyp to fayne, and thynke full lytherly.

Paynte to a purpose good countenaunce I can,
 And craftely can I grope howe euery man is
 mynded ;

My purpose is to spy and to poynte euery man ;

My tonge is with fauell forked and tynd :

By Cloked Colusyon thus many one is begyled.

Eche man to hynder I gape and I gaspe ;

My speche is all pleasure, but I styngye lyke a
 waspe : 740

I am neuer glad but whan I may do yll,

And neuer am I sory but whan that I se

I can not myne apyetyte accomplysse and
 fulfyll

In hynderaunce of welthe and prosperyte ;

I laughe at all shrewdenes, and lye at lyberte.

I muster, I medle; amonge these grete estates
I sowe sedycyous sedes of dyscorde and de-
bates :

To flater and to flery is all my pretence
Amonge all suche persones as I well vnder-
stonde

Be lyght of byleue and hasty of credence; 754

I make them to startyll and sparkyll lyke a
bronde,

I moue them, I mase them, I make them so
fonde,

That they wyll here no man but the fyrst tale :

And so by these meanes I brewe moche bale.

Hic ingrediatur COURTLY ABUSYON cantando.

Court. Ab. Huffa, huffa, taunderum, taunderum,
tayne, huffa, huffa!

Cl. Col. This was properly prated, syrs! what
sayd a?

Court. Ab. Ruddy bully, ioly rutterkyn, heyda!

Cl. Col. *De que pays este vous?*

*Et faciat tanquam exiat beretrum cronice.*¹

Court. Ab. Decke your hofie and couer a
lowce.

Cl. Col. *Say vous chaunter Venter tre dawce?*

Court. Ab. Wyda, wyda.

761

Howe sayst thou, man? am not I a ioly rutter?

¹ *exiat beretrum cronice*] Qy. "*exuat* (or rather, *exueret*)
barretum (i. e. pileum) ironice?"

Cl. Col. Gyue this gentyلمان rome, syrs,
stonde vtter!

By God, syr, what nede all this waste?

What is this, a betell, or a batowe,¹ or a buskyn
lacyd?

Court. Ab. What, wenyst thou that I knowe
thé not, Clokyd Colusyón?

Cl. Col. And wenyst thou that I knowe not
thé, cankard Abusyón?

Court. Ab. Cankard Jacke Hare, loke thou be
not rusty;

For thou shalt well knowe I am nother durty nor
dusty.

Cl. Col. Dusty! nay, syr, ye be all of the lusty,
Howe be it of scape thryfte your clokes smelleth
musty: 771

But whether art thou walkynge in faythe vn-
faynyd?

Court. Ab. Mary, with Magnyfyence I wolde
be retaynyd.

Cl. Col. By the masse, for the cowrte thou art
a mete man:

Thy slyppers they swap it, yet thou fotys it lyke
a swanne.

Court. Ab. Ye, so I can deuyse my gere after
the cowrtly maner.

Cl. Col. So thou arte personable to bere a
prynces baner.

¹ *batowe*] Qy. "batone?" [or "botowe," boot?]

By Goddes fote,¹ and I dare well fyght, for I
wyll not start.

Court. Ab. Nay, thou art a man good inough
but for thy false hart.

Cl. Col. Well, and I be a coward, ther is mo
than I. 780

Court. Ab. Ye, in faythe, a bolde man and a
hardy.

Cl. Col. A bolde man in a bole of newe ale in
cornys.

Court. Ab. Wyll ye se this gentyلمان is all in
his skornys?

Cl. Col. But are ye not auysed to dwell where
ye spake?

Court. Ab. I am of fewe wordys, I loue not to
barke.²

Beryst thou any rome, or cannyst thou do ought?
Cannyst thou helpe in fauer that I myght be
brought?

Cl. Col. I may do somewhat, and more I thynke
shall.

¹ *By Goddes fote, &c.*] Here the prefixes to the speeches are
surely wrong: but as I am doubtful how they ought to be
assigned, I have not ventured to alter them. Qy.

“*Court. Ab.* By Goddes fote, and I dare well fyght, for I
wyll not start.

Cl. Col. Nay, thou art a man good inough but for thy false
hart.

Court. Ab. Well, and I be a coward, ther is mo than I.

Cl. Col. Ye, in faythe, a bolde man and a hardy;

A bolde man in a bole of newe ale in cornys.

Court. Ab. Wyll ye se,” &c

² *barke*¹ Qv. “crake?” C.

Here cometh in CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE, poynt-
yng with his fynger, and sayth, Hem,
Colusyon!

Court. Ab. Cockys harte, who is yonde that for
thé dothe call?

*Cr. Con.*¹ Nay, come at ones, for the armys of
the dyce! 790

Court. Ab. Cockys armys, he hath callyd for
thé twyce.

Cl. Col. By Cockys harte, and call shall agayne:
To come to me, I trowe, he shalbe fayne.

Court. Ab. What, is thy harte pryckyd with
such a prowde pynne?

Cl. Col. Tushe, he that hath nede, man, let
hym rynne.

Cr. Con. Nay, come away, man: thou playst
the cayser.

*Cl. Col.*² By the masse, thou shalt byde my
leyser.

Cr. Con. Abyde, syr, quod he! mary, so I
do.

Court. Ab. He wyll come, man, when he may
tende to.

Cr. Con. What the deuyll, who sent for thé? 800

Cl. Col. Here he is nowe, man; mayst thou
not se?

¹ *Cr. Con.*] Ed. "*Cl. Col.*" Compare the next line, and
v. 796.

² *Cl. Col.*] Ed. "*Court. Ab.*"

Cr. Con. What the deuyll, man, what thou
menyst?

Art thou so angry as thou semyst?

Court. Ab. What the deuyll, can ye agre no
better?

Cr. Con. What the deuyll, where had we this
ioly ietter?

Cl. Col. What sayst thou, man? why dost thou
not supplye,

And desyre me thy good mayster to be?

Court. Ab. Spekest thou to me?

Cl. Col. Ye, so I tell thé.

Court. Ab. Cockes bones, I ne tell can 810

Whiche of you is the better man,

Or whiche of you can do most.

Cr. Con. In fayth, I rule moche of the rost.

Cl. Col. Rule the roste! ye, thou woldest¹

As skante thou had no nede of me.

Cr. Con. Nede! yes, mary, I say not nay.

Court. Ab. Cockes ha[r]te, I trowe thou wylte
make a fray.

Cr. Con. Nay, in good faythe, it is but the gyse.

Cl. Col. No, for, or we stryke, we wyll be ad-
uyseed twyse.

Court. Ab. What the deuyll, vse ye not to
drawe no swordes? 820

Cr. Con. No, by my trouthe, but crake grete
wordes.

¹ ye, thou woldest] Qy., for the rhyme, "thou woldest, ye?"

Court. Ab. Why, is this the gyse nowe adayes?

Cl. Col. Ye, for surety, ofte peas is taken for frayes.

But, syr, I wyll haue this man with me.

Cr. Con. Conuey yourselfe fyrst, let se.

Cl. Col. Well, tarry here tyll I for you sende.

Cr. Con. Why, shall he be of your bende?

Cl. Col. Tary here: wote ye what I say?

Court. Ab. I waraunt you, I wyll not go away.

Cr. Con. By Saynt Mary, he is a tawle man. ⁸³⁰

Cl. Col. Ye, and do ryght good seruyce he can;

I knowe in hym no defaute

But that the horson is prowde and hawte.

And so they¹ go out of the place.

Court. Ab. Nay, purchace ye a pardon for the pose,

For pryde hath plucked thé by the nose,

As well as me: I wolde, and I durste,

But nowe I wyll not say the worste.

COURTLY ABUSYON *alone in the place.*

What nowe, let se,

Who loketh on me

Well rounde aboute, 840

Howe gay and howe stoute

That I can were

Courtly my gere:

¹ *they*] i. e. *Cloked Colusyon and Crafty Conueyaunce.*

My heyre bussheth
 So plesauntly,
 My robe russheth
 So ruttyngly,
 Me seme I flye,
 I am so lyght,
 To daunce delyght ; 850
 Properly drest,
 All poynte deuyse,
 My persone prest
 Beyonde all syse
 Of the newe gyse,
 To russhe it oute
 In euery route :
 Beyonde measure
 My sleue is wyde,
 Al of pleasure, 855
 My hose strayte tyde,
 My buskyn wyde,
 Ryche to beholde,
 Gletterynge yn golde.
 Abusyon
 Forsothe I hyght :
 Confusyon
 Shall on hym lyght,
 By day or by nyght
 That vseth me ; 860
 He can not thee.
 A very fon,
 A very asse.

Wyll take vpon
 To compasse
 That neuer was
 Abusyd before ;
 A very pore
 That so wyll do,
 He doth abuse 890
 Hym selfe to to,
 He dothe mysse vse
 Eche man take a fe ¹
 To crake and prate ;
 I befole his pate.
 This newe fonne iet
 From out of Fraunce
 Fyrst I dyd set ;
 Made purueaunce
 And suche ordenaunce, 900
 That all men it founde
 Through out Englonde :
 All this nacyon
 I set on fyre
 In my facyon,
 This theyr desyre,
 This newe atyre ;
 This ladyes haue,
 I it them gaue ;
 Spare for no coste ; 900
 And yet in dede

¹ *Eche man take a fe*] There seems to be some corruption of the text here. [Qy. "each man to akuse,?" C.]

It is coste loste
 Moche more than nede
 For to excede
 In suche aray :
 Howe be it, I say,
 A carlys sonne,
 Brought vp of nought,
 Wyth me wyll wonne
 Whylyst he hath ought ;
 He wyll haue wrought
 His gowne so wyde
 That he may hyde
 His dame and his syre
 Within his slyue ;
 Spende all his hyre,
 That men hym gyue ;
 Wherefore I preue,
 A Tyborne checke
 Shall breke his necke.

910

920

Here cometh in FANSY, craynye, Stow stow !

All is out of harre,
 And out of trace,
 Ay warre and warre
 In euery place.
 But what the deuyll art thou,
 That cryest, Stow, stow ?

Fan. What, whom haue we here, Jenkyn
 Joly ?

Nowe welcom, by the God holy.

Court. Ab. What, Fansy, my frende! howe
doste thou fare?

Fan. By Cryst, as mery as a Marche hare. 930

Court. Ab. What the deuyll hast thou on thy
fyste? an owle?

Fan. Nay, it is a farly fowle.

Court. Ab. Me thynke she frowneth and lokys
sowre.

Fan. Torde, man, it is an hawke of the towre;
She is made for the malarde fat.

Court. Ab. Methynke she is well becked to
catche a rat.

But nowe what tydynges can you tell, let se.

Fan. Mary, I am come for thé.

Court. Ab. For me?

Fan. Ye, for thé, so I say. 940

Court. Ab. Howe so? tell me, I thé pray.

Fan. Why, harde thou not of the fray,

That fell amonge vs this same day

Court. Ab. No, mary, not yet.

Fan. What the deuyll, neuer a whyt?

Court. Ab. No, by the masse; what sholde I
swere?

Fan. In faythe, Lyberte is nowe a lusty spere.

Court. Ab. Why, vnder whom was he abydyng?

Fan. Mary, Mesure had hym a whyle in
gydyng,

Tyll, as the deuyll wolde, they fell a chydyng 950
With Crafty Conuayaunce.

Court. Ab. Ye, dyd they so?

Fan. Ye, by Goddes sacrament, and with
other mo.

Court. Ab. What neded that, in the dyuyls date?

Fan. Yes, yes, he fell with me also at debate.

Court. Ab. With thé also? what, he playeth
the state?

Fan. Ye, but I bade hym pyke out of the gate,
By Goddes body, so dyd I.

Court. Ab. By the masse, well done and boldely.

Fan. Holde thy pease, Measure shall frome vs
walke. 990

Court. Ab. Why, is he crossed than with a
chalke?

Fan. Crossed! ye, checked out of consayte.

Court. Ab. Howe so?

Fan. By God, by a praty slyght,
As here after thou shalte knowe more:
But I must tary here; go thou before.

Court. Ab. With whom shall I there mete?

Fan. Crafty Conueyaunce standeth in the strete,
Euen of purpose for the same.

Court. Ab. Ye, but what shall I call my name?

Fan. Cockes harte, tourne thé, let me se thyne
aray: 971

Cockes bones, this is all of Johnn de gay.

Court. Ab. So I am poynted after my consayte.

Fan. Mary, thou iettes it of hyght.

Court. Ab. Ye, but of my name let vs be wyse.

Fan. Mary, Lusty Pleasure, by myne aduyse,
To name thyselpe, come of, it were done.

Court. Ab. Farewell, my frende.

Fan. Aduē, tyll sone.¹

Stowe, byrde, stowe, stowe! 900

It is best I fede my hawke now.

There is many euyl faueryd, and thou be foule;

Eche thyng is fayre when it is yonge: all hayle,
owle!

Lo, this is

My fansy, I wys:

Nowe Cryst it blysse!

It is, by Jesse,

A byrde full swete,

For me full mete:

She is furred for the hete 900

All to the fete;

Her browys bent,

Her eyen glent:

Frome Tyne to Trent,

From Stroude to Kent,

A man shall fynde

Many of her kynde,

Howe standeth the wynde

Before or behynde:

Barbyd lyke a nonne, 1000

For burnyng of the sonne;

Her fethers donne;

Well faueryd bonne.

Nowe, let me se about,

¹ *tyll sone*] Here *Courtly Abusyon* goes out.

In all this rowte
 Yf I can fynde out
 So semely a snowte
 Amonge this prese :
 Euen a hole mese —
 Pease, man, pease ! 1010
 I rede, we sease.
 So farly fayre as it lokys,
 And her becke so comely crokys,
 Her naylys sharpe as tenter hokys !
 I haue not kept her yet thre wokys,
 And howe styll she dothe syt !
 Teuyt, teuyt, where is my wyt ?
 The deuyll spede whyt !
 That was before, I set behynde ;
 Nowe to curteys, forthwith vnkynde ; 1020
 Somtyme to sober, somtyme to sadde,
 Somtyme to mery, somtyme to madde ;
 Somtyme I syt as I were solempe prowde ;
 Somtyme I laughe ouer lowde ;
 Somtyme I wepe for a gew gaw ;
 Somtyme I laughe at waggyng of a straw ;
 With a pere my loue you may wynne,
 And ye may lese it for a pynne.
 I haue a thyng for to say,
 And I may tende therto for play ; 1030
 But in faythe I am so occupied
 On this halfe and on euery syde,
 That I wote not where I may rest.
 Fyrst to tell you what were best,

Frantyke Fansy-seruyce I hyght ;
 My wyttys be weke, my braynys are lyght :
 For it is I that other whyle
 Plucke downe lede, and theke with tyle ;
 Nowe I wyll this, and nowe I wyll that ;
 Make a wyndmyll of a mat ; 1040
 Nowe I wolde, and I wyst what ;
 Where is my cappe? I haue lost my hat ;
 And within an houre after,
 Plucke downe an house, and set vp a rafter ;
 Hyder and thyder, I wote not whyder ;
 Do and vndo, bothe togyder ;
 Of a spyndell I wyll make a sparre ;
 All that I make, forthwith I marre ;
 I blunder, I bluster, I blowe, and I blother ;
 I make on the one day, and I marre on the other ;
 Bysy, bysy, and euer bysy, 1051
 I daunce vp and downe tyll I am dyssy ;
 I can fynde fantasyes where none is ;
 I wyll not haue it so, I wyll haue it this.

*Hic ingrediatur FOLY, quatiendo crema¹ et
 faciendo multum, feriendo tabulas
 et similia.*

Fol. Maysters, Cryst saue euerychone !
 What, Fansy, arte thou here alone ?

¹ *crema*] If this be the right reading, I am unacquainted with the word. It can hardly be a misprint for "*cremia*:"
 qy. "*crembalum*?" [Or, "*crebro*?" C.]

Fan. What, fonnysse Foly! I befole thy face.

Fol. What, frantyke Fansy in a foles case!

What is this, an owle or a glede?

By my trouthe, she hathe a grete hede. 1060

Fan. Tusshe, thy lypes hange in thyne eye:
It is a Frenche butterflye.

Fol. By my trouthe, I trowe well;

But she is lesse a grete dele

'Than a butterflye of our lande.

Fan. What pylde curre ledest thou in thy
hande?

Fol. A pylde curre!

Fan. Ye so, I tell thé, a pylde curre.

Fol. Yet I solde his skynne to Mackemurre,
In the stede of a budge furre. 1070

Fan. What, fleyest thou his skynne euery yere?

Fol. Yes, in faythe, I thanke God I may here.

Fan. What, thou wylte coughe me a dawe for
forty pens?

Fol. Mary, syr, Cokermowthe is a good way
hens.

Fan. What? of Cokermowth spake I no worde.

Fol. By my faythe, syr, the frubyssher hath
my sworde.

Fan. A, I trowe, ye shall coughe me a fole.

Fol. In faythe, trouthe ye say, we wente to-
gyder to scole.

Fan. Ye, but I can somewhat more of the letter.

Fol. I wyll not gyue an halfepeny for to chose
the better. 1080

Fan. But, broder Foly, I wonder moche of one
thyng,

That thou so hye fro me doth sprynge,
And I so lytell alway styll.

Fol. By God, I can tell thé, and I wyll.
Thou art so feble fantastycall,
And so braynsyke therwithall,
And thy wyt wanderynge here and there,
That thou cannyst not growe out of thy boyes
gere;

And as for me, I take but one folysse way,
And therefore I growe more on one day 1000
Than thou can in yerys seuen.

Fan. In faythe, trouth thou sayst nowe, by God
of heuen!

For so with fantasyes my wyt dothe flete,
That wysdome and I shall seldome mete.

Nowe, of good felowshyp, let me by thy dogge.

Fol. Cockys harte, thou lyst, I am no hogge.

Fan. Here is no man that callyd thé hogge nor
swyne.

Fol. In faythe, man, my brayne is as good as
thyne.

Fan. The deuyls torde for thy brayne!

Fol. By my syers soule, I fele no rayne. 1100

Fan. By the masse, I holde thé madde.

Fol. Mary, I knewe thé when thou waste a
ladde.

Fan. Cockys bonys, herde ye euer syke an-
other?

Fol. Ye, a fole the tone, and a fole the tother.

Fan. Nay, but wotest thou what I do say?

Fol. Why, sayst thou that I was here yesterday?

Fan. Cockys armys, this is a warke, I trowe.

Fol. What, callyst thou me a donnyshe crowe?

Fan. Nowe, in good faythe, thou art a fonde gest.

Fol. Ye, bere me this strawe to a dawys nest.

Fan. What, wenyst thou that I were so folysse and so fonde? 1111

Fol. In faythe, ellys is there none in all Englonde.

Fan. Yet for my fansy sake, I say,
Let me haue thy dogge, what soeuer I pay.

Fol. Thou shalte haue my purse, and I wyll haue thyne.

Fan. By my trowth, there is myne.

Fol. Nowe, by my trowth, man, take, there is myne;¹

And I beshrowe hym that hath the worse.

Fan. Torde, I say, what haue I do?

Here is nothyng but the bockyll of a sho, 1120
And in my purse was twenty marke.

Fol. Ha, ha, ha! herke, syrs, harke!

For all that my name hyght Foly,
By the masse, yet art thou more fole thar I.

Fan. Yet gyue me thy dogge, and I am content;
And thou shalte haue my hauke to a botchment.

¹ *myne*] Qy., for the rhyme, "my purse?"

Fol. That euer thou thryue, God it forfende!
 For, Goddes cope, thou wyll spende.
 Nowe take thou my dogge, and gyue me thy
 fowle.¹

Fan. Hay, chysse, come hyder! 1130

Fol. Nay, torde, take hym be tyme.

Fan. What callyst thou thy dogge?

Fol. Tusshe, his name is Gryme.

Fan. Come, Gryme, come, Gryme! it is my
 praty dogges.

Fol. In faythe, there is not a better dogge for
 hogges,

Not from Anwyke vnto Aungey.

Fan. Ye, but trowest thou that he be not
 maungey?

Fol. No, by my trouthe, it is but the scurfe and
 the scabbe.

Fan. What, he hathe ben hurte with a stabbe?

Fol. Nay, in faythe, it was but a strype 1140

That the horson had for etynge of a trype.

Fan. Where the deuyll gate he all these hurtes?

Fol. By God, for snatchynge of puddynge and
 wortes.

Fan. What, then he is some good poore mannes
 curre?

Fol. Ye, but he wyll in at euery mannes dore.

Fan. Nowe thou hast done me a pleasure grete.

Fol. In faythe, I wolde thou had a marmosete

¹ fowle] Qy. a line wanting to rhyme with this?

Fan. Cockes harte, I loue suche iapes.

Fol. Ye, for all thy mynde is on owles and apes.
But I haue thy pultre, and thou hast my catell. 1158

Fan. Ye, but thryfte and we haue made a
batell.

Fol. Remembrest thou not the iapes and the
toyes —

Fan. What, that we vsed whan we were boyes?

Fol. Ye, by the rode, euen the same.

Fan. Yes, yes, I am yet as full of game
As euer I was, and as full of tryfys,

Nil, nihilum, nihil, anglice nyfys.

Fol. What canest thou all this Latyn yet,
And hast so mased a wandrynge wyt? 1159

Fan. Tushe, man, I kepe some Latyn in store.

Fol. By Cockes harte, I wene thou hast no
more.

Fan. No? yes, in faythe, I can versyfy.

Fol. Then, I pray thé hartely,

Make a verse of my butterfly;

It forseth not of the reason, so it kepe ryme.

Fan. But wylte thou make another on Gryme?

Fol. Nay, in fayth, fyrst let me here thyne.

Fan. Mary, as for that, thou shalte sone here
myne:

Est snavi snago with a shrewde face *vilis imago*.¹

Fol. Grimbaldus gredy, snatche a puddyng tyl
the rost be redy. 1170

¹ *Est snavi, &c.*] Between this line and the next, ed. has
"Versus."

Fan. By the harte of God, well done!

Fol. Ye, so redely and so sone!

Here cometh in CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE.

Cr. Con. What, Fandy! Let me se who is the tother.

Fan. By God, syr, Foly, myne owne sworne brother.

Cr. Con. Cockys bonys, it is a farle freke:
Can he play well at the hoddypeke?

Fan. Tell by thy trouth what sport can thou make.

Fol. A, holde thy peas; I haue the tothe ake.

Cr. Con. The tothe ake! lo, a torde ye haue.

Fol. Ye, thou haste the four quarters of a knaue. 110

Cr. Con. Wotyst thou, I say, to whom thou spekys?

Fan. Nay, by Cockys harte, he ne reckys,
For he wyll speke to Magnyfyence thus.

Cr. Con. Cockys armys, a mete man for vs.

Fol. What, wolde ye haue mo folys, and are so many?

Fan. Nay, offer hym a counter in stede of a peny.

Cr. Con. Why, thynkys thou he can no better skylle?

Fol. In fayth, I can make you bothe folys, and I wyll.

Cr. Con. What haste thou on thy fyst? a kes-
teryll?

Fol. Nay, I wys, fole, it is a doteryll. 1190

Cr. Con. In a cote thou can play well the
dyser.

Fol. Ye, but thou can play the fole without a
vyser.

Fan. Howe rode he by you? howe put he to
you?¹

Cr. Con. Mary, as thou sayst, he gaue me a
blurre.

But where gatte thou that manged curre?

Fan. Mary, it was his, and nowe it is myne.

Cr. Con. And was it his, and nowe it is thyne?
Thou must haue thy fansy and thy wyll,
But yet thou shalt holde me a fole styll.

Fol. Why, wenyst thou that I cannot make thé
play the fon? 1200

Fan. Yes, by my faythe, good Syr Johnn.

Cr. Con. For you bothe it were inough.

Fol. Why, wenyst thou that I were as moche
a fole as thou?

Fan. Nay, nay, thou shalte fynde hym another
maner of man.

Fol. In faythe, I can do mastryes, so I can.

Cr. Con. What canest thou do but play cocke
wat?

Fan. Yes, yes, he wyll make thé ete a gnat.

¹ you] Qy., for the rhyme, "you there?"

Fol. Yes, yes, by my trowth, I holde thé a grote,

That I shall laughe thé out of thy cote.

Cr. Con. Than wyll I say that thou haste no pere. 1210

Fan. Nowe, by the rode, and he wyll go nere.

Fol. Hem, Fandy! *regardes, voyes.*

Here FOLY maketh semblaunt to take a lowse from CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE showlder.

Fan. What hast thou founde there?

Fol. By God, a lowse.

Cr. Con. By Cockes harte, I trowe thou lyste.

Fol. By the masse, a Spaynysshe mought with a gray lyste.

Fan. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cr. Con. Cockes armes, it is not so, I trowe.

Here CRAFTY CONU[EX]AUNCE putteth of his gowne.

Fol. Put on thy gowne agayne, for nowe thou hast lost.¹

Fan. Lo, Johnn a Bonam, where is thy brayne?

Nowe put on, fole, thy cote agayne. 1221

Fol. Gyue me my grote, for thou hast lost.

Here FOLY maketh semblaunt to take money of CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE, saynge to hym,

Shyt thy purse, dawe, and do no cost.

¹ *for nowe thou hast lost*] Qy., for the rhyme, "for thou hast lost nowe?"

Fan. Nowe hast thou not a prowde mocke and
a starke?

Cr. Con. With, yes, by the rode of Wodstocke
Parke.

Fan. Nay, I tell thé, he maketh no dowtes
To tourne a fole out of his clowtes.

Cr. Con. And for a fole a man wolde hym take.

Fol. Nay, it is I that foles can make ;
For, be he cayser or be he kyng, 1230
To felowshyp with Foly I can hym brynge.

Fan. Nay, wylte thou here nowe of his scoles,
And what maner of people he maketh foles?

Cr. Con. Ye, let vs here a worde or twayne.

Fol. Syr, of my maner I shall tell you the
playne.

Fyrst I lay before them my bybyll,
And teche them howe they sholde syt ydyll,
To pyke theyr fyngers all the day longe ;
So in theyr eyre I synge them a songe,
And make them so longe to muse, 1240
That some of them renneth strayght to the stuse ;
To thefte and bryboury I make some fall,
And pyke a locke and clyme a wall ;
And where I spy a nysot gay,
That wyll syt ydyll all the day,
And can not set herselfe to warke,
I kyndell in her suche a lyther sparke,
That rubbed she must be on the gall
Bytwene the tappet and the wall. 1245

Cr. Con. What, horson, arte thou such a one?

Fan. Nay, beyonde all other set hym alone.

Cr. Con. Hast thou ony more? let se, procede.

Fol. Ye, by God, syr, for a nede,

I haue another maner of sorte,
 That I laugh at for my dysporte;
 And those be they that come vp of nought,
 As some be not ferre, and yf it were well sought:
 Suche dawys, what soeuer they be,
 That be set in auctorite,
 Anone he waxyth so hy and prowde, 1260
 He frownyth fyersly, brymly browde,
 The knaue wolde make it koy, and he cowde;
 All that he dothe, muste be alowde;
 And, This is not well done, syr, take hede;
 And maketh hym besy where is no nede:
 He dawnsys so longe, hey, troy loly,
 That euery man lawghyth at his foly.

Cr. Con. By the good Lorde, truthe he sayth.

Fan. Thynkyst thou not so, by thy fayth?

Cr. Con. Thynke I not so, quod he! ellys haue
 I shame, 1270

For I knowe dyuerse that vseth the same.

Fol. But nowe, forsothe, man, it maketh no
 mater;

For they that wyll so bysely smater,
 So helpe me God, man, euer at the length
 I make hym ¹ lese moche of theyr strength;

¹ *hym*] Compare v. 427, p. 22. Perhaps these inconsistencies may have arisen from contractions in the MS.

For with foly so do I them lede,
That wyt he wantyth when he hath moste nede.

Fan. Forsothe, tell on: hast thou any mo?

Fol. Yes, I shall tell you, or I go,
Of dyuerse mo that hauntyth my scolys. 1280

Cr. Con. All men beware of suche folys!

Fol. There be two lyther, rude and ranke,
Symkyn Tytyuell and Pers Pykthanke;
Theys lythers I lerne them for to lere
What he sayth and she sayth to lay good ere,
And tell to his sufferayne euery whyt,
And then he is moche made of for his wyt;
And, be the mater yll more or lesse,
He wyll make it mykyll worse than it is:
But all that he dothe, and yf he reken well, 1290
It is but foly euery dell.

Fan. Are not his wordys cursydly cowchyd?

Cr. Con. By God, there be some that be
shroudly towchyd:

But, I say, let se and yf thou haue any more.

Fol. I haue an hole armory of suche haburdashe
in store;

For there be other that foly dothe vse,
That folowe fonde fantasyes and vertu refuse.

Fan. Nay, that is my parte that thou spekest
of nowe.

Fol. So is all the remenaunt, I make God
auowe;

For thou fourmest suche fantasyes in theyr mynde.
That euery man almost groweth out of kynde. 1300

Cr. Con. By the masse, I am glad that I came hyder,

To here you two rutters dyspute togyder.

Fan. Nay, but Fandy must be eyther fyrst or last.

Fol. But whan Foly cometh, all is past.

Fan. I wote not whether it cometh of thé or of me,

But all is foly that I can se.

Cr. Con. Mary, syr, ye may swere it on a boke.

Fol. Ye, tourne ouer the lefe, rede there and loke,

Howe frantyke Fandy fyrst of all 1310

Maketh man and woman in foly to fall.

Cr. Con. A, syr, a, a! howe by that!

Fan. A peryllous thyng, to cast a cat Vpon a naked man, and yf she scrat.

Fol. So how, I say, the hare is squat!

For, frantyke Fandy, thou makest men madde;

And I, Foly, bryngeth them to *qui fuit* gadde,

With *qui fuit* brayne seke I haue them brought

From *qui fuit aliquid* to shyre shakynge nought.

Cr. Con. Well argued and surely on bothe sydes: 1320

But for thé, Fandy, Magnyfycence abydes.

Fan. Why, shall I not haue Foly with me also?

Cr. Con. Yes, perde, man, whether that ye ryde or go:

Yet for his name we must fynde a slyght.¹

Fan. By the masse, he shall hyght Consayte.

Cr. Con. Not a better name vnder the sonne:
With Magnyfyence thou shalte wonne.

Fol. God haue mercy, good godfather.

Cr. Con. Yet I wolde that ye had gone rather;
For, as sone as you come in Magnyfyence syght,
All mesure and good rule is gone quyte. 1331

Fan. And shall we haue lyberte to do what
we wyll?

Cr. Con. Ryot at lyberte russheth it out styll.

Fol. Ye, but tell me one thyng.

Cr. Con. What is that?

Fol. Who is mayster of the masse fat?

Fan. Ye, for he hathe a full dry soule.

Cr. Con. Cockes armes, thou shalte kepe the
brewhouse boule.

Fol. But may I drynke therof whylest that I
stare?

Cr. Con. When mesure is gone, what nedest
thou spare? 1340

Whan mesure is gone, we may slee care.

Fol. Nowe then goo we hens, away the mare!²

CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE *alone in the place.*

Cr. Con. It is wonder to se the worlde aboute,
To se what foly is vsed in euery place;

¹ *slyght*] Ed. "shyfte." Compare v. 687, p. 33, and v. 964, p. 46, where "slyght" (sleight) is the rhyme to "consayte."

² *the mare*] Here *Foly* and *Fansy* go out.

Foly hath a rome, I say, in euery route,
 To put, where he lyst, Foly hath fre chace ;
 Foly and Fansy all where, euery man dothe face
 and brace ;

Foly fotyth it properly, Fansy ledyth the dawnce ;
 And next come I after, Crafty Conueyaunce.

Who so to me gyueth good aduertence, 1250

Shall se many thyngys donne craftely :

By me conueyed is wanton insolence,

Pryuy poyntmentys conueyed so properly,

For many tymes moche kyndnesse is denyed

For drede that we dare not ofte lest we be spyed ;

By me is conueyed mykyll praty ware,

Somtyme, I say, behynde the dore for nede ;

I haue an hoby can make larkys to dare ;

I knyt together many a broken threde.

It is great almesse the hungre to fede, 1350

To clothe the nakyd where is lackynge a smocke,

Trymme at her tayle, or a man can turne a socke :

What howe, be ye mery ! was it not well con-
 ueyed ?

As oft as ye lyst, so honeste be sauyd ;

Alas, dere harte, loke that we be not perseyuyd !

Without crafte nothyng is well behauyd ;

Though I shewe you curtesy, say not that I craue,¹

Yet conuey it craftely, and hardely spare not for
 me,

¹ *crave* | Qy., for the rhyme, "craued?" unless something
 be wanting.

So that there knowe no man but I and she.
 Thefte also and pety brybery 1370
 Without me be full oft aspyed ;
 My inwyt delynge there can no man dyscry,
 Conuey it be crafte, lyft and lay asyde :
 Full moche flatery and falsehode I hyde,
 And by crafty conueyaunce I wyll, and I can,
 Saue a stronge thefe and hange a trew man.
 But some man wolde conuey, and can not skylly,
 As malypert tauernars that checke with theyr
 betters,
 Theyr conueyaunce weltyth the worke all by wyll ;
 And some wyll take vpon them to conterfet
 letters, 1380
 And therwithall conuey hymselfe into a payre of
 fettters ;
 And some wyll conuey by the pretence of sad-
 nesse,
 Tyll all theyr conueyaunce is turnyd into mad-
 nesse.
 Crafty conueyaunce is no chyldlys game :
 By crafty conueyaunce many one is brought vp
 of nought ;
 Crafty Conueyaunce can cloke hymselfe frome
 shame,
 For by crafty conueyaunce wonderful thynges
 are wrought :
 By conuayaunce crafty I haue brought
 Vnto Magnifyce[nce] a full vngracyous sorte,
 For all hokes vnhappy to me haue resorte. 1390

*Here cometh in MAGNYFYCENCE with LYBERTE
and FELICYTE.*

Magn. Trust me, Lyberte, it greueth me ryght
sore

To se you thus ruled and stande in suche awe.

Lyb. Syr, as by my wyll, it shall be so no more.

Fel. Yet lyberte without rule is not worth a
strawe.

Magn. Tushe, holde your peas, ye speke lyke
a dawe;

Ye shall be occupyed, Welthe, at my wyll. [skyll.

Cr. Con. All that ye say, syr, is reason and

Magn. Mayster Suruayour, where haue ye ben
so longe?

Remembre ye not how my lyberte by mesure
ruled was?

Cr. Con. In good faythe, syr, me semeth he
had the more wronge. 1400

Lyb. Mary, syr, so dyd he excede and passe,
They droue me to lernynge lyke a dull asse.

Fel. It is good yet that lyberte be ruled by
reason.

Magn. Tushe, holde your peas, ye speke out
of season:

Yourselfe shall be ruled by lyberte and largesse.

Fel. I am content, so it in measure be.

Lyb. Must mesure, in the mares name, you
furnysshe and dresse?

Magn. Nay, nay, not so, my frende Felicyte.

Cr. Con. Not, and your grace wolde be ruled by me.

Lyb. Nay, he shall be ruled euen as I lyst. 1410

Fel. Yet it is good to beware of Had I wylt.

Magn. Syr, by lyberte and largesse I wylt that ye shall

Be gouerned and gyded: wote ye what I say?
Mayster Suruayour, Largesse to me call.

Cr. Con. It shall be done.

Magn. Ye, but byd hym come away
At ones, and let hym not tary all day.

Here goth out CRAFTY CONUAYAUNCE.

Fel. Yet it is good wysdome to worke wysely by welth.

Lyb. Holde thy tonge, and thou loue thy helth.

Magn. What, wylt ye waste wynde, and prate thus in vayne? 1420

Ye haue eten sauce, I trowe, at the Taylers Hall.

Lyb. Be not to bolde, my frende; I counsell you, bere a brayne.

Magn. And what so we say, holde you content withall.

Fel. Syr, yet without sapyence your substaunce may be smal;

For, where is no mesure, howe may worshyp endure?

Here cometh in FANSY.

Fan. Syr, I am here at your pleasure;
Your grace sent for me, I wene; what is your wylt?

Magn. Come hyther, Largesse, take here
Felycyte.

Fan. Why, wene you that I can kepe hym longe
styll?

Magn. To rule as ye lyst, lo, here is Lyberte!

Lyb. I am here redy. 1431

Fan. What, shall we haue welth at our gydyng
to rule as we lyst?

Then fare well thryfte, by hym that crosse kyst!

Fel. I truste your grace wyll be agreabyll
That I shall suffer none impechment
By theyr demenaunce nor losse repryuable.

Magn. Syr, ye shall folowe myne appetyte and
intent.

Fel. So it be by mesure I am ryght well con-
tent.

Fan. What, all by mesure, good syr, and none
excesse?

Lyb. Why, welth hath made many a man
braynlesse. 1440

Fel. That was by the menys of to moche lyberte.

Magn. What, can ye agree thus and appose?

Fel. Syr, as I say, there was no faute in me.

Lyb. Ye, of Jacke a thrommys bybyll can ye
make a glose.

Fan. Sore sayde, I tell you, and well to the
purpose:

What sholde a man do with you? loke you vnder
kay?

Fel. I say, it is foly to gyue all welth away.

Lyb. Whether sholde welth be rulyd by lyberte,
Or lyberte by welth? let se, tell me that. 1449

Fel. Syr, as me semeth, ye sholde be rulyd
by me.

Magn. What nede you with hym thus prate
and chat?

Fan. Shewe vs your mynde then, howe to do
and what.

Magn. I say, that I wyll ye haue hym in
gydyngge.

Lyb. Mayster Felycyte, let be your chydyngge,
And so as ye se it wyll be no better,
Take it in worthe suche as ye fynde.

Fan. What the deuyll, man, your name shalbe
the greter,
For welth without largesse is all out of kynde.

Lyb. And welth is nought worthe, yf lyberte be
behynde.

Magn. Nowe holde ye content, for there is none
other shyfte. 1460

Fel. Than waste must be welcome, and fare
well thryfte!

Magn. Take of his substaunce a sure inuentory,
And get thou¹ home togyther; for Lyberte shall
byde,

And wayte vpon me.

Lyb. And yet for a memory,
Make indentures howe ye and I shal gyde.

¹ *thou*] Qy. "you?" see note on v. 1275, p. 59.

Fan. I can do nothyng but he stonde besyde.

Lyb. Syr, we can do nothyng the one without
the other.

Magn. Well, get you hens than, and sende me
some other.

Fan. Whom? lusty Pleasure, or mery Con-
sayte? 1470

Magn. Nay, fyrst lusty Pleasure is my desyre
to haue,

And let the other another¹ awayte,
Howe be it that fonde felowe is a mery knaue;
But loke that ye occupye the auctoryte that I
you gaue.

[*Here goeth out FELICYTE, LYBERTE, and FANSY.*

MAGNYFYCENCE *alone in the place.*

For nowe,² syrs, I am lyke as a prynce sholde be;
I haue welth at wyll, largesse and lyberte:
Fortune to her lawys can not abandune me,
But I shall of Fortune rule the reyne;
I fere nothyng Fortunes perplexyte;
All honour to me must nedys stowpe and lene;
I syng of two partys without a mene; 1481
I haue wynde and wether ouer all to sayle,
No stormy rage agaynst me can peruayle.
Alexander, of Macedony kyng,
That all the oryent had in subieccyon,

¹ *another*] .Qy. "another time?"

² *For nowe, &c.*] In ed. this speech is given to *Fansy*.

Though al his conquestys were brought to reken-
yngge,

Myght seem ryght wel vnder my proteccyon
To rayne, for all his marcyall affeccyon ;
For I am prynce perlesse prouyd of porte,
Bathyd with blysse, embracyd with comforte. 1490

Syrus, that soleme syar of Babylon,
That Israell releysyd of theyr captuyte,
For al his pompe, for all his ryall trone,
He may not be comparyd vnto me.

I am the dyamounde dowllesse of dygnyte :
Surely it is I that all may saue and spyll ;
No man so hardy to worke agaynst my wyll.

Porcenyra, the prowde prouoste of Turkey lande,
That ratyd the Romaynes and made them yll rest,
Nor Cesar July, that no man myght withstande,
Were neuer halfe so rychely as I am drest : 1500

No, that I assure you ; loke who was the best.
I reyne in my robys, I rule as me lyst,
I dryue downe th[e]se dastardys with a dynt of
my fyste.

Of Cato the counte acountyd the cane,
Daryus, the doughty cheftayn of Perse,
I set not by the prowdest of them a prane,
Ne by non other that any man can reheresse.
I folowe in felycyte without reue[r]sse,
I drede no daunger, I dawnce all in delyte ; 1510
My name is Magnyfyence, man most of myght.
Hercules the herdy, with his stobburne clobbyd
mase,

That made Cerberus to cache, the cur dogge of
hell,

And Thesius, that prowde was Pluto to face,
It wolde not become them with me for to mell:
For of all barones bolde I bere the bell,
Of all doughty I am doughtyest duke, as I deme;
To me all prynces to lowte man be sene.¹

Cherlemayne, that mantenyd the nobles of Fraunce,
Arthur of Albyan, for all his brymme berde, ¹⁵²⁰
Nor Basyan the bolde, for all his brybaunce,
Nor Alerycus, that rulyd the Gothyaunce by swerd,
Nor no man on molde can make me aferd.

What man is so maysyd with me that dare mete,
I shall flappe hym as a fole to fall at my fete.

Galba, whom his galantys garde for a gaspe,
Nor Nero, that nother set by God nor man,
Nor Vaspasyan, that bare in his nose a waspe,
Nor Hanyball agayne Rome gates that raune,
Nor yet Cypyo, that noble Cartage wanne, ¹⁵³⁰
Nor none so hardy of them with me that durste
crake,

But I shall frounce them on the foretop, and gar
them to quake.

*Here cometh in COURTLY ABUSYON, doynge
reuerence and courtesy.*

Court. Ab. At your commaundement, syr, wyth
all dew reuerence.

¹ *be sene*] Qy., "may beseme?" C.

Magn. Welcom, Pleasure, to our magnyfyence.

Court. Ab. Plesyth it your grace to shewe what
I do shall?

Magn. Let vs here of your pleasure to passe
the tyme withall.

Court. Ab. Syr, then with the fauour of your
benyngge sufferauce

To shewe you my mynde myselfe I wyll auauance,
If it lyke your grace to take it in degre.

Magn. Yes, syr, so good man in you I se, 1540
And in your delynge so good assuraunce,
That we delyte gretly in your dalyaunce.

Court. Ab. A, syr, your grace me dothe extole
and rayse,

And ferre beyond my merytys ye me commende
and prayse;

Howe be it, I wolde be ryght gladde, I you assure,
Any thyng to do that myght be to your pleasure.

Magn. As I be saued, with pleasure I am sup-
prysyd

Of your langage, it is so well deuysed;
Pullyshyd and fresshe is your ornacy.

Court. Ab. A, I wolde to God that I were halfe
so crafty, 1550

Or in electe vtteraunce halfe so eloquent,
As that I myght your noble grace content!

Magn. Truste me, with you I am hyghly
pleasyd,

For in my fauour I haue you feffyde and seasyd.
He is not lyuyng your maners can amend;

Mary, your speche is as pleasant as though it
were pend ;

To here your comon, it is my hygh comforte ;

Poynt deuise all pleasure is your porte.

Court. Ab. Syr, I am the better of your noble
reporte ;

But, of your pacyence vnder the supporte, 1560

If it wolde lyke you to here my pore mynde —

Magn. Speke, I beseche thé, leue nothyng
behynde.

Court. Ab. So as ye be a prynce of great
myght,

It is semyng your pleasure ye delyte,

And to aqueynte you with carnall delectacyon,

And to fall in aquayntaunce with euery newe
facyon ;

And quyckely your appetytes to sharpe and
adresse,

To fasten your fansy vpon a fayre maystresse,

That quyckly is enuyed with rudyes of the rose,

Inpurtured with fetures after your purpose, 1570

The streynes of her vaynes as asure inde blewe,

Enbudded with beautye and colour fresshe of
hewe,

As lyly whyte to loke vpon her leyre,

Her eyen relucant as carbuncle so clere,

Her mouthe enbawmed, dylectable and mery,

Her lusty lypes ruddy as the chery :

Howe lyke you? ye lacke, syr, suche a lusty
lasse.

Magn. A, that were a baby to brace and to
basse!

I wolde I had, by hym that hell dyd harowe,
With me in keypyng suche a Phylp sparowe! ¹⁵⁸⁸

I wolde hauke whylest my hede dyd warke,
So I myght hobby for suche a lusty larke.

These wordes in myne eyre they be so lustely
spoken,

That on suche a female my flesshe wolde be
wroken;

They towche me so thorowly, and tykyll my con-
sayte,

That weryed I wolde be on suche a bayte:

A, Cockes armes, where myght suche one be
founde?

Court. Ab. Wyll ye spende ony money?

Magn. Ye, a thousande pounce.

Court. Ab. Nay, nay, for lesse I waraunt you
to be sped, 1590

And brought home, and layde in your bed.

Magn. Wolde money, trowest thou, make suche
one to the call?

Court. Ab. Money maketh marchauntes, I tell
you, over all.

Magn. Why, wyl a maystres be wonne for
money and for golde?

Court. Ab. Why, was not for money Troy bothe
bought and solde?

Full many a stronge cyte and towne hath ben
wonne

By the meanes of money without ony gonne.
 A maystres, I tell you, is but a small thyng;e;
 A goodly rybon, or a golde ryng, 1600
 May wynne with a sawte the fortresse of the
 holde;

But one thyng I warne you, prece forth and be
 bolde.

Magn. Ye, but some be full koy and passynge
 harde harted.

Court. Ab. But, blessyd be our Lorde, they
 wyll be sone conuerted.

Magn. Why, wyll they then be intreted, the
 most and the lest?

Court. Ab. Ye, for *omnis mulier meretrix, si
 celari potest.*

Magn. A, I haue spyed ye can moche broken
 sorowe.

Court. Ab. I coude holde you with suche talke
 hens tyll to morowe;

But yf it lyke your grace, more at large
 Me to permyt my mynde to dyscharge,
 I wolde yet shewe you further of my consayte. 1610

Magn. Let se what ye say, shewe it strayte.

Court. Ab. Wysely let these wordes in your
 mynde be wayed:

By waywarde wylfulnes let eche thyng be con-
 uayed;

What so euer ye do, folowe your owne wyll;
 Be it reason or none, it shall not gretely skyll;
 Be it ryght or wronge, by the aduyse of me,

Take your pleasure and vse free lyberte ;
 And yf you se ony thyng agaynst your mynde,
 Then some occacyon of quarell ye must fynde,
 And frowne it and face it, as thoughe ye wolde
 fyght,

1620

Frete yourselfe for anger and for dyspyte ;
 Here no man, what so euer they say,
 But do as ye lyst, and take your owne way.

Magn. Thy wordes and my mynde odly well
 accorde.

Court. Ab. What sholde ye do elles? are not
 you a lorde?

Let your lust and lykyng stande for a lawe ;
 Be wrastyng and wrythyng, and away drawe.
 And ye se a man that with hym ye be not pleased,
 And that your mynde can not well be eased, ¹⁶²⁹
 As yf a man fortune to touche you on the quyke,
 Then feyne yourselfe dyseased and make your-
 selfe seke :

To styre vp your stomake you must you forge,
 Call for a candell and cast vp your gorge ;
 With, Cockes armes, rest shall I none haue
 Tyll I be reuenged on that horson knaue !
 A, howe my stomake wambleth ! I am all in a
 swete !

Is there no horson that knaue that wyll bete ?

Magn. By Cockes woundes, a wonder felowe
 thou arte ;

For ofte tymes suche a wamblynge goth ouer my
harte ;

Yet I am not harte seke, but that me lyst 1640

For myrth I haue hym coryed, beten, and blyst,

Hym that I loued not and made hym to loute,

I am forthwith as hole as a troute ;

For suche abusyon I vse nowe and than.

Court. Ab. It is none abusyon, syr, in a noble
man,

It is a pryncely pleasure and a lordly mynde ;

Suche lustes at large may not be lefte behynde.

*Here cometh in CLOKED COLUSYON with
MEASURE.*

Cl. Col. Stande styll here, and ye shall se

That for your sake I wyll fall on my kne.

Court. Ab. Syr, Sober Sadnesse cometh, wher-
fore it be? 1650

Magn. Stande vp, syr, ye are welcom to me.

Cl. Col. Please it your grace, at the contem-
placyon

Of my pore instance and supplycacyon,

Tenderly to consyder in your aduertence,

Of our blessyd Lorde, syr, at the reuerence,

Remembre the good seruyce that Measure hath
you done,

And that ye wyll not cast hym away so sone.

Magn. My frende, as touchynge to this your
mocyon,

I may say to you I haue but small deuocyon ;

Howe be it, at your instaunce I wyll the rather
Do as moche as for myne owne father. 1661

Cl. Col. Nay, syr, that affeccyon ought to be
reserued,

For of your grace I haue it nought deserued ;
But yf it lyke you that I myght rowne in your
eyre,

To shewe you my mynde I wolde haue the lesse
fere.

Magn. Stande a lytell abacke, syr, and let hym
come hyder.

Court. Ab. With a good wyll, syr, God spede
you bothe togyder.

Cl. Col. Syr, so it is, this man is here by,
That for hym to laboure he hath prayde me
hartely ;

Notwithstandynge to you be it sayde, 1670
To trust in me he is but dyssayued ;

For, so helpe me God, for you he is not mete :
I speke the softlyer, because he sholde not wete.

Magn. Come hyder, Pleasure, you shall here
myne entent :

Mesure, ye knowe wel, with hym I can not be
content,

And surely, as I am nowe aduysed,
I wyll haue hym relhayted and dyspysed.

Howe say ye, syrs ? herein what is best ?

Court. Ab. By myne aduysse with you in fayth
he shall not rest.

Cl. Col. Yet, syr, reserued your better aduyse-
ment, 1680

It were better he spake with you or he wente,
That he knowe not but that I haue supplied
All that I can his matter for to spede.

Magn. Nowe, by your trouthe, gaue he you
not a brybe?

Cl. Col. Yes, with his hande I made hym to
subscribe

A byll of recorde for an annuall rent.

Court. Ab. But for all that he is lyke to haue
a glent.

Cl. Col. Ye, by my trouthe, I shall waraunt
you for me,

And he go to the deu[y]ll, so that I may haue
my fee,

What care I? 1690

Magn. By the masse, well sayd.

Court. Ab. What force ye, so that ye be payde?

Cl. Col. But yet, lo, I wolde, or that he wente,
Lest that he thought that his money were euyll
spente,

That ye wolde loke on hym, thoughe it were not
longe.

Magn. Well cannest thou helpe a preest to
synge a songe.

Cl. Col. So it is all the maner nowe a dayes,
For to vse suche haftyng and crafty wayes.

Court. Ab. He telleth you trouthe, syr, as I you
ensure.

Magn. Well, for thy sake the better I may endure 1700

That he come hyder, and to gyue hym a loke
That he shall lyke the worse all this woke.

Cl. Col. I care not howe sone he be refused,
So that I may craftely be excused.

Court. Ab. Where is he?

Cl. Col. Mary, I made hym abyde,
Whylest I came to you, a lytell here besyde.

Magn. Well, call hym, and let vs here hym
reason,

And we wyll be comonyng in the mene season.

Court. Ab. This is a wyse man, syr, where so
euer ye hym had. 1710

Magn. An honest person, I tell you, and a sad.

Court. Ab. He can full craftely this matter
brynge aboute.

Magn. Whylest I haue hym, I nede nothyng
doute.

*Hic introducatur COLUSION MESURE, MAGNYFY-
CENCE aspectant[e] vultu elatissimo.*

Cl. Col. By the masse, I haue done that I can,
And more than euer I dyd for ony man :
I trowe, ye herde yourselfe what I sayd.

Mes. Nay, indede ; but I sawe howe ye prayed,
And made instance for me be lykelyhod.

Cl. Col. Nay, I tell you, I am not wonte to fode
Them that dare put theyr truste in me ; 1720
And therof ye shall a larger profe se.

Mes. Syr, God rewarde you as ye haue deserued :

But thynke you with Magnyfyence I shal be reserued?

Cl. Col. By my trowth, I can not tell you that ;
But, and I were as ye, I wolde not set a gnat
By Magnyfyence, nor yet none of his,
For, go when ye shall, of you shall he mysse.

Mes. Syr, as ye say.

Cl. Col. Nay, come on with me :
Yet ones agayne I shall fall on my kne 1730
For your sake, what so euer befall ;
I set not a flye, and all go to all.

Mes. The Holy Goost be with your grace.

Cl. Col. Syr, I beseche you, let pety haue some
place
In your brest towards this gentylman.

Magn. I was your good lorde tyll that ye beganne
So masterfully vpon you for to take
With my seruauentys, and suche maystryes gan
make,
That holly my mynde with you is myscontente ;
Wherfore I wyll that ye be resydent 1740
With me no longer.

Cl. Col. Say somewhat nowe, let se, for your selfe.¹

¹ *let se, for your selfe*] Qy., for the rhyme, "for your selfe, let se?"—unless "for your selfe" was intended to form the commencement of the next verse.

Mes. Syr, yf I myght permytted be,
I wolde to you say a worde or twayne.

Magn. What, woldest thou, lurden, with me
brawle agayne ?

Haue hym hens, I say, out of my syght ;
That day I se hym, I shall be worse all nyght.

[*Here MEASURE goth out of the place.*¹

Court. Ab. Hens, thou haynyarde, out of the
dores fast !

Magn. Alas, my stomake fareth as it wolde cast !

Cl. Col. Abyde, syr, abyde, let me holde your
hede. 1750

Magn. A bolle or a basyn, I say, for Goddes
brede !

A, my hede ! But is the horson gone ?
God gyue hym a myscheffe ! Nay, nowe let me
alone.

Cl. Col. A good dryfte, syr, a praty fete :
By the good Lorde, yet your temples bete.

Magn. Nay, so God me helpe, it was no grete
vexacyon,

For I am panged ofte tymes of this same facyon.

Cl. Col. Cockes armes, howe Pleasure plucked
hym forth !

¹ *Here Measure goth out of the place*] To this stage-direction ought to be added—"with Courtly Abusyon, who, as he carries him off, exclaims." See what *Clokyd Colusyon* says a little after,

"Cockes armes, howe Pleasure plucked hym forth!"

Pleasure is the assumed name of *Courtly Abusyon*.

Magn. Ye, walke he must, it was no better worth.

Cl. Col. Syr, nowe me thynke your harte is well eased. 1760

Magn. Nowe Measure is gone, I am the better pleased.

Cl. Col. So to be ruled by measure, it is a payne.

Magn. Mary, I wene he wolde not be glad to come agayne.

Cl. Col. So I wote not what he sholde do here :
Where mennes belyes is mesured, there is no chere ;
For I here but fewe men that gyue ony prayse
Vnto measure, I say, nowe a days.

Magn. Measure, tut ! what, the deuyll of hell !
Scantly one with measure that wyll dwell.

Cl. Col. Not amonge noble men, as the worlde gothe : 1770

It is no wonder therfore thoughe ye be wrothe
With Mesure. Where as all noblenes is, there I
haue past :

They catche that catche may, kepe and holde fast,
Out of all measure themselfe to enryche ;
No force what thoughe his neyghbour dye in a
dyche.

With pollynge and pluckyng out of all measure,
Thus must ye stuffe and store your treasure.

Magn. Yet somtyme, parde, I must vse
largesse.

Cl. Col. Ye, mary, somtyme in a messe of
vergesse,

As in a tryfyll or in a thyng of nought, 1780
 As gyuyng a thyng that ye neuer bought:
 It is the gyse nowe, I say, ouer all;
 Largesse in wordes, for rewardes are but small:
 To make fayre promyse, what are ye the worse?
 Let me haue the rule of your purse.

Magn. I haue taken it to Largesse and Lyberte.

Cl. Col. Than is it done as it sholde be:
 But vse your largesse by the aduyse of me,
 And I shall waraunt you welth and lyberte.

Magn. Say on; me thynke your reasons be
 profounde. 1790

Cl. Col. Syr, of my counsayle this shall be the
 grounde,

To chose out ii. iii. of suche as you loue best,
 And let all your fansyes vpon them rest;
 Spare for no cost to gyue them pounce and peny,
 Better to make iii. ryche than for to make many;
 Gyue them more than ynoughe and let them not
 lacke,

And as for all other let them trusse and packe;
 Plucke from an hundred, and gyue it to thre,
 Let neyther patent scape them nor fee; 1799
 And where soeuer you wyll fall to a rekenyng,
 'Those thre wyll be redy euen at your bekenyng,
 For then ¹ shall you haue at lyberte to lowte;
 Let them haue all, and the other go without:
 Thus ioy without mesure you shall haue.

¹ *then*] Qy. "them?"

Magn. Thou sayst truthe, by the harte that

God me gaue!

For, as thou sayst, ryght so shall it be :

And here I make thé vpon Lyberte

To be superuysour, and on Largesse also,

For as thou wylte, so shall the game go ;

For in Pleasure, and Surueyaunce, and also in

thé,

1810

I haue set my hole felycyte,

And suche as you wyll shall lacke no promocyon.

Cl. Col. Syr, syth that in me ye haue suche

deuocyon,

Commyttinge to me and to my felowes twayne

Your welthe and felycyte, I trust we shall

optayne

To do you seruyce after your appetyte.

Magn. In faythe, and your seruyce ryght well

shall I acqyute ;

And therfore hye you hens, and take this ouer-

syght.

Cl. Col. Nowe, Jesu preserue you, syr, prynce

most of myght!

Here goth CLOKED COLUSYON awaye,

and leueth MAGNYFYCENCE alone

in the place.

Magn. Thus, I say, I am enuyronned with

solace ;

1820

I drede no dyntes of fatall desteny.

Well were that lady myght stande in my grace,

Me to embrace and loue moost specyally :

A Lorde, so I wolde halse her hartely,
So I wolde clepe her, so I wolde kys her swete!

Here cometh in FOLY.

Fol. Mary, Cryst graunt ye catche no colde on
your fete!

Magn. Who is this?

Fol. Consayte, syr, your owne man.

Magn. What tydynges with you, syr? I befole
thy brayne pan.

Fol. By our lakyn, syr, I haue ben a hawkyng
for the wylde swan. 1830

My hawke is rammysse, and it happed that she
ran,

Flewe I sholde say, in to an olde barne,
To reche at a rat, I coude not her warne;
She pynched her pynyon, by God, and caught
harme:

It was a ronner; nay, fole, I warant her blode
warme.

Magn. A, syr, thy iarfawcon and thou be
hanged togyder!

Fol. And, syr, as I was comynge to you hyder,
I sawe a fox sucke on a kowes ydder,
And with a lyme rodde I toke them bothe to-
gyder.

I trowe it be a frost, for the way is slydder: 1840
Se, for God auowe, for colde as I chydder.

Magn. Thy wordes hange togyder as fethers
in the wynde.

Fol. A, syr, tolde I not you howe I dyd fynde
 A knaue and a carle, and all of one kynde ?
 I sawe a wethercocke wagge with the wynde ;
 Grete meruayle I had, and mused in my mynde ;
 The houndes ranne before, and the hare behynde ;
 I sawe a losell lede a lurden, and they were bothe
 blynde ;

I sawe a sowter go to supper or euer he had
 dynde.

Magn. By Cockes harte, thou arte a fyne mery
 knaue. 1850

Fol. I make God auowe, ye wyll none other
 men¹ haue.

Magn. What sayst thou ?

Fol. Mary, I pray God your maystershpy to
 saue :

I shall gyue you a gaude of a goslynge that I
 gaue,

The gander and the gose bothe grasyng on one
 graue ;

Than Rowlande the reue ran, and I began to
 raue,

And with a brystell of a bore his berde dyd I
 shaue.

Magn. If euer I herde syke another, God gyue
 me shame.

Fol. Sym Sadylgose was my syer, and Daw-
 cocke my dame : 1850

¹ men] Qy. "man?"

I coude, and I lyst, garre you laughe at a game,
Howe a wodcocke wrastled with a larke that was
lame :

The bytter sayd boldly that they were to blame ;
The feldfare wolde haue fydded, and it wolde not
frame ;

The crane and the curlewe therat gan to grame ;
The snyte snyueled in the snowte and smyled at
the game.

Magn. Cockes bones, herde you euer suche
another ?

Fol. Se, syr, I beseche you, Largesse my
brother.

Here FANSY cometh in.

Magn. What tydynges with you, syr, that you
loke so sad ?

Fan. When ye knowe that I knowe, ye wyll
not be glad. 1870

Fol. What, brother braynsyke, how farest thou ?

Magn. Ye, let be thy iapes, and tell me howe
The case requyreth.

Fan. Alasse, alasse, an heuy metynge !
I wolde tell you, and yf I myght for wepynge.

Fol. What, is all your myrthe nowe tourned to
sorowe ?

Fare well tyll sone, adue tyll to morowe.

Here goth FOLY away.

Magn. I pray thé, Largesse, let be thy sob-
bynge.

Fan. Alasse, syr, ye are vndone with stelyng
and robberyng!

Ye sent vs a superuysour for to take hede: 1879

Take hede of your selfe, for nowe ye haue nede.

Magn. What, hath Sadnesse begyled me so?

Fan. Nay, madnesse hath begyled you and
many mo;

For Lyberte is gone and also Felycyte.

Magn. Gone? alasse, ye haue vndone me!

Fan. Nay, he that ye sent vs, Clokyd Colusyon,
And your payntyd Pleasure, Courtly Abusyon,
And your demenour with Counterfet Counten-
aunce,

And your suruayour,¹ Crafty Conueyaunce,

Or euer we were ware brought vs in aduersyte,

And had robberyd you quyte from all felycyte. 1890

Magn. Why, is this the largesse that I haue
vsyd?

Fan. Nay, it was your fondnesse that ye haue
vsyd.

Magn. And is this the credence that I gaue to
the letter?

Fan. Why, coulde not your wyt serue you no
better?

Magn. Why, who wolde haue thought in you
suche gyle?

¹ *suruayour*] Ed. "superuysour:" compare v. 1414, p. 66;
v. 852, p. 31, &c. *Cl. Col.* has just been made "superuy
vour:" see v. 1808, p. 85.

Fan. What? yes, by the rode, syr, it was I all
 this whyle
 That you trustyd, and Fansy is my name;
 And Foly, my broder, that made you moche game.

Here cometh in ADUERSYTE.

Magn. Alas, who is yonder, that grymly lokys?

Fan. Adewe, for I wyll not come in his clokys.¹

Magn. Lorde, so my flesshe trymblyth nowe
 for drede! 1901

*Here MAGNYFYCENCE is beten downe,
 and spoylyd from all his goodys
 and rayment.*

Aduer. I am Aduersyte, that for thy mysdede
 From God am sent to quyte thé thy mede.
 Vyle velyarde, thou must not nowe my dynt with-
 stande,

Thou must not abyde the dynt of my hande:
 Ly there, losell, for all thy pompe and pryde;
 Thy pleasure now with payne and trouble shalbe
 tryde.

The stroke of God, Aduersyte I hyght;
 I pluke downe kynge, prynce, lorde, and knyght,
 I rushe at them rughly, and make them ly full
 lowe, 1910

And in theyr moste truste I make them ouer-
 throwe.

Thys losyll was a lorde, and lyuyd at his lust,
 And nowe, lyke a lurden, he lyeth in the dust:

¹ *clockys*] Here *Fansy* goes out.

He knewe not hymselfe, his harte was so hye ;
 Nowe is there no man that wyll set by hym a flye :
 He was wonte to boste, brage, and to brace ;
 Nowe dare he not for shame loke one in the face :
 All worldly welth for hym to lytell was ;
 Nowe hath he ryght nought, naked as an asse :
 Somtyme without measure he trusted in golde, 192
 And now without mesure he shal haue hunger
 and colde.

Lo, syrs, thus I handell them all
 That folowe theyr fansyes in foly to fall :
 Man or woman, of what estate they be,
 I counsayle them beware of Aduersyte.
 Of sorowfull seruauntes I haue many scores :
 I vysyte them somtyme with blaynes and with
 sores ;
 With botches and carbuckyls in care I them knyght ;
 With the gowte I make them to grone where
 they syt ;
 Some I make lyppers and lazars full horse ; 193
 And from that they loue best some I deuorse ;
 Some with the marmoll to halte I them make ;
 And some to cry out of the bone ake ;
 And some I vysyte with brennyng of fyre ;
 Of some I wrynge of the necke lyke a wyre ;
 And some I make in a rope to totter and walter ;
 And some for to hange themselfe in an halter ;
 And some I vysyte to¹ batayle, warre, and mur-
 ther,

¹ to] Qy. "with?" compare vv. 1927, 1934. [Rather change
 "vysyte" to *ynsyte*, incite. C.]

And make eche man to sle other ;
 To drowne or to sle themselfe with a knyfe ; 1948
 And all is for theyr vngracyous lyfe.
 Yet somtyme I stryke where is none offence,
 Bycause I wolde proue men of theyr pacyence.
 But, nowe a dayes, to stryke I haue grete cause,
 Lydderyns so lytell set by Goddes lawes.
 Faders and moders, that be neclygent,
 And suffre theyr chyldren to haue theyr entent,
 To gyde them vertuously that wyll not remembre,
 Them or theyr chyldren ofte tymes I dysmembre ;
 Theyr chyldren, bycause that they haue no
 mekenesse ; 1950
 I vysyte theyr faders and moders with sekenesse ;
 And yf I se therby they wyll not amende,
 Then myschefe sodaynly I them sende ;
 For there is nothyng that more dyspleaseth God
 Than from theyr chyldren to spare the rod
 Of correccyon, but let them haue theyr wyll ;
 Some I make lame, and some I do kyll ;
 And some I stryke with a fransey ;
 Of some of theyr chyldren I stryke out the eye ;
 And where the fader by wysdom worshyp hath
 wonne, 1960
 I sende oft tymes a fole to his sonne.
 Wherfore of Aduersyte loke ye be ware,
 For when I come, comyth sorowe and care :
 For I stryke lordys of realmes and landys,
 That rule not by mesure that they haue in theyr
 handys,

That sadly rule not theyr howsholde men ;
I am Goddys preposytour, I prynt them with a
pen ;

Because of theyr neglygence and of theyr wanton
vagys,

I vysyte them and stryke them with many sore
plagys.

To take, syrs, example of that I you tell, 1970

And beware of aduersyte by my counsell,

Take hede of this caytyfe that lyeth here on
grounde ;

Beholde, howe Fortune of ¹ hym hath frounde !

For though we shewe you this in game and play,

Yet it proueth eyrnest, ye may se, euery day.

For nowe wyll I from this caytyfe go,

And take myscheffe and vengeaunce of other mo,

That hath deseruyd it as well as he.

Howe, where art thou? come hether, Pouerte ;

Take this caytyfe to thy lore. 1980

*Here cometh in POUERTE.*²

Pouer. A, my bonys ake, my lymmys be sore ;

Alasse, I haue the cyatyca full euyll in my hyppe !

Alasse, where is youth that was wont for to skyppe ?

I am lowsy, and vnlykyng, and full of scurffe,

My colour is tawny, colouryd as a turffe :

I am Pouerte, that all men doth hate,

I am baytyd with doggys at euery mannys gate :

¹ of] Qy. " on ? "

² *Pouerte*] And *Aduersyte* goes out.

I am raggyd and rent, as ye may se ;
 Full fewe but they haue enuy at me.
 Nowe must I this carcasse lyft vp : 1990
 He dynyd with delyte, with Pouerte he must sup.
 Ryse vp, syr, and welcom vnto me.

*Hic accedat ad levandum MAGNYFYCENCE,
 et locabit eum super locum stratum.*

Magn. Alasse, where is nowe my golde and fe?
 Alasse, I say, where to am I brought?
 Alasse, alasse, alasse, I dye for thought!

Pouer. Syr, all this wolde haue bene thought
 on before :

He woteth not what welth is that neuer was sore.

Magn. Fy, fy, that euer I sholde be brought in
 this snare !

I wenyd ones neuer to haue knowen of care.

Pouer. Lo, suche is this worlde ! I fynd it wryt,
 In welth to beware, and that is wyt. 2001

Magn. In welth to beware, yf I had grace,
 Neuer had I bene brought in this case.

Pouer. Nowe, syth it wyll no nother be,
 All that God sendeth, take it in gre ;
 For, thoughe you were somtyme a noble estate,
 Nowe must you lerne to begge at euery mannes gate.

Magn. Alasse, that euer I sholde be so shamed !
 Alasse, that euer I Magnyfyence was named !
 Alasse, that euer I was so harde happed, 2010
 In mysery and wretchydnesse thus to be lapped !
 Alasse, that I coude not myselfe no better gyde !
 Alasse, in my cradell that I had not dyde !

Pouer. Ye, syr, ye, leue all this rage,
 And pray to God your sorowes to asswage :
 It is foly to grudge agaynst his vysytacyon.
 With harte contryte make you supplicacyon
 Vnto your Maker, that made bothe you and me,
 And, whan it pleaseth God, better may be.

Magn. Alasse, I wote not what I sholde pray !

Pouer. Rem[e]mbre you better, syr, beware
 what ye say, 2021

For drede ye dysplease the hygh deyte.
 Put your wyll to his wyll, for surely it is he
 That may restore you agayne to felycyte,
 And brynge you agayne out of aduersyte.
 Therefore pouerte loke pacyently ye take,
 And remembre he suffered moche more for your
 sake,

Howe be it of all synne he was innocent,
 And ye haue deserued this punysshment.

Magn. Alasse, with colde my lymmes shall be
 marde ! 2030

Pouer. Ye, syr, nowe must ye lerne to lye
 harde,

That was wonte to lye on fetherbeddes of
 downe;

Nowe must your fete lye hyer than your
 crowne:

Where you were wonte to haue cawdels for your
 hede,

Nowe must you monche mamockes and lumpes
 of brede;

And where you had chaunges of ryche aray,
 Nowe lap you in a couerlet full fayne that you
 may;

And where that ye were pumped with what that
 ye wolde,

Nowe must ye suffre bothe hunger and colde:
 With courtely sylkes ye were wonte to be drawe;
 Nowe must ye lerne to lye on the strawe; ²⁰⁴¹
 Your skynne that was wrapped in shertes of
 Raynes,

Nowe must ye be stormy beten¹ with showres
 and raynes;

Your hede that was wonte to be happed moost
 drowpy and drowsy,

Nowe shal ye be scabbed, scuruy, and lowsy.

Magn. Fye on this worlde, full of trechery,
 That euer noblenesse sholde lyue thus wretchydly!

Pouer. Syr, remembre the tourne of Fortunes
 whele,

That wantonly can wynke, and wynche with her
 hele. ²⁰⁴⁹

Nowe she wyll laughe, forthwith she wyll frowne;

Sodenly set vp, and sodenly pluckyd downe:

She dawnsyth varyaunce with mutabylyte;

Nowe all in welth, forthwith in pouerte:

In her promyse there is no sykernesse;

All her delyte is set in doublenesse.

Magn. Alas, of Fortune I may well complayne

¹ *stormy beten*] Perhaps "storm ybeten."

Pouer. Ye, syr, yesterday wyll not be callyd
agayne:

But yet, syr, nowe in this case,
Take it mekely, and thanke God of his grace;
For nowe go I wyll begge for you some mete; ²⁰⁶⁰
It is foly agaynst God for to plete;
I wyll walke nowe with my beggers baggys,
And happe you the whyles with these homly
raggys.

Discedendo dicat ista verba.

A, howe my lymmys be lyther and lame!
Better it is to begge than to be hangyd with
shame;
Yet many had leuer hangyd to be,
Then for to begge theyr mete for charyte:
They thynke it no shame to robbe and stele,
Yet were they better to begge a great dele;
For by robberyng they rynne to *in manus tuas*
queeke, ²⁰⁷⁰
But beggyng is better medecyne for the necke;
Ye, mary, is it, ye, so mote I goo:
A Lorde God, howe the gowte wryngeth me by
the too!

*Here MAGNYFYCENCE dolorously maketh his
mone.*

Magn. O feble fortune, O doulfull destyny!
O hatefull happe, O carefull cruelte!
O syghyng sorowe, O thoughtfull mysere!
O rydlesse rewthe, O paynfull pouerte!

O dolorous herte, O harde aduersyte!
 O odyous dystresse, O dedly payne and woo! 2079
 For worldly shame I wax bothe wanne and bloo.
 Where is nowe my welth and my noble estate?
 Where is nowe my treasure, my landes, and my
 rent?
 Where is nowe all my seruautys that I had here
 a late?
 Where is nowe my golde vpon them that I spent?
 Where is nowe all my ryche abylement?
 Where is nowe my kynne, my frendys, and my
 noble blood?
 Where is nowe all my pleasure and my worldly
 good?
 Alasse, my folly! alasse, my wanton wyll!
 I may no more speke, tyll I haue wept my fyll.

[*Here cometh in LYBERTE.*]

Lyb. With ye, mary, syrs, thus sholde it be. 2090
 I kyst her swete, and she kyssyd me;
 I daunsed the darlynge on my kne;
 I garde her gaspe, I garde her gle,
 With, daunce on the le, the le!
 I bassed that baby with harte so free;
 She is the bote of all my bale:
 A, so, that syghe was farre fet!
 To loue that lousome I wyll not let;
 My harte is holly on her set:
 I plucked her by the patlet;
 At my deuysel I with her met;

My fansy fayrly on her I set ;
 So merely syngeth the nyghtyngale !
 In lust and lykynge my name is Lyberte :
 I am desyred with hyghest and lowest degre ;
 I lyue as me lyst, I lepe out at large ;
 Of erthely thyng I haue no care nor charge ;
 I am presydent of prynces, I prycke them with
 pryde : ¹

What is he lyuyng that lyberte wolde lacke ?
 A thousande pounde with lyberte may holde no
 tacke ; 2110

At lyberte a man may be bolde for to brake ;
 Welthe without lyberte gothe all to wrake.
 But yet, syrs, hardely one thyng lerne of me :
 I warne you beware of to moche lyberte,
 For *totum in toto* is not worth an hawe ;
 To hardy, or to moche, to free of the dawe ;
 To sober, to sad, to subtell, to wyse ;
 To mery, to mad, to gyglynge, to nyse ;
 To full of fansyes, to lordly, to prowde ;
 To homly, to holy, to lewde, and to lowde ; 2120
 To flatterynge, to smatterynge, to to out of harre,
 To claterynge, to chaterynge, to shorte, and to
 farre ;

To iettyng, to iaggyng, and to full of iapes ;
 To mockyng, to mowyng, to lyke a iackenapes :
 Thus *totum in toto* groweth vp, as ye may se,
 By meanes of madnesse, and to moche lyberte ;

¹ *pryde*] Qy. a line wanting to rhyme with this ?

For I am a vertue, yf I be well vsed,
And I am a vyce where I am abused.

Magn. A, woo worthe thé, Lyberte, nowe thou
sayst full trewe!

That I vsed thé to moche, sore may I rewe. 2130

Lyb. What, a very vengeance, I say, who is
that?

What brothell, I say, is yonder bounde in a mat?

Magn. I am Magnyfycence, that somtyme thy
mayster was.

Lyb. What, is the worlde thus come to passe?

Cockes armes, syrs, wyll ye not se

Howe he is vndone by the meanes of me?

For yf Measure had ruled Lyberte as he began,

This lurden that here lyeth had ben a noble man.

But he abused so his free lyberte,

That nowe he hath loste all his felycyte, 2140

Not thorowe largesse of lyberall expence,

But by the way of fansy insolence;

For lyberalyte is most conuenyent

A prynce to vse with all his hole intent,

Largely rewardyng them that haue deseruyd,

And so shall a noble man nobly be seruyd:

But nowe adayes as huksters they hucke and they
stycke,

And pynche at the payment of a poddyng prykke;

A laudable largesse, I tell you, for a lorde,

To prate for the patchyng of a pot sharde! 2150

Spare for the spence of a noble, that his honour
myght saue,

And spende c. s̄. for the pleasure of a knaue!
 But so longe they rekyn with theyr reasons amysse,
 That they lose theyr lyberte and all that there is.

Magn. Alasse, that euer I occupyed suche
 abusyon!

Lyb. Ye, for nowe it hath brought thé to con-
 fusyon :

For, where I am occupyed and vsyd wylfully,
 It can not contynew longe prosperously ;
 As euydently in retchlesse youth ye may se, ²¹⁵⁹
 Howe many come to myschefe for to moche lyberte;
 And some in the worlde theyr brayne is so ydyll,
 That they set theyr chyl dren to rynne on the
 brydyll,

In youth to be wanton and let them haue theyr
 wyll ;

And they neuer thryue in theyr age, it shall not
 gretly skyll :

Some fall to foly them selfe for to spyll,
 And some fall ¹ prechyng at the Toure Hyll ;
 Some hath so moche lyberte of one thyng and
 other,

That nother they set by father and mother ;
 Some haue so moche lyberte that they fere no
 synne,

Tyll, as ye se many tymes, they shame all theyr
 kynne. ²¹⁷⁰

I am so lusty to loke on, so freshe, and so fre,

¹ *fall*] Qy. "fall to?"

That nonnes wyll leue theyr holynes, and ryn
 after me ;
 Freers with foly I make them so fayne,
 They cast vp theyr obedyence to cache me agayne,
 At lyberte to wander and walke ouer all,
 That lustely they lepe somtyme theyr cloyster
 wall.

*Hic aliquis buccat in cornu a retro
 post populum.*

Yonder is a horson for me doth rechate :
 Adewe, syrs, for I thynke leyst that I come to late.¹

Magn. O good Lorde, howe long shall I indure
 This mysery, this carefull wrechydnesse ? 2130
 Of worldly welthe, alassee, who can be sure ?
 In Fortunys frendshyppe there is no stedfast-
 nesse :

She hath dyssayuyd me with her doublenesse.
 For to be wyse all men may lerne of me,
 In welthe to beware of herde aduersyte.

*Here cometh in CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE, [and]
 CLOKED COLUSYON, with a lusty laughter.*

Cr. Con. Ha, ha, ha ! for laughter I am lyke
 to brast.

Cl. Col. Ha, ha, ha ! for sporte I am lyke to
 spewe and cast.

Cr. Con. What hast thou gotted in faythe to
 thy share ?

¹ late] Here *Lyberte* goes out.

Cl. Col. In faythe, of his cofers the bottoms are bare.

Cr. Con. As for his plate of syluer, and suche trasshe, 2190

I waraunt you, I haue gyuen it a lasshe.

Cl. Col. What, then he may drynke out of a stone cruyse?

Cr. Con. With, ye, syr, by Jesu that slayne was with Jewes!

He may rynse a pycher, for his plate is to wed.

Cl. Col. In faythe, and he may dreme on a daggeswane for ony fether bed.

Cr. Con. By my trouthe, we haue ryffed hym metely well.

Cl. Col. Ye, but thanke me therof euery dele.

Cr. Con. Thanke thé therof, in the deuyls date!

Cl. Col. Leue thy pratyng, or els I shall lay thé on the pate.

Cr. Con. Nay, to wrangle, I warant thé, it is but a stone caste. 2200

Cl. Col. By the messe, I shall cleue thy heed to the waste.

Cr. Con. Ye, wylte thou clenly cleue me in the clyfte with thy nose?

Cl. Col. I shall thrust in thé my dagger —

Cr. Con. Thorowe the legge in to the hose.

Cl. Col. Nay, horson, here is my gloue; take it vp, and thou dare.

Cr. Con. Torde, thou arte good to be a man of warre.

- Cl. Col.* I shall skelpe thé on the skalpe; lo,
seest thou that?
- Cr. Con.* What, wylte thou skelpe me? thou
dare not loke on a gnat.
- Cl. Col.* By Cockes bones, I shall blysse thé,
and thou be to bolde.
- Cr. Con.* Nay, then thou wylte dyng the
deuyll, and thou be not holde. 2218
- Cl. Col.* But wottest thou, horson? I rede thé
to be wyse.
- Cr. Con.* Nowe I rede thé beware, I haue
warned thé twyse.
- Cl. Col.* Why, wenest thou that I forbere thé
for thyne owne sake?
- Cr. Con.* Peas, or I shall wrynge thy be in a
brake.
- Cl. Col.* Holde thy hande, dawe, of thy dagger,
and stynt of thy dyn,
Or I shal fawchyn thy flesshe, and scrape thé on
the skyn.
- Cr. Con.* Ye, wylte thou, ha[n]gman? I say,
thou cauell!
- Cl. Col.* Nay, thou rude rauener, rayne beten
iauell!
- Cr. Con.* What, thou Colyn cowarde, knowen
and tryde!
- Cl. Col.* Nay, thou false harted dastarde, thou
dare not abyde! 2220
- Cr. Con.* And yf there were none to dysplease
but thou and I,

Thou sholde not scape, horson, but thou sholde
dye.

Cl. Col. Nay, iche shall wrynge thé, horson.
on the wryst.

Cr. Con. Mary, I defye thy best and thy worst.

[*Here cometh in COUNTERFET COUNTENAUNCE.*¹]

C. Count. What, a very vengeaunce, nede all
these wordys?

Go together by the heddys, and gyue me your
swordys.

Cl. Col. So he is the worste brawler that euer
was borne.

Cr. Con. In fayth, so to suffer thé, it is but a
skorne.

C. Count. Now let vs be all one, and let vs
lyue in rest,

For we be, syrs, but a fewe of the best. 2230

Cl. Col. By the masse, man, thou shall fynde
me resonable.

Cr. Con. In faythe, and I wyll be to reason
agreable.

C. Count. Then truste I to God and the holy
rode,

Here shalbe not great sheddyng of blode.

Cl. Col. By our lakyn, syr, not by my wyll.

Cr. Con. By the fayth that I owe to God, and
I wyll syt styll.

¹ *Here cometh, &c.*] Ed., besides omitting this stage-direction, leaves the two following lines unappropriated.

C. Count. Well sayd: but, in fayth, what was your quarell?

Cl. Col. Mary, syr, this gentylman called me iauell.

Cr. Con. Nay, by Saynt Mary, it was ye called me knaue.

Cl. Col. Mary, so vngoodly langage you me gaue. 2240

C. Count. A, shall we haue more of this maters yet?

Me thynke ye are not gretly acomberyd with wyt.

Cr. Con. Goddys fote, I warant you, I am a gentylman borne,

And thus to be facyd I thynke it great skorne.

C. Count. I can not well tell of your dysposycyons;

And ye be a gentylman, ye haue knauys condycyons.

Cl. Col. By God, I tell you, I wyll not be out facyd.

Cr. Con. By the masse, I warant thé, I wyll not be bracyd.

C. Count. Tushe, tushe, it is a great defaute: The one of you is to proude, the other is to haute. Tell me brefly where vpon ye began. 2251

Cl. Col. Mary, syr, he sayd that he was the pratyer man

Then I was, in opynyng of lockys; And, I tell you, I dysdayne moche of his mockys.

Cr. Con. Thou sawe neuer yet but I dyd my parte,

The locke of a caskyt to make to starte.

O. Count. Nay, I know well inough ye are
bothe well handyd

To grope a gardeuyaunce, though it be well
bandyd.

Cl. Col. I am the better yet in a bowget.

Cr. Con. And I the better in a male. 2200

C. Count. Tushe, these maters that ye moue
are but soppys in ale:

Your trymynge and tramynge by me must be
tangyd,

For, had I not bene, ye bothe had bene hangyd,
When we with Magnyfycence goodys made cheuy-
saunce.

Magn. And therfore our Lorde sende you a
very wengaunce!

C. Count. What begger art thou that thus doth
banne and wary?

Magn. Ye be the theuys, I say, away my
goodys dyd cary.

Cl. Col. Cockys bonys, thou begger, what is
thy name?

Magn. Magnyfycence I was, whom ye haue
brought to shame.

C. Count. Ye, but trowe you, syrs, that this is
he? 2270

Cr. Con. Go we nere, and let vs se.

Cl. Col. By Cockys bonys, it is the same.

Magn. Alasse, alasse, syrs, ye are to blame!

I was your mayster, though ye thynke it skorne,

And nowe on me ye gaure and sporne.

C. Count. Ly styll, ly styll nowe, with yll
hayle!

Cr. Con. Ye, for thy langage can not thé auayle.

Cl. Col. Abyde, syr, abyde, I shall make hym
to pysse.¹

Magn. Nowe gyue me somewhat, for God sake
I craue!

Cr. Con. In faythe, I gyue thé four quarters
of a knaue. 2280

C. Count. In faythe, and I bequethe hym the
tothe ake.

Cl. Col. And I bequethe hym the bone ake.

Cr. Con. And I bequethe hym the gowte and
the gyn.

Cl. Col. And I bequethe hym sorowe for his
syn.

C. Count. And I gyue hym Crystys curse,
With neuer a peny in his purse.

Cr. Con. And I gyue hym the cowghe, the
murre, and the pose.

Cl. Col. Ye, for *requiem æternam* groweth forth
of his nose:

But nowe let vs make mery and good chere.

C. Count. And to the tauerne let vs drawe
nere. 2290

Cr. Con. And from thens to the halfe strete,
To get vs there some freshe mete.

¹ *pysse*] Qy. a line wanting to rhyme with this?

Cl. Col. Why, is there any store of rawe
motton?

C. Count. Ye, in faythe, or ellys thou arte to
great a glotton.

Cr. Con. But they say it is a queysy mete;
It wyll stryke a man myscheuously in a hete.

Cl. Col. In fay, man, some rybbys of the mot
ton be so ranke,

That they wyll fyre one vngracyously in the
flanke.

C. Count. Ye, and when ye come out of the
shoppe,

Ye shall be clappyd with a coloppe, 2300
That wyll make you to halt and to hoppe.

Cr. Con. Som be wrestyd there that they
thynke on it froty dayes,

For there be horys there at all assayes.

Cl. Col. For the passyon of God let vs go
thyther! ¹

Et cum festinatione discedant a loco.

Magn. Alas, myne owne seruauuntys to shew me
such reproche,

Thus to rebuke me, and haue me in dyspyght!

So shamfully to me theyr mayster to aproche,

That somtyme was a noble prynce of myght!

Alasse, to lyue longer I haue no delyght!

For to lyue in mysery it is herder than dethe: 2310

¹ *thyther*] Qy. a line wanting to rhyme with *this*?

I am wery of the worlde, for vnkyndnesse me sleeth.

Hic intrat DYS-PARE.

Dys. Dyspare is my name, that aduersyte doth folowe :

In tyme of dystresse I am redy at hande ;
 I make heuy hertys with eyen full holowe ;
 Of faruent charyte I quenche out the bronde ;
 Faythe and goodhope I make asyde to stonde ;
 In Goddys mercy I tell them is but foly to truste ;
 All grace and pyte I lay in the duste.
 What lyst thou there lnyngrynge, lewdly and lothsome ?

It is to late nowe thy synnys to repent ; 2320
 Thou hast bene so waywarde, so wranglyng, and so wrothsome,

And so fer thou arte behynde of thy rent,
 And so vngracyously thy dayes thou hast spent,
 That thou arte not worthy to loke God in the face.

Magn. Nay, nay, man, I loke neuer to haue parte of his grace ;

For I haue so vngracyously my lyfe mysusyd,
 Though I aske mercy, I must nedys be refusyd.

Dys. No, no, for thy synnys be so exceedynge farre,

So innumerable and so full of dyspyte,
 And agayne thy Maker thou hast made suche warre, 2330

That thou canst not haue neuer mercy in hys syght.

Magn. Alasse, my wyckydnesse, that may I
wyte!

But nowe I se well there is no better rede,
But sygh and sorowe, and wysse my selfe
dede.

Dys. Ye, ryd thy selfe, rather than this lyfe for
to lede ;

The worlde waxyth wery of thé, thou lyuest to
longe.

Hic intrat MYSCHEFE.

Mys. And I, Myschefe, am comyn at nede,
Out of thy lyfe thé for to lede :

And loke that it be not longe

Or that thy selfe thou go honge

2340

With this halter good and stronge ;

Or ellys with this knyfe cut out a tonge

Of thy throte bole, and ryd thé out of payne :

Thou arte not the fyrst hymselfe hath slayne.

Lo, here is thy knyfe and a halter ! and, or we go
ferther,

Spare not thy selfe, but boldly thé murder.

Dys. Ye, haue done at ones without delay.

Magn. Shall I myself hange with an halter ?
nay ;

Nay, rather wyll I chose to ryd me of this
lyue

In styckynge my selfe with this fayre knyfe. 2350

*Here MAGNYFYCENCE wolde slee hymselfe
with a knyfe.*

*Mys.*¹ Alarum, alarum ! to longe we abyde !

Dys. Out, harowe, hyll burneth ! where shall I
me hyde ?

*Hic intrat GOODHOPE, fugientibus DYSPAYRE et
MYSCHEFE : repente GOODHOPE surripiat illi
gladium, et dicat.*

Good. Alas, dere sone, sore combred is thy
mynde,

Thyselfe that thou wolde sloo agaynst nature and
kynde !

Magn. A, blessyd may ye be, syr ! what shall
I you call ?

Good. Goodhope, syr, my name is ; remedy
pryncypall

Agaynst all sautes of your goostly foo :

Who knoweth me, hymselfe may neuer sloo.

Magn. Alas, syr, so I am lapped in aduersyte,
That dyspayre well nyghe had myscheued me !²³⁶⁰
For, had ye not the soner ben my refuge,
Of dampnacyon I had ben drawn in the luge.

Good. Vndoubted ye had lost yourselfe eter-
nally :

There is no man may synne more mortally
Than of wanhope thrughe the vnhappy wayes,
By myschefe to breuyate and shorten his dayes :
But, my good sonne, lerne from dyspayre to
flee,

¹ *Mys.*] Ed. "*Magn.*"

Wynde you from wanhope, and aquaynte you
with me.

A grete mysadventure, thy Maker to dysplease,
Thyselfe myscheuyng to thyne endlesse dysease !
There was neuer so harde a storme of misery, ²³⁷¹
But thrughe goodhope there may come remedy.

Magn. Your wordes be more sweter than ony
precyous narde,
They molefy so easely my harte that was so
harde ;

There is no bawme, ne gumme of Arabe,
More delectable than your langage to me.

Good. Syr, your fesycyan is the grace of God,
That you hath punysshed with his sharpe rod.
Goodhope, your potecary assygned am I :
That Goddes grace hath vexed you sharply, ²³⁸⁰
And payned you with a purgacyon of odyous
pouerte,

Myxed with bytter alowes of herde aduersyte ;
Nowe must I make you a lectuary softe,
I to mynyster it, you to receyue it ofte,
With rubarbe of repentaunce in you for to rest ;
With drammes of deuocyon your dyet must be
drest ;

With gommes goostly of glad herte and m^v .e,
To thanke God of his sonde, and comfort ye shal
fynde.

Put fro you presumpcyon and admyt humylyte,
And hartely thanke God of your aduersyte ; ²³⁹⁰
And loue that Lorde that for your loue was dede,

Wounded from the fote to the crowne of the
hede :

For who loueth God can ayle nothyng but good ;
He may helpe you, he may mende your mode :
Prosperyte to¹ hym is gyuen solacyusly to man,
Aduersyte to hym therwith nowe and than ;
Helthe of body his besynesse to acheue,
Dysease and sekenesse his consyence to dys-
cryue,

Afflyccyon and trouble to proue his pacyence,
Contradyccyon to proue his sapyence, 2400
Grace of assystence his measure to declare,
Somtyme to fall, another tyme to beware :
And nowe ye haue had, syr, a wonderous fall,
To lerne you hereafter for to beware withall.
Howe say you, syr? can ye these wordys
groepe?

Magn. Ye, syr, nowe am I armyd with good-
hope,

And sore I repent me of my wylfulnessse :
I aske God mercy of my neglygence,²
Vnder goodhope enduryng euer stylle,
Me humbly commyttyng vnto Goddys wyll. 2410

Good. Then shall you be sone delyuered from
dystresse,

For nowe I se comyng to youwarde Redresse.

¹ to] Qy. "by?"

² neglygence] Qy., did Skelton write, for the rhyme, "neglygesse?"

Hic intrat REDRESSE.

Red. Cryst be amonge you and the Holy Goste!

Good. He be your conducte, the Lorde of myghtys moste!

Red. Syr, is your pacyent any thyng amended?

Good. Ye, syr, he is sory for that he hath offendyd.

Red. How fele you your selfe, my frend? how is your mynde?

Magn. A wrechyd man, syr, to my Maker vnkynde.

Red. Ye, but haue ye repentyd you with harte contryte?

Magn. Syr, the repentaunce I haue, no man can wryte. 2420

Red. And haue ye banyshed from you all dyspare?

Magn. Ye, holly to goodhope I haue made my repare.

Good. Questyonlesse he doth me assure
In goodhope alway for to indure.

Red. Than stande vp, syr, in Goddys name!
And I truste to ratyfye and amende your fame.
Goodhope, I pray you with harty affeccyon
To sende ouer to me Sad Cyrumspeccyon.

Good. Syr, your requeste shall not be delayed.

Et exeat.

Red. Now surely, Magnyfycence, I am ryght
well ayed 2430

Of that I se you nowe in the state of grace ;
Nowe shall ye be renewyd with solace :
Take nowe vpon you this abylyment,
And to that I say gyue good aduysement.

MAGNYFYCENCE accipiat indumentum.

Magn. To your requeste I shall be confyrm-
able.

Red. Fyrst,¹ I saye, with mynde fyrme and
stable

Determyne to amende all your wanton excesse,
And be ruled by me, whiche am called Redresse
Redresse my name is, that lytell am I vsed
As the worlde requyreth, but rather I am re-
fused: 2440

Redresse sholde be at the rekenynge in euery
acompte,

And specyally to redresse that were out of ioynthe:
Full many thynges there be that lacketh redresse,
The whiche were to longe nowe to expresse ;
But redresse is redlesse, and may do no correc-
cyon.

Nowe welcome forsoth, Sad Cyrcumspeccyon.

Here cometh in SAD CYRCUMSPECCYON, sayenge,

Sad Cyr. Syr, after your message I hyed me
hyder streyght,

¹ *Fyrst, &c.*] Ed. leaves this speech unappropriated.

For to vnderstande your pleasure and also your mynde.

Red. Syr, to accompte you the contynewe of my consayte,

Is from aduersyte Magnyfyce to vnbynde. ²⁴⁵⁰

Sad Cyr. How fortun'd you, Magnyfyce, so far to fal behynde?

Magn. Syr, the longe absence of you, Sad Cyr-cumspeccyon,

Caused me of aduersyte to fall in subieccyon.

Red. All that he sayth, of trouthe doth procede;

For where sad cyrcumspeccyon is longe out of the way,

Of aduersyte it is to stande in drede.

Sad Cyr. Without fayle, syr, that is no nay;

Cyrcumspeccyon inhateth all rennyng astray.

But, syr, by me to rule fyrst ye began. ²⁴⁵⁹

Magn. My wylfulnesse, syr, excuse I ne can.

Sad Cyr. Then ye repent you of foly in tymes past?

Magn. Sothely, to repent me I haue grete cause:

Howe be it from you I receyued a letter,¹

Whiche conteyned in it a specyall clause

That I sholde vse largesse.

Sad Cyr. Nay, syr, there a pause.

¹ a letter] Qy. some corruption? This line ought to rhyme with the preceding line but one.

Red. Yet let vs se this matter thorowly ingrossed.

Magn. Syr, this letter ye sent to me, at Pountes was enclosed.

Sad Cyr. Who brought you that letter, wote ye what he hyght?

Magn. Largesse, syr, by his credence was his name. 2470

Sad Cyr. This letter ye speke of, neuer dyd I wryte.

Red. To gyue so hasty credence ye were moche to blame.

Magn. Truth it is, syr; for after he wrought me moch shame,

And caused me also to vse to moche lyberte,
And made also mesure to be put fro me.

Red. Then welthe with you myght in no wyse abyde.

Sad Cyr. A ha! fansy and foly met with you, I trowe.

Red. It wolde be founde so, yf it were well tryde.

Magn. Surely my welthe with them was ouerthrow.

Sad Cyr. Remembre you, therefore, howe late ye were low. 2480

Red. Ye, and beware of vnhappy abusyon.

Sad Cyr. And kepe you from counterfaytynge of clokyd eolusyon.

Magn. Syr, in goodhope I am to amende.

Red. Vse not then your countenance for to counterfet.

Sad Cyr. And from crafters and hafters I you forfende.

Hic intrat PERSEUERAUNCE.

Magn. Well, syr, after your counsell my mynde I wyll set.

Red. What, brother Perceuraunce! surely well met.

Sad Cyr. Ye com hether as well as can be thought.

Per. I herde say that Aduersyte with Magnyfyence had fought.

Magn. Ye, syr, with aduersyte I haue bene vexyd; 2400

But goodhope and redresse hath mendyd myne estate,

And sad cyrcumspeccyon to me they haue annexyd.

Red. What this man hath sayd, perceyue ye his sentence? ¹

Magn. Ye, syr, from hym my corage shall neuer flyt.

Sad Cyr. Accordyng to treuth they be well deuysyd.

Magn. Syrs, I am agreed to abyde your ordinance,

¹ sentence] Qy. some corruption? This line ought to rhyme with the preceding line but one. [Qy. "consayte?" C.]

Faythfull assuraunce with good peraduertaunce.

Per. Yf you be so myndyd, we be ryght glad.

Red. And ye shall haue more worshyp thei
euer ye had.

Magn. Well, I perceyue in you there is moche
sadnesse,

Grauyte of counsell, prouydence, and wyt;
Your comfortable aduyse and wyt excedyth all
gladnesse.

But frendly I wyll refrayne you ferther, or we
flyt,

Whereto were most metely my corage to knyht:
Your myndys I beseche you here in to expresse,
Commensynge this processe at mayster Redresse.

Red. Syth vnto me formest this processe is
erectyd,

Herein I wyll aforce me to shewe you my mynde.
Fyrst, from your magnyfycence syn must be
abiectyd,

In all your warkys more grace shall ye fynde;
Be gentyll then of corage, and lerne to be kynde,
For of noblenesse the chefe poynt is to be lyberall,
So that your largesse be not to prodygall.

Sad Cyr. Lyberte to a lorde belongyth of
ryght,

But wylfull waywardnesse muste walke out of the
way;

Measure of your lustys must haue the ouersyght,
And not all the nygarde nor the chyncherde to
play;

Let neuer negarshyp your noblenesse affray ;
 In your rewardys vse suche moderacyon ²⁵¹⁰
 That nothyng be gyuen without consyderacyon.

Per. To the increse of your honour then arme
 you with ryght,
 And fumously adresse you with magnanymyte ;
 And euer let the drede of God be in your syght ;
 And knowe your selfe mortall, for all your dyg-
 nyte ;

Set not all your affyaunce in Fortune full of gyle ;
 Remember this lyfe lastyth but a whyle.

Magn. Redresse, in my remembraunce your
 lesson shall rest,
 And Sad Cyrcumspeccyon I marke in my mynde ;
 But, Perseueraunce, me semyth your probleme
 was best ;

I shall it neuer forget nor leue it behynde, ²⁵³⁰
 But hooly to perseueraunce my selfe I wyll bynde,
 Of that I haue mysdone to make a redresse,
 And with sad cyrcumspeccyon correcte my van-
 tonnesse.

Red. Vnto this processe breffy complyd,
 Comprehendynge the worlde casuall and transytory,
 Who lyst to consyder shall neuer be beglyd,
 Yf it be registryd well in memory ;
 A playne example of worldly vaynglory,
 Howe in this worlde there is no seke[r]nesse, ²⁵³⁰
 But fallyble flatery enmyxyd with bytternesse ;
 Nowe well, nowe wo, nowe hy, nowe lawe degre,
 Nowe ryche, nowe pore, nowe hole, nowe in
 dysease,

Nowe pleasure at large, nowe in captyuyte,
 Nowe leue, nowe lothe, now please, nowe dys-
 please,

Now ebbe, now flowe, nowe increase, now dys-
 crease ;

So in this worlde there is no sykernesse,
 But fallyble flatery enmyxyd with bytternesse.

Sad Cyr. A myrroure incleryd is this interlude,
 This lyfe inconstant for to beholde and se ;
 Sodenly auausyd, and sodenly subdude, 2556
 Sodenly ryches, and sodenly pouerte,
 Sodenly comfort, and sodenly aduersyte ;
 Sodenly thus Fortune can bothe smyle and frowne,
 Sodenly set vp, and sodenly cast downe ;
 Sodenly promotyd, and sodenly put backe,
 Sodenly cherysshyd, and sodenly cast asyde,
 Sodenly commendyd, and sodenly fynde a lacke,
 Sodenly grauntyd, and sodenly denyed,
 Sodenly hyd, and sodenly spyed ;
 Sodenly thus Fortune can bothe smyle and frowne,
 Sodenly set vp, and sodenly cast downe. 2561

Per. This treatyse, deuysyd to make you dys-
 porte,
 Shewyth nowe adayes howe the worlde com-
 beryd is,

To the pythe of the mater who lyst to resorte ;
 T : day it is well, to morowe it is all amyse,
 T : day in delyte, to morowe bare of blysse,
 'To day a lorde, to morowe ly in the duste ;
 Thus in this worlde there is no erthly truste ;

To day fayre wether, to morowe a stormy rage,
 To day hote, to morowe outragious colde, 2570
 To day a yoman, to morowe made of page,
 To day in surety, to morowe bought and solde,
 To day maysterfest, to morowe he hath no holde,
 To day a man, to morowe he lyeth in the duste ;
 Thus in this worlde there is no erthly truste.

Magn. This mater we haue mouyd, you myrthys
 to make,

Precely purposyd vnder pretence of play,
 Shewyth wysdome to them that wysdome can
 take,

Howe sodenly worldly welth dothe deokay,
 How wysdom thorowe wantonnesse vanysshyth
 away, 2580

How none estate lyuyng of hymselfe can be sure,
 For the welthe of this worlde can not indure ;
 Of the terestre rechery we fall in the flode,
 Beten with stormys of many a frowarde blast,
 Ensordyd with the wawys sauage and wode,
 Without our shyppe be sure, it is lykely to brast,
 Yet of magnyfyence oft made is the mast ;
 Thus none estate lyuyng of hym can be sure,
 For the welthe of this worlde can not indure.

Red. Nowe semeth vs syttyng that ye then
 resorte 2590

Home to your paleys with ioy and ryalte.

Sad Cyr. Where euery thyng is ordenyd after
 your noble porte.

Per. There to indeuer with all felycyte.

Magn. I am content, my frendys, that it so be.

Red. And ye that haue harde this dysporte
and game,

**Jhesus preserue you frome endlesse wo and
shame!**

Amen.

COLYN CLOUTE.*

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LITEL BOKE CALLED COLYN
CLOUTE, COMPYLED BY MAYSTER SKELTON, POETE
LAUREATE.

*Quis consurget mecum adversus malignantes?
aut quis stabit mecum adversus operantes iniqui-
tatem? Nemo, Domine!*

WHAT can it auayle
To dryue forth a snayle,
Or to make a sayle
Of an herynges tayle ;
To ryme or to rayle,
To wryte or to indyte,
Eyther for delyte
Or elles for despyte ,
Or bokes to compyle
Of dyuers maner style,
Vyce to reuyle
And synne to exyle ;
To teche or to preche,
As reason wyll reche ?

* From the ed. by Kele, n. d., collated with the ed. by Kytson, n. d., with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, and with a MS. in the Harleian Collection, 2252. fol. 147.

Say this, and say that,
 His hed is so fat,
 He wotteth neuer what
 Nor wherof he speketh ;
 He cryeth and he creaketh,
 He pryeth and he peketh,
 He chydes and he chatters,
 He prates and he patters,
 He clytters and he clatters,
 He medles and he smatters,
 He gloses and he flatters ;
 Or yf he speake playne,
 Than he lacketh brayne,
 He is but a fole ;
 Let hym go to scole,
 On a thre foted stole
 That he may downe syt,
 For he lacketh wyt ;
 And yf that he hyt
 The nayle on the hede,
 It standeth in no stede ;
 The deuyll, they say, is dede,
 The deuell is dede.

It may well so be,
 Or els they wolde se
 Otherwyse, and fle
 From worldly vanyte,
 And foule couetousnesse,
 And other wretchednesse,
 Fyckell falsenesse,

Varyableness,
With vnstablesse.

And if ye stande in doubt
Who brought this ryme aboute,
My name is Colyn Cloute.

I purpose to shake oute 80

All my connyng bagge,

Lyke a clerkely hagge;

For though my ryme be ragged,

Tattered and iagged,

Rudely rayne beaten,

Rusty and moughte eaten,

If ye take well therwith,

It hath in it some pyth.

For, as farre as I can se,

It is wronge with eche degre: 90

For the temporalte

Accuseth the spiritualte;

The spirituall agayne

Dothe grudge and complayne

Vpon the temporall men:

Thus eche of other blother

The tone agayng the tother:

Alas, they make me shoder!

For in hoder moder

The Church is put in faute; 70

The prelates ben so haut,

They say, and loke so hy,

As though they wolde fly

Aboute the sterry skye.

Laye men say indede
 How they take no hede
 Theyr sely shepe to fede,
 But plucke away and pull
 The fleces of theyr wull,
 Vnethes they leue a locke 90
 Of wull amonges theyr flocke ;
 And as for theyr connynge,
 A glommynge and a mummynge,
 And make therof a iape ;
 They gaspe and they gape
 All to haue promocyon,
 There is theyr hole deuocyon,
 With money, if it wyll hap,
 To catche the forked cap :
 Forsothe they are to lewd 90
 To say so, all beshrewd !

What trow ye they say more
 Of the bysshoppes lore ?
 How in matters they be rawe,
 They lumber forth the lawe,
 To herken Jacke and Gyll,
 Whan they put vp a byll,
 And iudge it as they wyll,
 For other mennes skyll,
 Expoundyng out theyr clauses, 100
 And leue theyr owne causes :
 In theyr prounciall cure
 They make but lytell sure,
 And meddels very lyght
 In the Churches ryght ;

But *ire* and *venire*,
 And solfa so alamyre,
 That the premenyre
 Is lyke to be set a fyre
 In theyr iurisdictions 110
 Through temporall afflictions :
 Men say they haue prescriptions
 Agaynst spirituall contradictions,
 Accomptynge them as fycions.

And whyles the heedes do this,
 The remenaunt is amys
 Of the clergy all,
 Bothe great and small.
 I wot neuer how they warke,
 But thus the people barke ;¹ 120
 And surely thus they say,
 Bysshoppes, if they may,
 Small houses wolde kepe,
 But slumbre forth and slepe,
 And assay to crepe
 Within the noble walles
 Of the kynges halles,
 To fat theyr bodyes full,
 Theyr soules lene and dull,
 And haue full lytell care 130
 How euyll theyr shepe fare.

The temporalyte say playne,
 Howe bysshoppes dysdayne
 Sermons for to make,

¹ *barke*] So MS. Eds. "carke." Qy. "carpe?" Compare
 v. 540.

Or suche laboure to take ;
 And for to say trowth,
 A great parte is for slouth,
 But the greatestt parte
 Is for they haue but small arte
 And ryght sklender connyng
 Within theyr heedes wonnyng.
 But this reason they take
 How they are able to make
 With theyr golde and treasure
 Clerkes out of measure,
 And yet that is a pleasure.
 Howe be it some there be,
 Almost two or thre,
 Of that dygnyte,
 Full worshypfull clerkes,
 As appereth by theyr werkés,
 Lyke Aaron and Ure,
 The wolfe from the dore
 To werryn and to kepe
 From theyr goostly shepe,
 And theyr spirituall lammes
 Sequestred from rammes
 And from the berded gotes
 With theyr heery cotes ;
 Set nought by golde ne grotes,
 Theyr names if I durst tell.
 But they are loth to mell,
 And loth to hang the bell
 Aboute the cattes necke,
 For drede to haue a checke ;

They ar fayne to play deuz decke,
 They ar made for the becke.
 How be it they are good men,
 Moche herted lyke an hen :
 Theyr lessons forgotten they haue 170
 That Becket them gaue :
Thomas manum mittit ad fortia,
Spernit damna, spernit opprobria,
Nulla Thomam frangit injuria.
 But nowe euery spirituall father,
 Men say, they had rather
 Spende moche of theyr share
 Than to be combred with care :
 Spende! nay, nay, but spare ;
 For let se who that dare 180
 Sho the mockysse mare ;
 They make her wynche and keke,
 But it is not worth a leke :
 Boldnesse is to seke
 The Churche for to defend.
 Take me as I intende,
 For lothe I am to offende
 In this that I haue pende :
 I tell you as men say ;
 Amende whan ye may, 190
 For, *usque ad montem Sare,*¹
 Men say ye can not appare ;
 For some say ye hunte in parkes,
 And hauke on hobby larkes,
 And other wanton warkes,

¹ *Sare*] Other eds. "fare." MS. "sciire." (Perhaps Skelton wrote "Seir"—and in the next line "appeire.")

Whan the nyght darkes.

What hath lay men to do

The gray gose for to sho?

Lyke houndes of hell,

They crye and they yell,

Howe that ye sell

The grace of the Holy Gost:

Thus they make theyr bost

Through owte euery cost,

Howe some of you do eate

In Lenton season fleshe mete,

Fesauntes, partryche, and cranes;

Men call you therfor prophanes;

Ye pycke no shrympes nor pranes,

Saltfysse, stocfysse, nor heryng,

It is not for your werynge;

Nor in holy Lenton season

Ye wyll netheyr benes ne peason,

But ye loke to be let lose

To a pygge or to a gose,

Your gorge not endewed

Without a capon stewed,

Or a stewed cocke,

To knowe whate ys a clocke

Vnder her surfled smocke,

And her wanton wodicocke.

And howe whan ye gyue orders

In your prouinciall borders,

As at *Sitientes*,

Some are *insufficientes*,

Some *parum sapientes*,

Some *nihil intelligentes*,
 Some *valde negligentes*,
 Some *nullum sensum habentes*,
 But bestiall and vntaught ;
 But whan thei haue ones caught
Dominus vobiscum by the hede,
 Than renne they in euery stede,
 God wot, with dronken nolles ;
 Yet take they cure of soules,
 And woteth neuer what thei rede,
 Paternoster, Ave, nor Crede ;
 Construe not worth a whystle
 Nether Gospell nor Pystle ;
 Theyr mattyns madly sayde,
 Nothyng deuoutly prayde ;
 Theyr lernynge is so small,
 Theyr pryms and houres fall
 And lepe out of theyr lypes
 Lyke sawdust or drye chyppes.
 I speke not nowe of all,
 But the moost parte in generall.
 Of suche vagabundus
 Speketh *totus mundus* ;
 Howe some synge *Lætabundus*
 At euery ale stake,
 With, welcome hake and make !
 By the brede that God brake,
 I am sory for your sake.
 I speke not of the good wyfe,
 But of theyr apostles lyfe ;

Cum ipsis vel illis

Qui manent in villis

Est uxor vel ancilla,

Welcome Jacke and Gylla! 260

My prety Petronylla,

And you wyll be stylla,

You shall haue your wylla.

Of suche Paternoster pekes

All the worlde spekes.

In you the faute is supposed,

For that they are not apposed

By iust examinacyon

In connyng and conuersacyon ;

They haue none instructyon 270

To make a true constructyon :

A preest without a letter,

Without his vertue be gretter,

Doutlesse were moche better

Vpon hym for to take

A mattocke or a rake.

Alas, for very shame !

Some can not declyne their name ;

Some can not scarsly rede,

And yet he wyll not drede 280

For to kepe a cure,

And in nothyng is sure ;

This *Dominus vobiscum,*

As wyse as Tom a thrum,

A chaplayne of trust

Layth all in the dust.

Thus I, Colyn Cloute,
 As I go aboute,
 And wandrynge as I walke,
 I here the people talke. 200
 Men say, for syluer and golde
 Myters are bought and solde ;
 There shall no clergy appose
 A myter nor a crose,
 But a full purse :
 A strawe for Goddes curse !
 What are they the worse ?
 For a symonyake
 Is but a hermoniake ;
 And no more ye make 200
 Of symony, men say,
 But a chyldes play.

ouer this, the foresayd laye
 Reporte howe the Pope may
 An holy anker call
 Out of the stony wall,
 And hym a bysshopp make,
 If he on hym dare take
 To kepe so harde a rule,
 To ryde vpon a mule 210
 With golde all betrapped,
 In purple and paule belapped ;
 Some hatted and some capped,
 Rychely and warme bewrapped,
 God wot to theyr great paynes,
 In rotchettes of fyne Raynes,

Whyte as morowes mylke ;
 Theyr tabertes of fyne silke,
 Theyr styrops of myxt gold begared ; 320
 There may no cost be spared ;
 Theyr moyles golde dothe eate,
 Theyr neyghbours dye for meate.

What care they though Gil sweate,
 Or Jacke of the Noke ?

The pore people they yoke
 With sommons and citacyons
 And excommunycacyons,
 About churches and market :
 The bysshop on his carpet
 At home full softe dothe syt. 330

This is a farly fyt, *strang*
 To here the people iangle,
 Howe warely they wrangle :
 Alas, why do ye not handle
 And them all to-mangle ?

Full falsely on you they lye,
 And shamefully you ascrye, *all o' your*
 And say as vntruely,
 As the butterflye

A man myght saye in mocke 340
 Ware the¹wethercocke
 Of the steple of Poules ;
 And thus they hurte their soules
 In sclauderyng you for truthe :
 Alas, it is great ruthe !

Some say ye syt in trones,

¹ MS. "Wasa."

*Still further
 about religion
 & clergy*

Lyke prynces *aquilonis*, *huffers*

And shryne your rotten bones
With perles and precyous stones ;

But how the commons grones, 350

And the people mones

For prestes and for lones

Lent and neuer payd,

But from day to day delayae,

The commune welth decayde,

Men say ye are tonge tayde,

And therof speke nothyng

But dyssymulyng and glosyng.

Wherfore men be supposyng

That ye gyue *swill* surewd counsell 360

Agaynst the commune well,

By poollynge and pyllage

In cytyes and vyllage,

By taxyng and tollage,

Ye make monkes to haue the culerage *has h*

For couerynge of an olde cottage,

That commytted is a collage

In the charter of dottage,

Tenure par seruyce de sottage,

And not *par seruyce de socage,* 370

After olde seygnours,

And the lerning of Lytelton tenours :

Ye haue so ouerthwarted,

That good lawes are subuerted,

And good reason peruerted.

— Relygous men are fayne

For to tourne agayne

In secula seculorum,
 And to forsake theyr corum, parish
 And *vagabundare per forum,* 300
 And take a fyne *meritorium,*
Contra regulam morum,
Aut blacke monachorum,
Aut canonicorum,
Aut Bernardinorum,
Aut crucifixorum,
 And to syng from place to place,
 Lyke apostataas.

And the selfe same game
 Begone ys nowe with shame 300
 Amongest the sely nonnes :
 My lady nowe she ronnes,
 Dame Sybly our abbesse,
 Dame Dorothe and lady Besse,
 Dame Sare our pryoresse,
 Out of theyr cloyster and quere
 With an heuy chere,
 Must cast vp theyr blacke vayles,
 And set vp theyr fucke sayles,
 To catch wynde with their ventales— 400
 What, Colyne, there thou shales !
 Yet thus with yll hayles
 The lay fee people rayles. *joanne*
 And all the fawte they lay
 On you, prelates, and say
 Ye do them wrong and no ryght
 To put them thus to flyght ;

No matyns at mydnyght,
 Boke and chalys gone quyte;
 And plucke away the leedes 110
 Evyn ouer theyr heedes,
 And sell away theyr belles,
 And all that they haue elles:
 Thus the people telles,
 Rayles lyke rebelles,
 Redys shrewdly and spelles,
 And with foundacyons melles, *medalles*
 And talkys lyke tytyuelles,
 Howe ye brake the dedes wylles,
 Turne monasteris into water milles, 120
 Of an abbay ye make a graunge;
 Your workes, they saye, are straunge;
 So that theyr founders soules
 Haue lost theyr beade rolles,
 The mony for theyr masses
 Spent amonge wanton lasses;
 The *Diriges* are forgotten;
 Theyr founders lye theyr rotten,
 But where theyr soules dwell, 130
 Therwith I wyll not mell.
 What coulde the Turke do more
 With all his false lore,
 Turke, Sarazyn, or Jew?
 I reporte me to you,
 O mercyfull Jesu,
 You supporte and rescue,
 My style for to directe,

It may take some effecte!
 For I abhorre to wryte
 Howe the lay fee dyspyte
 You prelates, that of ryght
 Shulde be lanternes of lyght.
 Ye lyue, they say, in delyte,
 Drowned *in deliciis*,
In gloria et divitiis,
In admirabili honore,
In gloria, et splendore
Fulgurantis hastæ,
Viventes parum caste:

— Yet swete meate hath soure sauce,

For after *gloria, laus*,
 Chryst by cruelte
 Was nayled vpon a tre;
 He payed a bytter pencyon
 For mannes redemcyon,
 He dranke eysell and gall
 To redeme vs withall;
 But swete ypocras ye drynke,
 With, Let the cat wynke!

— Iche wot what yche other thynk;

Howe be it *per assimile*
 Some men thynke that ye
 Shall haue penalte
 For your iniquyte.
Nota what I say,
 And bere it well away;
 If it please not theologys,

It is good for astrologys ;
 For Ptholome tolde me
 The sonne somtyme to be 470
In Ariete,
 Ascendent a degre,¹
 Whan Scorpion descendencyge,
 Was so then pretendinge
 A fatall fall of one
 That shuld syt on a trone,
 And rule all thynges alone.
 Your teth whet on this bone
 Amongest you euerychone,
 And let Collyn Cloute haue none² 480

¹ *Ascendent a degre*] This passage seems to be corrupted. MS. "Assendente a *dextre*:" (and compare the Lansdown MS. quoted below.)

² *haue none*] MS. has "alone;" and omits the seventy-eight lines which follow. Among the *Lansdown MSS.* (762. fol. 75) I find the subjoined fragment:

" Som men thynke that ye
 shall haue penaltie
 for your Inyquytie
 Note well what to saye
 yf yt please the not onely
 yt is good for astrollogy
 ffor tholomy tolde me
 the sonn somtyme to be
 In a Signe called ariotte
 assendam ad dextram
 when Scorpio is descendencyg
 affatull fall of one
 that syttys now on trone
 and rewles all thynges alone

Maner of cause to mone :
 Lay salue to your owne sore,
 For els, as I sayd before,
 After *gloria, laus,*
 May come a soure sauce ;
 Sory therfore am I,
 But trowth can neuer lye.

With language thus poluted
 Holy Churche is bruted
 And shamfully confuted. 400
 My penne nowe wyll I sharpe,
 And wrest vp my harpe
 With sharpe twynkyng trebelles,
 Agaynst all suche rebelles
 That labour to confounde
 And bryng the Churche to the grounde ;
 As ye may dayly se
 Howe the lay fee
 Of one affynyte
 Consent and agre 500
 Agaynst the Churche to be,
 And the dygnyte
 Of the bysshoppes see.

your tethe whet on this bone
 Amonge you euery chone
 And lett colen clowte alone.

The profecy of Skelton
 1529."

(The name originally written "*Skylton*."

And eyther ye be to bad,
 Or els they ar mad
 Of this to reporte :
 But, vnder your supporte,
 Tyll my dyenge day
 I shall bothe wryte and say,
 And ye shall do the same,
 Howe they are to blame
 You thus to dyffame :
 For it maketh me sad
 Howe that the people are glad
 The Churche to depraue ;
 And some there are that raue,
 Presumynge on theyr wyt,
 Whan there is neuer a whyt,
 To maynteyne argumentes
 Agaynst the sacramentes.

Some make epylogacyon
 Of hyghe predestynacyon ;
 And of resydeuacyon
 They make interpretacyon
 Of an aquarde facyon ;
 And of the prescience
 Of dyuyne essence ;
 And what ipostacis
 Of Christes manhode is.
 Suche logyke men wyll chop,
 And in theyr fury hop,
 When the good ale sop
 Dothe daunce in theyr fore top ;

Bothe women and men,
 Suche ye may well knowe and ken,
 That agaynst presthode
 Theyr malyce sprede abrode,
 Raylynge haynously
 And dysdaynously
 Of preestly dygnytes,
 But theyr malygnytes.

And some haue a smacke
 Of Luthers sacke,
 And a brennyng sparke
 Of Luthers warke,
 And are somewhat suspecte
 In Luthers secte ;
 And some of them barke,
 Clatter and carpe
 Of that heresy arte
 Called Wicleuista,
 The deuelysshe dogmatista ;
 And some be Hussyans,
 And some be Arryans,
 And some be Pollegians,
 And make moche varyans
 Bytwene the clergye
 And the temporalte,
 Howe the Church¹ hath to mykel,
 And they haue to lytell,

¹ *Howe the Church, &c.*] This passage in MS. stands thus :

“ Some sey holy chyrche haue to mykell
 Som sey they haue tryalytes

And bryng in materialites
 And qualyfyed qualytes ;
 Of pluralytes,
 Of tryalytes,
 And of tot quottes,
 They commune lyke sottes,
 As commeth to theyr lottes ;
 Of prebendaries and deanes,
 Howe some of them gleanes
 And gathereth vp the store
 For to catche more and more ;
 Of persons and vycaryes
 They make many outcryes ;
 They cannot kepe their wyues
 From them for their lyues ;
 And thus the loselles stryues,
 And lewdely sayes by Christ
 Agaynst the sely preest.
 Alas, and well away,
 What ayles them thus to say ?
 They mought be better aduysed
 Then to be so dysgysed :
 But they haue enterprysed,
 And shamfully surmysed,

 And some sey they brynge pluralites
 And qualifie qualites
 And also tot cotte
 They talke lyke sottes
 Makyng many owte cryes
 That they cannot kepe ther wyffes
 And thus the losselles stryvys."

Howe prelacy is solde and bought,
 And come vp of nought;
 And where the prelates be
 Come of lowe degre,
 And set in maieste
 And spirituall dyngnyte,
 Farwell benygnyte,
 Farwell symplicite,
 Farwell humylyte;
 Farwell good charyte!

Ye are so puffed wyth pryde, - *St A*
 That no man may abyde
 Your hygh and lordely lokes:
 Ye cast vp then your bokes,
 And vertue is forgotten;
 For then ye wyll be wroken
 Of euery lyght quarell,
 And call a lorde a iauell,
 A knyght a knaue ye make;
 Ye bost, ye face, ye crake,
 And vpon you ye take
 To rule bothe kyng and kayser;
 And yf ye may haue layser,
 Ye wyll brynge all to nought,
 And that is all your thought:
 For the lordes temporall,
 Theyr rule is very small,
 Almost nothyng at all.
 Men saye howe ye appall
 The noble blode royall:

In earnest and in game,
 Ye are the lesse to blame,
 For lordes of noble blode,
 If they well vnderstode
 How connyng myght them auauance,
 They wold pype you another daunce : 620
 But noble men borne
 To lerne they haue scorne,
 But hunt and blowe an horne,
 Lepe ouer lakes and dykes,
 Set nothyng by polytykes ;
 Therefore ye kepe them bace,
 And mocke them to theyr face :
 This is a pyteous case,
 To you that ouer the whele
 Grete lordes must crouche and knele, 630
 And breke theyr hose at the kne,
 As dayly men may se,
 And to remembraunce call,
 Fortune so turneth the ball
 And ruleth so ouer all,
 That honoure hath a great fall.

Shall I tell you more ? ye, shall.

I am loth to tell all ;
 But the communalte yow call
 Ydolles of Babylon, 640
De terra Zabulon,
De terra Neptalym ;
 For ye loue to go trym,
 Brought vp of poore estate,

With pryde inordinate,
 Sodaynly vpstarte
 From the donge carte,
 The mattocke and the shule,
 To reygne and to rule;
 And haue no grace to thynke
 Howe ye were wonte to drynke
 Of a lether bottell
 With a knauysse stoppell,
 Whan mamockes was your meate,
 With moldy brede to eate;
 Ye cowde none other gete
 To chewe and to gnawe,
 To fyll therwith your mawe;
 Loggyng in fayre strawe,
 Couchyng your drousy heddes
 Somtyme in lousy beddes.
 Alas, this is out of mynde!
 Ye growe nowe out of kynde:
 Many one ye haue vntwynde,
 And made the commons blynde.
 But *qui se existimat stare*,
 Let hym well beware
 Lest that his fote slyp,
 And haue suche a tryp,
 And falle in suche de kay,
 That all the worlde may say,
 Come downe, in the deuyll way!
 Yet, ouer all that,
 Of bysshops they chat,

That though ye round your hear
 An ynche aboue your ear,
 And haue *ures patentes*
 And *parum intendentis*,
 And your tonsors be croppyd,
 Your eares they be stopped ;
 For maister *Adulator*,
 And doctour *Assentator*,
 And *Blandior blandiris*,
 With *Mentior mentiris*,
 They folowe your desyres,
 And so they blere your eye,
 That ye can not espye
 Howe the male dothe wrye.

Alas, for Goddes wyll,
 Why syt ye, prelates, styll,
 And suffre all this yll?
 Ye bysshops of estates
 Shulde open the brode gates
 Of your spirituall charge,
 And com forthe at large,
 Lyke lanternes of lyght,
 In the peoples syght,
 In pullpettes awtentyke,
 For the wele publyke
 Of preesthode in this case ;
 And alwayes to chase
 Suche maner of sysmatykes
 And halfe heretykes,
 That wolde intoxicate,

That wolde conquate,
 That wolde contaminate,
 And that wolde vyolate,
 And that wolde derogate,
 And that wolde abrogate
 The Churchis hygh estates,
 After this maner rates,
 The which shulde be
 Both franke and free,
 And haue theyr lyberte,
 As of antiquyte
 It was ratefyed,
 And also gratifyed,
 By holy synodalles
 And bulles papalles,
 As it is *res certa*
 Conteyned in *Magna Charta*.

But maister Damyan,
 Or some other man,
 That clerkely is and can
 Well scrypture expounde
 And hys textes grounde,
 His benefyce worthe ten ponde,
 Or skante worth twenty marke,
 And yet a noble clerke,
 He must do this werke;
 As I knowe a parte,
 Some maisters of arte,
 Some doctours of lawe,
 Some lernde in other sawe,

As in dyuynyte,
 That hath no dygnyte
 But the pore degre
 Of the vnyuersyte ;
 Or els frere Frederycke,
 Or els frere Dominike,
 Or frere Hugulinus,
 Or frere Agustinus,
 Or frere Carmelus,
 That gostly can heale vs ;
 Or els yf we may
 Get a frere graye,
 Or els of the order
 Vpon Grenewyche border,
 Called Obseruance,
 Or a frere of Fraunce ;
 Or else the poore Scot,
 It must come to his lot
 To shote forthe his shot ;
 Or of Babuell besyde Bery,
 To postell vpon a kyry,
 That wolde it shulde be noted
 Howe scripture shulde be coted,
 And so clerkley promoted ;
 And yet the frere doted.

740

750

But men sey your awtoryte,
 And your noble se,
 And your dygnyte,
 Shulde be imprynted better
 Then all the freres letter ;
 For if ye wolde take payne

760

To preche a worde or twayne,
 Though it were neuer so playne,
 With clauses two or thre,
 So as they myght be
 Compendyously conueyde, 771
 These wordes shuld be more weyd,
 And better perceyued,
 And thankfullerlye receyued,
 And better shulde remayne
 Amonge the people playne,
 That wold your wordes retayne
 And reherce them agayne,
 Than a thousand thousande other,
 That blaber, barke, and blother,
 And make a Walshmans hose
 Of the texte and of the glose.

For protestatyon made,
 That I wyll not wade
 Farther in this broke,
 Nor farther for to loke
 In deuysynge of this boke,
 But answere that I may
 For my selfe alway,
 Eyther *analogice*
 Or els *categoriale*, 770
 So that in diuinite
 Doctors that lerned be,
 Nor bachelers of that faculte
 That hath taken degre
 In the vniuersite,
 Shall not be obiecte at by me

But doctour Bullatus,
Parum litteratus,
Dominus doctoratus
 At the brode gatus,
 Doctour Daupatus,
 And bachelor *bacheloratus,*
 Dronken as a mouse,
 At the ale house,
 Taketh his pyllyon and his cap
 At the good ale tap,
 For lacke of good wyne;
 As wyse as Robyn swyne,
 Vnder a notaryes sygne
 Was made a dyuyne;
 As wyse as Waltoms calfe,
 Must preche, a Goddes halfe,
 In the pulpyt solempnely;
 More mete in the pyllory,
 For, by saynt Hyllary,
 He can nothyng smatter
 Of logyke nor scole matter,
 Neyther *sylogisare,*
 Nor *enthymemare,*
 Nor knoweth his elenkes,
 Nor his predicamens;
 And yet he wyll mell
 To amend the gospell,
 And wyll preche and tell
 What they do in hell;
 And he dare not well neuen

What they do in heuen,
Nor how farre Temple barre is
From the seuen starrys.

Nowe wyll I go 530
And tell of other mo,
Semper protestando
De non impugnando
The foure ordores of fryers,
Though some of them be lyers ;
As Lymyters at large
Wyll charge and dyscharge ;
As many a frere, God wote,
Preches for his grote,
Flatterynge for a newe cote 540
And for to haue his fees ;
Some to gather chese ;
Loth they are to lese
Eyther corne or malte ;
Somtyme meale and calte,
Somtyme a bacon flycke,
That is thre fyngers thycke
Of larde and of greace,
Theyr couent to encrease.

I put you out of doute, 550
This can not be brought aboute
But they theyr tonges fyle,
And make a plesaunt style
To Margery and to Maude,
Howe they haue no fraude ;
And somtyme they prouoke

Bothe Gyll and Jacke at Noke
 Their dewtyes to withdrawe,
 That they ought by the lawe
 Theyr curates to content 860
 In open tyme and in Lent:
 God wot, they take great payne
 To flatter and to fayne;
 But it is an olde sayd sawe,
 That nede hath no lawe.
 Some walke aboute in melottes,
 In gray russet and heery cotes;
 Some wyl neyther golde ne grotes;
 Some plucke a partrych in remotes,
 And by the barres of her taylor 870
 Wyll knowe a rauē from a rayle,
 A quayle, the raile, and the olde rauē
Sed libera nos a malo! Amen.
 And by *Dudum*, theyr Clementine,
 Agaynst curates they repyne;
 And say propreli they ar *sacerdotes*,
 To shryue, assoyle, and reles
 Dame Margeries soule out of hell:
 But when the freare fell in the well,
 He coud not syng himselve therout 880
 But by the helpe of Christyan Clout.
 Another Clementyne also,¹

¹ *Another Clementyne also, &c.*] I suspect some corruption here. In MS. the passage stands thus;

“*Another clementyn how frere faby and mo
 Exivit,*” &c.

How frere Fabian, with other mo,
Exiuit de Paradiso ;
 Whan they agayn theder shal come,
De hoc petimus consilium :
 And through all the world they go
 With *Dirige* and *Placebo*.

But nowe my mynd ye vnderstand,
 For they must take in hande 890
 To prech, and to withstande
 Al maner of abiectiions ;
 For bysshops haue protections,
 They say, to do corrections,
 But they haue no affections
 To take the sayd dyrections ;
 In such maner of cases,
 Men say, they bere no faces
 To occupye suche places,
 To sowe the sede of graces : 900
 Theyr hertes are so faynted,
 And they be so attaynted
 With coueytous and ambycyon,
 And other supersteyon,
 That they be deaf and dum,
 And play scylens and glum,
 Can say nothyng but mum.

They occupye them so
 With syngyng *Placebo*,
 They wyll no farther go : 910
 They had leuer to please,
 And take their worldly ease,

Than to take on hande
Worsshepfully to withstande
Such temporall warre and bate,
As nowe is made of late
Agaynst holy Church estate,
Or to maynteyne good quarelles.
The lay men call them barrells
Full of glotony
And of hypocrysy,
That counterfaytes and payntes
As they were very sayntes :
In matters that them lyke
They shewe them polytyke,
Pretendyng grauyte
And sygnyoryte,
With all solempnyte,
For theyr indempnyte ;
For they wyll haue no losse
Of a peny nor of a crosse
Of theyr predyall landes,
That cometh to theyr handes,
And as farre as they dare set,
All is fysse that cometh to net :
Buyldyng royally
Theyr mancyons curiously,
With turrettes and with toures,
With halles and with boures,
Stretchyng to the starres,
With glasse wyndowes and barres ;
Hangyng aboute the walles

Clothes of golde and palles,
 Arras of ryche aray,
 Fresshe as flours in May;
 Wyth dame Dyana naked;
 Howe lusty Venus quaked,
 And howe Cupyde shaked
 His darte, and bent his bowe
 For to shote a crowe 850
 At her tyrly tyrlowe;
 And howe Parys of Troy
 Daunced a lege de moy,
 Made lusty sporte and ioy
 With dame Helyn the quene;
 With suche storyes bydene
 Their chambres well besene;
 With triumphes of Cesar,
 And of Pompeyus war,
 Of renowne and of fame 900
 By them to get a name:
 Nowe all the worlde stares,
 How they ryde in goodly chares,
 Conueyed by olyphantes,
 With lauryat garlantes,
 And by vnycornes
 With their semely hornes;
 Vpon these beestes rydyng,
 Naked boyes strydyng,
 With wanton wenches winkyng. 970
 Nowe truly, to my thynkyng,
 That is a speculacyon

And a mete meditacyon
 For prelates of estate,
 Their courage to abate
 From worldly wantonnesse,
 Theyr chambres thus to dresse
 With suche parfettesse
 And all suche holynesse ;
 How be it they let downe fall
 Their churches cathedrall.

Squyre, knyght, and lorde,
 Thus the Church remorde ;
 With all temporall people
 They rune agaynst the steple,
 Thus talkyng and tellyng
 How some of you are mellyng ;
 Yet softe and fayre for swellyng,
 Beware of a quenes yellyng.

It is a besy thyng
 For one man to rule a kyng
 Alone and make rekenyng,
 To gouerne ouer all
 And rule a realme royall
 By one mannes verrey wyt ;
 Fortune may chaunce to flyt,
 And whan he weneth to syt,
 Yet may he mysse the quysshon :
 For I rede a preposycyon,

Cum regibus amicare,
Et omnibus dominari,
Et supra te pravare ;

*Wolsey they
 Henry 8.*

Wherfore he hathe good vre
 That can hymselfe assure
 Howe fortune wyll endure.
 Than let reason you supporte,
 For the communalte dothe reporte
 That they haue great wonder
 That ye kepe them so vnder;
 Yet they meruayle so moche lesse, 1010
 For ye play so at the chesse,
 As they suppose and gesse,
 That some of you but late
 Hath played so checkemate
 With lordes of great estate,
 After suche a rate,
 That they shall mell nor make,
 Nor vpon them take,
 For kynge nor kayser sake,
 But at the playsure of one 1020
 That ruleth the roste alone.

Helas, I say, helas!

Howe may this come to passe,
 That a man shall here a masse,
 And not so hardy on his hede
 To loke on God in forme of brede,
 But that the parysshe clerke
 There vpon must herke,
 And graunt hym at his askyng
 For to se the sacryng? 1030

And howe may this accorde,
 No man to our souerayne lorde

So hardy to make sute,
 Nor yet to execute
 His commaundement,
 Without the assent
 Of our presydent,
 Nor to expresse to his person,
 Without your consentatyon
 Graunt hym his lycence 1040
 To preas to his presence,
 Nor to speke to hym secretly,
 Openly nor preuily,
 Without his presydent be by,
 Or els his substytute
 Whom he wyll depute?
 Neyther erle ne duke
 Permytted? by saynt Luke,
 And by swete saynt Marke,
 This is a wonderous warke! 1050
 That the people talke this,
 Somewhat there is amyse:
 The deuil cannot stop their mouthes,
 But they wyl talke of such vncouthes,
 All that euer they ken
 Agaynst all spirituall men.

Whether it be wrong or ryght,
 Or els for dyspyght,
 Or howe euer it hap,
 Theyr tonges thus do clap, 1060
 And through suche detractyon
 They put you to your actyon;

And whether they say trewly
 As they may abyde therby,
 Or els that they do lye,
 Ye knowe better then I.
 But nowe *debetis scire*,
 And groundly *audire*,
 In your *convenire*,
 Of this premenire,
 Or els in the myre
 They saye they wylly you cast;
 Therfore stande sure and fast.

Stande sure, and take good fotyng,
 And let be all your motyng,
 Your gasyng and your totyng,
 And your parcyall promotyng
 Of those that stande in your grace;
 But olde seruauntes ye chase,
 And put them out of theyr place.

Make ye no murmuracyon,
 Though I wryte after this facion;
 Though I, Colyn Cloute,
 Among the hole route
 Of you that clerkes be,
 Take nowe vpon me
 Thus copyously to wryte,
 I do it for no despyte.

Wherfore take no dysdayne
 At my style rude and playne;
 For I rebuke no man
 That vertuous is: why than

Wreke ye your anger on me ?
 For those that vertuous be
 Haue no cause to say
 That I speke out of the way.

Of no good byssshop speke I,
 Nor good preest I escrye,
 Good frere, nor good chanon,
 Good nonne, nor good canon, 1100
 Good monke, nor good clercke,
 Nor yette of no good werke :

But my recountyng is
 Of them that do amys,
 In speking and rebellyng,
 In hynderyng and dysauaylyng
 Holy Church, our mother,

One agaynst another ;
 To vse suche despytyng
 Is all my hole wrytyng ; 1110
 To hynder no man,
 As nere as I can,

For no man haue I named :
 Wherefore sholde I be blamed ?
 Ye ought to be ashamed,
 Agaynst me to be gramed,
 And can tell no cause why,
 But that I wryte trewly.

Then yf any there be
 Of hygh or lowe degre 1120
 Of the spiritualte,
 Or of the temporalte

That dothe thynke or wene
 That his conseyence be not clene,
 And feleth hymselfe sycke,
 Or touched on the quycke,
 Suche grace God them sende
 Themselfe to amende,
 For I wyll not pretende
 Any man to offende.

1130

Wherfore, as thynketh me,
 Great ydeottes they be,
 And lytell grace they haue,
 This treatyse to depraue;
 Nor wyll here no prechyng,
 Nor no vertuous techyng,
 Nor wyll haue no resytyng
 Of any vertuous wrytyng;
 Wyll knowe none intellygence
 To refourme theyr neglygence,
 But lyue styll out of facyon,
 To theyr owne dampnacyon.
 To do shame they haue no shame,
 But they wold no man shulde them blame:
 They haue an euyl name,
 But yet they wyll occupy the same.

1140

With them the worde of God
 Is counted for no rod;
 They counte it for a raylyng,
 That nothyng is auaylyng;
 The prechers with euyll hayling:
 Shall they daunt vs prelates,

1150

That be theyr prymates ?
 Not so hardy on theyr pates !
 Herke, howe the losell prates,
 With a wyde wesaunt !
 Auaunt, syr Guy of Gaunt !
 Auaunt, lewde preest, auaunt !
 Auaunt, syr doctour Deuyas !
 Prate of thy matyns and thy masse, 1166
 And let our maters passe :
 Howe darest thou, daucocke, mell ?
 Howe darest thou, losell,
 Allygate the gospell
 Agaynst vs of the counsell ?
 Auaunt to the deuyll of hell !
 Take hym, wardeyne of the Flete,
 Set hym fast by the fete !
 I say, lyeutenaunt of the Toure,
 Make this lurdeyne for to loure ; 1170
 Lodge hym in Lytell Ease,
 Fede hym with beanes and pease !
 The Kynges Benche or Marshalsy,
 Haue hym thyder by and by !
 The vyllayne precheth openly,
 And declareth our vyllany ;
 And of our fre symplenesse
 He sayes that we are rechelesse,
 And full of wylfulnesse,
 Shameles and mercylesse, 1180
 Incorrigible and insaciate ;
 And after this rate
 Agaynst vs dothe prate.

At Poules Crosse or els where,
 Openly at Westmynstere,
 And Saynt Mary Spyttell,
 They set not by vs a whystell :
 At the Austen fryers
 They count vs for lyers :
 And at Saynt Thomas of Akers 1190
 They carpe vs lyke crakers,
 Howe we wyll rule all at wyll
 Without good reason or skyll ;
 And say how that we be
 Full of parcyalyte ;
 And howe at a pronge
 We tourne ryght into wronge,
 Delay causes so longe
 That ryght no man can fonge ;
 They say many matters be born 1200
 By the ryght of a rambes horne.
 Is not this a shamfull scorne,
 To be teared thus and torne
 How may we thys indure ?
 Wherefore we make you sure,
 Ye prechers shall be yawde ;
 And some shall be sawde,
 As noble Isaias,
 The holy prophet, was ;
 And some of you shall dye, 1210
 Lyke holy Jeremy ;
 Some hanged, some slayne,
 Some beaten to the brayne ;

And we wyll rule and rayne,
 And our matters mayntayne
 Who dare say there agayne,
 Or who dare dysdayne
 At our pleasure and wyll :
 For, be it good or be it yll,
 As it is, it shall be styll, 1230
 For all master doctour of Cyuyll,
 Or of Diuine, or doctour Dryuyll,
 Let hym cough, rough, or sneuyll ;
 Renne God, renne deuyll,
 Renne who may renne best,
 And let take all the rest !
 We set not a nut shell
 The way to heuen or to hell.

Lo, this is the gyse now a dayes !
 It is to drede, men sayes, 1230
 Lest they be Saduces,
 As they be sayd sayne
 Whiche determyned playne
 We shulde not ryse agayne
 At dredefull domis day ;
 And so it semeth they play,
 Whiche hate to be corrected
 Whan they be infected,
 Nor wyll suffre this boke
 By hoke ne by croke 1240
 Prynted for to be,
 For that no man shulde se
 Nor rede in any scrolles

Of theyr dronken nolles,
 Nor of theyr noddy polles,
 Nor of theyr sely soules,
 Nor of some wytles pates
 Of dyuers great estates,
 As well as other men.

Now to withdrawe my pen,
 And now a whyle to rest,
 Me semeth it for the best.

The forecastell of my shyp
 Shall glyde, and smothely slyp
 Out of the wawes wod
 Of the stormy flod ;
 Shote anker, and lye at rode,
 And sayle not farre abrode,
 Tyll the cost be clere,
 And the lode starre appere :
 My shyp nowe wyll I stere
 Towarde the porte salu
 Of our Sauyour Jesu,
 Suche grace that he vs sende,
 To rectyfye and amende
 Thynges that are amys,
 Whan that his pleasure is.

Amen !

In opere imperfecto,
In opere semper perfecto,
Et in opere plusquam perfecto !

1260

1260

1270

*Colinus Cloutus, quanquam mea carmina multis
 Sordescunt stultis, sed puevinate sunt rare cultis,
 Pue vinatis altisem divino flamine flatis.
 Unde meâ refert tanto minus, invida quamvis
 Lingua nocere parat, quia, quanquam rustica
 canto,
 Undique cantabor tamen et celebrabor ubique,
 Inclita dum maneat gens Anglica. Laurus honoris,
 Quondam regnorum regina et gloria regum,
 Heu, modo marcescit, tabescit, languida torpet!
 Ah pudet, ah miseret! vetor hic ego pandere plura
 Pro gemitu et lacrimis: præstet peto præmia
 pæna.**

* These verses, not in eds., follow the poem of *Colyn Cloute* in the Harleian MS. The corruptions in the second and third lines (distinguished by Roman letter) have baffled the ingenuity of the several scholars to whom I submitted them.

A reviewer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (Sept. 1844, p. 246,) would cure this corrupted passage as follows:

*Colinus Cloutus, quanquam mea carmina multis
 Sordescunt stultis; sed paucis sunt data cultis,
 Paucis ante alios divino flamine flatis.*

A RYGT DELECTABLE TRATYSE VPON A GOODLY
GARLANDE OR CHAPELET OF LAURELL,*

BY MAYSTER SKELTON, POETE LAUREAT, STUDYOUSLY
DYUYSED AT SHERYFHOTTON CASTELL, IN THE FORESTE
OF GALTRES, WHEREIN AR COMPRYSYDE MANY AND
DYUERS SOLACYONS AND RYGT PREGNANT ALLECTYUES
OF SYNGULAR PLEASURE, AS MORE AT LARGE IT DOTH
APERE IN THE PROCES FOLOWYNGE.

*Eterno mansura die dum sidera fulgent,
Æquora dumque tument, hæc laurea nostra virebit:
Hinc nostrum celebre et nomen referetur ad astra,
Undique Skeltonis memorabitur alter Adonis.*

ARECTYNG my syght towarde the zodyake,
The sygnes xii for to beholde a farre,
When Mars retrogradant reuersyd his bak,
Lorde of the yere in his orbicular,
Put vp his sworde, for he cowde make no warre,
And whan Lucina plenarly did shyne,
Scorpione ascendyng degrees twyse nyne;

* From Faukes's ed. 1523, collated with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, (in which it is entitled *The Crowne of Lawrell*), and with fragments of the poem among the Cottonian MSS. Vit. E.X. fol. 200. The prefatory Latin lines are from Faukes's ed., where they are given on the back of the title-page, and below a woodcut portrait headed "*Skelton Poeta*," (see *List of Editions*, in Appendix to *Account of Skelton*, &c.): they are not in Marshe's ed. nor in MS.

In place alone then musynge in my thought
 How all thyng passyth as doth the somer
 flower,
 On euery halfe my reasons forthe I sought, 10
 How oftyn fortune varyeth in an howre,
 Now clere wether, forthwith a stormy showre;
 All thynge compassyd, no perpetuyte,
 But now in welthe, now in aduersyte.

So depely drownyd I was in this dumpe,
 Encraumpysshed so sore was my conceyte,
 That, me to rest, I lent me to a stumpe
 Of an oke, that somtyme grew full streyghte,
 A myghty tre and of a noble heyght,
 Whose bewte blastyd was with the boystors
 wynde, 20
 His leuis loste, the sappe was frome the rynde.

Thus stode I in the frytthy forest of Galtres,
 Ensowkid with sylt of the myry mose,
 Where hartis belluyng, embosyd with distres,
 Ran on the raunge so longe, that I suppose
 Few men can tell now where the hynde calfe
 gose;
 Faire fall that forster that so well can bate his
 hownde!
 But of my purpose now torne we to the grownde.

Whylis I stode musynge in this medytatyon,
 In slumbrynge I fell and halfe in a slepe; 30

And whether it were of ymagynacyon,
 Or of humors superflue, that often wyll crepe
 Into the brayne by drynkyng ouer depe,
 Or it procedyd of fatall persuacyon,
 I can not wele tell you what was the occasyon ;

But sodeynly at ones, as I me aduysed,
 As one in a trans or in an extasy,
 I sawe a paulyon wondersly disgysede,
 Garnysshed fresshe after my fantasy,
 Enhachyde with perle and stones preciously, 40
 The grounde engrosyd and bet with bourne golde,
 That passyng goodly it was to beholde :

Within it, a prynces excellente of porte ;
 But to recount her ryche abylyment,
 And what estates to her did resorte,
 Therto am I full insuffycient ;
 A goddesse inmortal she dyd represente ;
 As I harde say, dame Pallas was her name ;
 To whome supplied the royall Quene of Fame.¹

The Quene of Fame to Dame Pallas.

Prynces moost pusant, of hygh preemynence, 50
 Renownyd lady aboute the sterry heuyn,
 All other transcendyng, of very congruence

¹ *Quene of Fame*] Opposite this line MS. has a marginal note, partly illegible, and partly cut off, "*Egida concussit p . . . dea pectore porta . . .*"

Madame regent of the scyence seuyn,
 To whos astate all noblenes most lenen,
 My supplicacyon to you I arrect,
 Whereof I beseche you to tender the effecte.

Not vnremembered it is vnto your grace,
 How you gaue me a ryall commaundement
 That in my courte Skelton shulde haue a place,
 Bycause that his tyme he studyously hath
 spent 60
 In your seruyce; and, to the accomplysshe-
 ment

Of your request, registred is his name
 With laureate tryumphe in the courte of Fame.

But, good madame, the accustome and vsage
 Of auncient poetis, ye wote full wele, hath bene
 Them selfe to embesy with all there holl corage,
 So that there workis myght famously be sene,
 In figure wherof they were the laurell grene;
 But how it is, Skelton is wonder slake,
 And, as we dare, we fynde in hym grete lake: 70

For, ne were onely he hath your promocyon,
 Out of my bokis full sone I shulde hym rase;
 But sith he hath tastid of the sugred pocioun
 Of Elyconis well, refresshid with your grace,
 And wyll not endeuour hymselfe to purchase
 The fauour of ladys with wordis electe,
 It is sittynge that ye must hym correct.

Dame Pallas to the Quene of Fame.

The sum of your purpose, as we ar aduysid,
 Is that our seruaunt is sum what to dull ;
 Wherin this answeere for hym we haue comprisid,
 How ryuers rin not tyll the spryng be full ;
 Better a dum mouthe than a brainles scull ;
 For if he gloryously pullishe his matter,
 Then men wyll say how he doth but flatter ;

And if so hym fortune to wryte true and plaine,
 As sumtyme he must vyces remorde,
 Then sum wyll say he hath but lyttill brayne,
 And how his wordes with reason wyll not
 accorde ;
 Beware, for wrytyng remayneth of recorde ;
 Displease not an hundreth for one mannes
 pleasure ;
 Who wryteth wysely hath a grete treasure.

Also, to furnishe better his excuse,
 Ouyde was bannished for suche a skyll,
 And many mo whome I cowde enduce ;
 Iuuenall was thret parde for to kyll
 For certayne enuetyfys, yet wrote he none ill,
 Sauynge he rubbid sum vpon the gall ;
 It was not for hym to abyde the tryall.

In generrall wordes, I say not gretely nay,
 A poete somtyme may for his pleasure taunt, 100

Spekyng in parablis, how the fox, the grey,
 The gander, the gose, and the hudge oliphaunt,
 Went with the pecok ageyne the fesaunt ;
 The lesarde came lepyng, and sayd that he must,
 With helpe of the ram, ley all in the dust.

Yet dyuerse ther be, industryous of reason,
 Sum what wolde gadder in there coniecture
 Of suche an endarkid chapiter sum season ;
 How be it, it were harde to construe this
 lecture ;
 Sophisticatid craftely is many a confecture ; 110
 Another manes mynde diffuse is to expounde ;
 Yet harde is to make but sum fawt be founde.

The Quene of Fame to Dame Pallas.

Madame, with fauour of your benynge sufferance,
 Vnto your grace then make I this motyue ;
 Whereto made ye me hym to auance
 Vnto the rowme of laureat promotyue ?
 Or wherto shulde he haue that prerogatyue,
 But if he had made sum memoryall,
 Wherby he myght haue a name inmortal ?

To pas the tyme in slowthfull ydelnes, 120
 Of your royall palace it is not the gyse,
 But to do sumwhat iche man doth hym dres :
 For how shulde Cato els be callyd wyse,
 But that his bokis, whiche he did deuyse,
 Recorde the same ? or why is had in mynde
 Plato, but for that he left wrytynge behynde,

For men to loke on? Aristotille also,
 Of phylosophers callid the princypall,
 Olde Diogenes, with other many mo,
 Demostenes, that oratour royall, 130
 That gaue Eschines suche a cordyall,
 That bannished was he by his proposicyoun,
 Ageyne whome he cowde make no contradic-
 cyoun?

Dame Pallas to the Quene of Fame.

Soft, my good syster, and make there a pawse :
 And was Eschines rebukid as ye say ?
 Remembre you wele, poynt wele that clause ;
 Wherefore then rasid ye not away
 His name? or why is it, I you praye,
 That he to your courte is goyng and commynge,
 Sith he is slaundred for defaut of konnyng? 140

The Quene of Fame to Dame Pallas.

Madame, your apposelle is wele inferrid,
 And at your auantage quikly it is
 Towchid, and hard for to be debarrid ;
 Yet shall I answeere your grace as in this,
 With your reformacion, if I say amis,
 For, but if your bounte did me assure,
 Myne argument els koude not longe endure.

As towchyng that Eschines is remembred,
 That he so sholde be, me semith it sittyng,
 All be it grete parte he hath surrendred 150

Of his honour, whos dissuasyue in wrytyng
 To corage Demostenes was moche excitynge,
 In setting out fresshely his crafty persuacyon,
 From whiche Eschines had none euacyon.

The cause why Demostenes so famously is brutid,
 Onely procedid for that he did outray
 Eschines, whiche was not shamefully confutid
 But of that famous oratour, I say,
 Whiche passid all other; wherfore I may
 Among my recordes suffer hym namyd, 160
 For though he were venquesshid, yet was he not
 shamyd:

As Ierome, in his preamble *Frater Ambrosius*,
 Frome that I haue sayde in no poynt doth vary,
 Wherein he reporteth of the coragius
 Wordes that were moch consolatory
 By Eschines rehersed to the grete glory
 Of Demostenes, that was his vtter foo:
 Few shall ye fynde or none that wyll do so.

Dame Pallas to the Quene of Fame.

A thanke to haue, ye haue well deseruyd,
 Your mynde that can maynteyne so apparently;
 But a grete parte yet ye haue reseruyd 171
 Of that most folow then consequently,
 Or els ye demeane you inordinatly;
 For if ye laude hym whome honour hath opprest,
 Then he that doth worste is as good as the best.

But whome that ye faouere, I se well, hath a
name,

Be he neuer so lytell of substaunce,
And whome ye loue not ye wyll put to shame;
Ye counterwey not eynly your balaunce;
As wele foly as wysdome oft ye do avaunce: 180
For reporte ryseth many deuerse wayes:
Sume be moche spokyn of for makynge of frays;

Some haue a name for thefte and brybery;
Some be called crafty, that can pyke a purse;
Some men be made of for their mokery;
Some carefull cokwoldes, some haue theyr
wyues curs;

Some famous wetewoldis, and they be moche
wurs;
Some lidderons, some losels, some noughty
packis;
Some facers, some bracers, some make great
crackis;

Some dronken dastardis with their dry soules; 190
Some sluggyssh slouyns, that slepe day and
nyght;

Ryot and Reuell be in your courte rowlis;
Maintenaunce and Mischefe, theis be men of
myght;

Extorcyon is counted with you for a knyght;
Theis people by me haue none assignement,
Yet they ryde and rinne from Carlyll to Kente.

But lytell or nothyng ye shall here tell
 Of them that haue vertue by reason of cunnyng,
 Whiche souerenly in honoure shulde excell ; 199
 Men of suche maters make but a mummyng,
 For wysdome and sadnesse be set out a sun-
 nyng ;
 And suche of my seruauntes as I haue promotyd,
 One faute or other in them shalbe notyd :

Eyther they wyll say he is to wyse,
 Or elles he can nought bot whan he is at scole ;
 Proue his wytt, sayth he, at cardes or dyce,
 And ye shall well fynde he is a very fole ;
 Twyshe, set hym a chare, or reche hym a
 stole,
 To syt hym vpon, and rede Iacke a thrummis
 bybille,
 For truly it were pyte that he sat ydle. 210

The Quene of Fame to Dame Pallas.

To make repungnaunce agayne that ye haue
 sayde,
 Of very dwte it may not well accorde,
 But your benyngne sufferaunce for my discharge
 I laid,
 For that I wolde not with you fall at discorde ;
 But yet I beseche your grace that good recorde
 May be brought forth, suche as can be founde,
 With laureat tryumphe why Skelton sholde be
 crownde ;

For elles it were to great a derogacyon
 Vnto your palas, our noble courte of Fame,
 That any man vnder supportacyon 228
 Withoute deseruyng shulde haue the best
 game :

If he to the ample encrease of his name
 Can lay any werkis that he hath compylde,
 I am contente that he be not exylide

Frome the laureat senate by force of proscryp-
 cyon ;

Or elles, ye know well, I can do no lesse
 But I must bannysse hym frome my iury-
 diceyon,

As he that aquentyth hym with ydilnes ;
 But if that he purpose to make a redresse,
 What he hath done, let it be brought to syght ; 230
 Graunt my petycyon, I aske you but ryght.

Dame Pallas to the Quene of Fame.

To your request we be well condescendid :
 Call forthe, let se where is your clarionar,
 To blowe a blaste with his long breth extendid ;
 Eolus, your trumpet, that knowne is so farre,
 That bararag blowyth in euery mercyall warre,
 Let hym blowe now, that we may take a vewe
 What poetis we haue at our retenewe ;

To se if Skelton wyll put hymselfe in prease
 Amonge the thickest of all the hole rowte ; 244

Make noyse enoughe, for claterars loue no peas;
 Let se, my syster, now spede you, go aboute;
 Anone, I sey, this trumpet were founde out,
 And for no man hardely let hym spare
 To blowe bararag tyll bothe his eyne stare.

Skelton Poeta.

Forthwith there rose amonge the thronge
 A wonderfull noyse, and on euery syde
 They presid in faste; some thought they were to
 longe;
 Sume were to hasty, and wold no man byde;
 Some whispred, some rownyd, some spake, and
 some cryde, 250
 With heuyng and shouyng, haue in and haue
 oute;
 Some ranne the nexte way, sume ranne abowte.

There was suyng to the Quene of Fame;
 He plucked hym backe, and he went afore;
 Nay, holde thy tunge, quod another, let me haue
 the name;
 Make rowme, sayd another, ye prese all to
 sore;
 Sume sayd, Holde thy peas, thou getest here
 no more;
 A thowsande thowsande I sawe on a plumpe:
 With that I harde the noyse of a trumpe,
 That longe tyme blewe a full timorous blaste, 260
 Lyke to the boryall wyndes whan they blowe.

That towres and townes and trees downe caste,
 Droue clowdes together lyke dryftis of snowe ;
 The dredefull dinne droue all the rowte on a
 rowe ;
 Some tremblid, some girnid, some gaspid, some
 gasid,
 As people halfe peuysshe, or men that were
 masyd.

Anone all was whyste, as it were for the nonys,
 And iche man stode gasyng and staryng vpon
 other :

With that there come in wonderly at ones
 A murmur of mynstrels, that suche another ²⁷⁰
 Had I neuer sene, some softer, some lowder ;
 Orpheus, the Traciane, herped meledyously
 Weth Amphion, and other Musis of Archady :

Whos heuenly armony was so passynge sure,
 So truely proporsionyed, and so well did gree,
 So duly entunyd with euery mesure,
 That in the forest was none so great a tre
 But that he daunced for ioye of that gle ;
 The huge myghty okes them selfe dyd auauunce,
 And lepe frome the hylles to lerne for to daunce :

In so moche the stumpe, whereto I me lente, ²⁸¹
 Sterte all at ones an hundrethe fote backe :
 With that I sprange vp towarde the tent
 Of noble Dame Pallas, wherof I spake ;
 Where I sawe come after, I wote, full lytell lake

Of a thousande poetes-assembled togeder :
But Phebus was formest of all that cam theder ;

Of laurell leuis a cronell on his hede,
With heris encrisped yalowe as the golde,
Lamentyng Daphnes, whome with the darte of
lede 290

Cupyde hath stryken so that she ne wolde
Concente to Phebus to haue his herte in
holde,

But, for to preserue her maidenhode clene,
Transformyd was she into the laurell grene.

Meddelyd with murnyng the moost parte of his
muse,

O thoughtfull herte, was euermore his songe !
Daphnes, my derlyng, why do you me refuse ?
Yet loke on me, that louyd you haue so longe,
Yet haue compassyon vpon my paynes
stronge : 300

He sange also how, the tre as he did take
Betwene his armes, he felt her body quake.

Then he assurded into this exclamacyon
Vnto Diana, the goddes inmortal ;
O mercyles madame, hard is your constellacyon,
So close to kepe your cloyster virgynall,
Enhardid adyment the sement of your wall !
Alas, what ayle you to be so ouerthwhart,
To bannysshe pyte out of a maydens harte ?

Why haue the goddes shewyd me this cruelte,
 Sith I contryuyd first principles medycynable?
 I helpe all other of there infirmite, 311
 But now to helpe myselfe I am not able;
 That profyteth all other is nothyng profytable
 Vnto me; alas, that herbe nor gresse
 The feruent axes of loue can not repress!

O fatall fortune, what haue I offendid?
 Odious disdayne, why raist thou me on this
 facyon?
 But sith I haue lost now that I entended,
 And may not atteyne it by no medyacyon,
 Yet, in remembraunce of Daphnes transforma-
 cyon, 320

All famous poetis ensuyng after me
 Shall were a garlande of the laurell tre.

This sayd, a grate nowmber folowyd by and by
 Of poetis laureat of many dyuerse nacyons;
 Parte of there names I thynke to specefye:
 Fyrste, olde Quintiliane with his Declama-
 cyons;

Theocritus with his bucolycall relacyons;
 Esiodus, the iconomicar,
 And Homerus, the fresshe historiari;

Prynce of eloquence, Tullius Cicero, 330
 With Salusty ageinst Lucius Catelyne,
 That wrote the history of Iugurta also;

Ouyde, enshryned with the Musis nyne ;
 But blessed Bacchus, the pleasant god of wyne,
 Of closters engrosyd with his ruddy flotis
 These orators and poetes refreshed there throtis ;

Lucan, with Stacius in Achilliedos ;
 Percius presed forth with problemes diffuse ;

Virgill the Mantuan, with his Eneidos ; 339
 Iuuenall satirray, that men makythe to muse ;
 But blessed Bacchus, the pleasant god of
 wyne,

Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy flotes
 These orators and poetes refreshed their throtes ;

There Titus Lyuius hymselfe dyd auauance
 With decadis historious, whiche that he mengith
 With maters that amount the Romayns in sub-
 stance ;

Enyus, that wrate of mercyall war at lengthe ;
 But blessyd Bachus, potenciall god of strengthe,
 Of clusters engrosid with his ruddy flotis 349
 Theis orators and poetis refreshed there throtis ;

Aulus Gelius, that noble historiari ;
 Orace also with his new poetry ;

Mayster Terence, the famous comicar,
 With Plautus, that wrote full many a comody ;
 But blessyd Bachus was in there company,
 Of clusters engrosyd with his ruddy flotis
 Theis orators and poetis refreshed there throtis ;

Senek full soberly with his tragediis ;
 Boyce, reconfortyd with his philosophy ;
 And Maxymyane, with his madde ditiis, 360
 How dotynge age wolde iape with yonge foly ;
 But blessyd Bachus most reuerent and holy,
 Of clusters engrosid with his ruddy flotis
 Theis orators and poetis refreshed there throtis ;
 There came Johnn Bochas with his volumys
 grete ;

Quintus Cursius, full craftely that wrate
 Of Alexander ; and Macrobius that did trete
 Of Scipions dreame what was the treu probate ;
 But blessyd Bachus that neuer man forgate,
 Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy flotis 370
 These orators and poetis refreshid ther throtis ;

Poggeus also, that famous Florentine,
 Mustred ther amonge them with many a mad
 tale ;
 With a frere of Fraunce men call sir Gagwyne,
 That frownyd on me full angerly and pale ;
 But blessyd Bachus, that bote is of all bale,
 Of clusters engrosyd with his ruddy flotis
 Theis orators and poetis refreshid there throtis ;

Plutarke and Petrarke, two famous clarkis ;
 Lucilius and Valerius Maximus by name ; 380
 With Vincencius *in Speculo*, that wrote noble
 warkis ;

Propercius and Pisandros, poetis of noble fame ;
 But blisshed Bachus, that mastris oft doth frame,
 Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy flotis
 Theis notable poetis refresshid there throtis.

And as I thus sadly amonge them auysid,
 I saw Gower, that first garnished our Eng-
 lysshe rude,
 And maister Chaucer, that nobly enterprysyd
 How that our Englysshe myght fresshely be
 ennewed ;
 The monke of Bury then after them ensuyd, 390
 Dane Johnn Lydgate: theis Englysshe poetis
 thre,
 As I ymagenyd, repayrid vnto me,

Togeder in armes, as brethern, enbrasid ;
 There apparell farre passyng beyonde that I
 can tell ;
 With diamauntis and rubis there tabers were
 trasid,
 None so ryche stones in Turkey to sell ;
 Thei wantid nothyng but the laurell ;
 And of there bounte they made me godely chere,
 In maner and forme as ye shall after here.

Mayster Gower to Skelton.

Brother Skelton, your endeuorment 400
 So haue ye done, that meretoryously
 Ye haue deseruyd to haue an enplement

In our collage aboue the sterry sky,
 Bycause that ye encrease and amplyfy
 The brutid Britons of Brutus Albion,
 That welny was loste when that we were gone.

Poeta Skelton to Maister Gower.

Maister Gower, I haue nothyng deserued
 To haue so laudabyle a commendacion:
 To yow thre this honor shalbe reserued,
 Arrectinge vnto your wyse examinacion 410
 How all that I do is vnder refformation,
 For only the substance of that I entend,
 Is glad to please, and loth to offend.

Mayster Chaucer to Skelton.

Counterwayng your besy delygence
 Of that we beganne in the supplement,
 Enforcid ar we you to recompence,
 Of all our hool collage by the agreement,
 That we shall brynge you personally present
 Of noble Fame before the Quenes grace,
 In whose court poynted is your place. 420

Poeta Skelton answeyryth.

O noble Chaucer, whos pullisshyd eloquence
 Oure Englysshe rude so fresshely hath set out,
 That bounde ar we with all deu reuerence,
 With all our strength that we can brynge about,
 To owe to yow our seruyce, and more if we
 mowte!

But what sholde I say? ye wote what I entende,
Whiche glad am to please, and loth to offende.

Mayster Lydgate to Skelton.

So am I preuentid of my brethern tweyne
In rendrynge to you thankkis meritory,
That weyny nothyng there doth remayne 430
Wherwitu to geue you my regraciatory,
But that ī poynt you to be prothonatory
Of Fames court, by all our holl assent
Auaunced by Pallas to laurell preferment.

Poeta Skelton answeyryth.

So haue ye me far passynge my meretis extollyd,
Mayster Lidgate, of your accustomed
Bownte, and so gloriously ye haue enrollyd
My name, I know well, beyonde that I am
able,
That but if my warkes therto be agreable,
I am elles rebukyd of that I intende, 440
Which glad am to please, and lothe to offende.

So finally, when they had shewyd there deuyse,
Vnder the forme as I sayd tofore,
I made it straunge, and drew bak ones or twyse,
And euer they presed on me more and more,
Tyll at the last they forcyd me so sore,
That with them I went where they wolde me
brynge,
Vnto the pauylyon where Pallas was syttyng.

Dame Pallas commaundid that they shold me
conuay

Into the ryche palace of the Quene of Fame; 450
There shal he here what she wyl to hym say

When he is callid to answeere to his name:

A cry anone forthwith she made proclame,
All orators and poetis shulde thider go before,
With all the prese that there was, lesse and
more.

Forthwith, I say, thus wandrynge in my thought,

How it was, or elles within what howris,

I can not tell you, but that I was brought

Into a palace with turrettis and towris,

Engolerid goodly with hallis and bowris, 460

So curiously, so craftely, so connyngly wrowght,

That all the worlde, I trowe, and it were sought,

Suche an other there coude no man fynde;

Wherof partely I purpose to expounde,

Whyles it remanyth fresshe in my mynde.

With turkis and grossolitis enpauyd was the
grounde;

Of birrall enbosid wer the pyllers rownde;

Of elephantis tethe were the palace gatis,

Enlosenged with many goodly platis

Of golde, entachid with many a precyous stone; 470

An hundred steppis mountyng to the halle,

One of iasper, another of whalis bone;

Of dyamauntis pointed was the rocky wall;
 The carpettis within and tappettis of pall;
 The chambres hangid with clothes of arace;
 Enuawtyd with rubies the vawte was of this
 place.

Thus passid we forth, walkynge vnto the pretory
 Where the postis wer enbulyoned with saphiris
 indy blew,

Englasid glittering with many a clere story;
 Iacinctis and smaragdis out of the florth they
 grew: 480

Vnto this place all poetis there did sue,
 Wherin was set of Fame the noble Quene,
 All other transcendynge, most rychely besene,

Vnder a gloryous cloth of astate,
 Fret all with orient perlys of Garnate,
 Encrownyd as empresse of all this worldly fate,
 So ryally, so rychely, so passyngly ornate,
 It was excedyng byyonde the commowne rate.
 This hous enuyrowne was a myle about;
 If xii were let in, xii hundreth stode without. 490

'Then to this lady and souerayne of this palace
 Of purseuantis ther presid in with many a
 dyuerse tale;
 Some were of Poyle, and sum were of Trace,
 Of Lymerik, of Loreine, of Spayne, of Port-
 yngale,

Frome Napuls, from Nauern, and from Roun-
 ccuall,
 Some from Flaunders, sum fro the se coste,
 Some from the mayne lande, some fro the Frensche
 hoste :

With, How doth the north? what tydyngis in the
 sowth?

The west is wyndy, the est is metely wele ;
 It is harde to tell of euery mannes mouthe ; 500
 A slipper holde the taile is of an ele,
 And he halith often that hath a kyby hele ;
 Some shewid his salfecundight, some shewid his
 charter,
 Some lokyd full smothely, and had a fals quarter ;

With, Sir, I pray you, a lytyll tyne stande backe,
 And lette me come in to delyuer my lettre ;
 Another tolde how shyppes wente to wrak ;
 There were many wordes smaller and gretter,
 With, I as good as thou, Ifayth and no better ;
 Some came to tell treuth, some came to lye, 510
 Some came to flater, some came to spye :

There were, I say, of all maner of sortis,
 Of Dertmouth, of Plummouth, of Portismouth
 also ;

The burgeis and the ballyuis of the v portis,
 With, Now let me come, and now let me go :
 And all tyme wandred I thus to and fro,

Tyll at the last theis noble poetis thre
Vnto me sayd, Lo, syr, now ye may se

Of this high courte the dayly besines ;

From you most we, but not longe to tary ; 530

Lo, hither commyth a goodly maystres,

Occupacyon, Famys regestary,

Whiche shall be to you a sufferayne accessory,
With syngular pleasurs to dryue away the
tyme,

And we shall se you ageyne or it be pryme.

When they were past and wente forth on there
way,

This gentilwoman, that callyd was by name
Occupacyon, in ryght goodly aray,

Came towarde me, and smylid halfe in game ;

I sawe hir smyle, and I then did the same ; 536

With that on me she kest her goodly loke ;

Vnder her arme, me thought, she hade a boke.

Occupacyoun to Skelton.

Lyke as the larke, vpon the somers day,

Whan Titan radiant burnisshith his bemis
bryght,

Mountith on hy with her melodious lay,

Of the soneshyne engladid with the lyght,

So am I supprysed with pleasure and delyght

To se this howre now, that I may say,

How ye ar. welcome to this court of aray.

Of your aqueintaunce I was in tymes past, 540
 Of studyous doctryne when at the port salu
 Ye fyrste aryuyd ; whan broken was your mast
 Of worldly trust, then did I you rescu ;
 Your storme dryuen shyppe I repaired new,
 So well entakeled, what wynde that euer blowe,
 No stormy tempeste your barge shall ouerthrow.

Welcome to me as hertely as herte can thynke,
 Welcome to me with all my hole desyre !
 And for my sake spare neyther pen nor ynke ;
 Be well assurid I shall aquyte your hyre, 550
 Your name recountynge beyonde the lande of
 Tyre,
 From Sydony to the mount Olympyan,
 Frome Babill towre to the hillis Caspian.

Skelton Poeta answeyryth.

I thanked her moche of her most noble offer,
 Affyaunsynge her myne hole assuraunce
 For her pleasure to make a large profer,
 Enpryntyng her wordes in my remembraunce,
 To owe her my seruyce with true perseueraunce.
 Come on with me, she sayd, let vs not stonde ;
 And with that worde she toke me by the honde.

550

So passyd we forthe into the forsayd place,
 With suche communycacyon as came to our
 mynde ;
 And then she sayd, Whylis we haue tyme and
 space

To walke where we lyst, let vs somewhat fynde
 To pas the tyme with, but let vs wast no wynde,
 For ydle iangelers haue but lytill braine ;
 Wordes be swordes, and hard to call ageine.

Into a felde she brought me wyde and large,
 Enwallyd aboute with the stony flint,
 Strongly enbateld, moche costious of charge : 576
 To walke on this walle she bed I sholde not
 stint ;

Go softly, she sayd, the stones be full glint.
 She went before, and bad me take good holde :
 I sawe a thowsande yatis new and olde,

Then questionyd I her what thos yatis ment ;
 Wherto she answeyrd, and breuely me tolde,
 How from the est vnto the occident,
 And from the sowth vnto the north so colde,
 Theis yatis, she sayd, which that ye beholde,
 Be issuis and portis from all maner of nacyons ; 580
 And seryously she shewyd me ther denominacyons.

They had wrytyng, sum Greke, sum Ebrew,
 Some Romaine letters, as I vnderstode ;
 Some were olde wryten, sum were writen new,
 Some carectis of Caldy, sum Frensshe was full
 good ;

But one gate specyally, where as I stode,
 Had grauin in it of calcydony a capytall A ;
 What yate call ye this ? and she sayd, Anglia.

The beldyng therof was passyng commendable ;
 Wheron stode a lybbard, crownyd with golde
 and stones, 590
 Terrible of countenance and passyng formy-
 able,
 As quikly towchyd as it were flesshe and bones,
 As gastly that glaris, as grimly that gronis,
 As fersly frownyng as he had ben fyghtyng,
 And with his forme foote he shoke forthe this
 wrytyng :

*Formidanda nimis Jovis ultima fulmina tollis :^a
 Unguibus ire parat loca singula livida curvis
 Quam modo per Phæbes nummos raptura Celæno ;
 Arma, lues, luctus, fel, vis, fraus, barbara tellus ;
 Mille modis erras odium tibi quærere Martis :
 Spreto spineto cedat saliuunca roseto.* 600

Then I me lent, and loked ouer the wall :
 Innumerable people presed to euey gate ;
 Shet were the gatis ; thei might wel knock and
 cal,
 And turne home ageyne, for they cam al to late.
 I her demaunded of them and ther astate :
 Forsothe, quod she, theys be haskardis and
 rebawdis,
 Dysers, carders, tumblars with gambawdis,

^a Cacosinthicon ¹ ex industria. [Side Note.]

¹ Cacosinthicon] Properly "Cacosyntheton."

Furdrers of loue, with baudry aqueinted,
 Brainles blenkardis that blow at the cole, 610
 Fals forgers of mōny, for kownnage atteintid,
 Pope holy ypocrytis, as they were golde and
 hole,
 Powle hatchettis, that prate wyll at euery ale
 pole,
 Ryot, reueler, railer, brybery, theft,
 With other condycyons that well myght be left:

Sume fayne themselfe folys, and wolde be callyd
 wyse,

Sum medelynge spyes, by craft to grope thy
 mynde,

Sum dysdanous dawcokkis that all men dispuse,
 Fals flaterers that fawne thé, and kurris of
 kynde

That speke fayre before thé and shrewdly
 behynde; 620

Hither they come crowdyng to get them a name,
 But hailid they be homwarde with sorow and
 shame.

With that I herd gunnis russhe out at ones,
 Bowns, bowns, bowns! that all they out cryde;
 It made sum lympe legged and broisid there
 bones;

Sum were made penysshe, porisshly pynk iyde,
 That euer more after by it they were aspyid;
 And one ther was there, I wondred of his hap,
 For a gun stone, I say, had all to-iaggid his cap,

Raggid, and daggid, and cunnyngly cut; 630
 The blaste of the brynston blew away his
 brayne;

Masid as a marche hare, he ran lyke a scut;
 And, sir, amonge all me thought I saw twaine,
 The one was a tumblar, that afterwarde againe
 Of a dysour, a deuyl way, grew a ientilman,
 Pers Prater, the secund, that quarillis beganne;

With a pellit of peuisshenes they had suche a
 stroke,
 That all the dayes of ther lyfe shall styck by
 ther rybbis:

Foo, foisty bawdias! sum smellid of the smoke;
 I saw dyuers that were cariid away thens in
 cribbis, 640
 Dasyng after dotrellis, lyke drunkardis that
 dribbis;

Theis titiuyllis with taumpinnis wer towchid and
 tappid;
 Moche mischefe, I hyght you, amonge theem ther
 happid.

Sometyme, as it semyth, when the mone light
 By meynys of a grosely endarkyd clowde
 Sodenly is eclipsid in the wynter night,
 In lyke maner of wyse a myst did vs shrowde;
 But wele may ye thynk I was no thyng prowde
 Of that auenturis, whiche made me sore agast.
 In derkenes thus dwelt we, tyll at the last 650

The clowdis gan to clere, the myst was rarifiid :

In an herber I saw, brought where I was,
 There birdis on the brere sange on euery syde ;
 With alys ensandid about in compas,
 The bankis enturfid with singular solas,
 Enrailid with rosers, and vinis engrapid ;
 It was a new comfort of sorowis escapid.

In the middis a coundight, that coryously was
 cast,

With pypes of golde engusshing out stremes ;
 Of cristall the clerenes theis waters far past, ⁶⁰⁰
 Enswymmyng with rochis, barbellis, and bremis,
 Whose skales ensilured again the son beames
 Englisterd, that ioyous it was to beholde.
 Then furthermore aboute me my syght I reuolde,

Where I saw growyng a goodly laurell tre,
 Enuerdurid with leuis contynually grene ;
 Aboue in the top a byrde of Araby,
 Men call a phenix ; her wynges bytwene
 She bet vp a fyre with the sparkis full kene
 With braunches and bowghis of the swete olyue,
 Whos flagraunt flower was chefe preseruatyue ⁶⁷¹

Ageynst all infeccyons with cancour enflamyd,
 Ageynst all baratows broisiours of olde,

a *Oliva speciosa* in campis. [*Side Note.*]

b *Nota excellentiam virtutis in oliva.* [*Side Note.*]

It passid all bawmys that euer were namyd,
 Or gummis of Saby so derely that be solde :
 There blew in that gardynge a soft piplyng
 colde

Enbrethyng of Zepherus with his pleasant wynde ;
 All frutis and flowris grew there in there kynde.

Dryades there daunsid vpon that goodly soile,
 With the nyne Muses, Pierides by name ; 690
 Phillis and Testalis, ther tressis with oyle
 Were newly enbybid ; and rownd about the
 same

Grene tre of laurell moche solacyous game
 They made, with chapelletes and garlandes
 grene ;
 And formest of all dame Flora, the quene

Of somer, so formally she fotid the daunce ;
 There Cintheus sat twynklyng vpon his harpe
 stringis ;

And Iopas his instrument did auauance,
 The poemis and storis auncient inbryngis
 Of Athlas astrology, and many noble thyngis, 695
 Of wandryng of the mone, the course of the sun,
 Of men and of bestis, and whereof they begone,

What thyng occasionyd the showris of rayne,
 Of fyre elementar in his supreme spere,
 And of that pole artike whiche doth remayne
 Behynde the taile of Vrsa so clere ;

Of Pliades he prechid with ther drowsy chere,
 Immoysturid with mislyng and ay droppying dry,
 And where the two Trions a man shold aspy,

And of the winter days that hy them so fast, 700
 And of the wynter nyghtes that tary so longe,
 And of the somer days so longe that doth last,
 And of their shorte nyghtes; he browght in his
 songe

How wronge was no ryght, and ryght was no
 wronge:

There was counteryng of carollis in meter and
 verse

So many, that longe it were to reherse.

Occupacyon to Skelton.

How say ye? is this after your appetite?

May this contente you and your mirry mynde?

Here dwellith pleasure, with lust and delyte;

Contynuall comfort here ye may fynde, 710

Of welth and solace no thyng left behynde;

All thyng conuenable here is contryuyd,

Wherewith your spiritis may be reuyuid.

Poeta Skelton answeyth.

Questionles no dowte of that ye say;

Jupiter hymselfe this lyfe myght endure;

This ioy excedith all worldly sport and play,

Paradyce this place is of syngular pleasure:

O wele were hym that herof myght be sure,

And here to inhabite and ay for to dwell !
 But, goodly maystres, one thyng ye me tell. 724

Occupacyon to Skelton.

Of your demawnd shew me the content,
 What it is, and where vpon it standis ;
 And if there be in it any thyng ment,
 Wherof the answe're restyth in my handis,
 It shall be losyd ful sone out of the bandis
 Of scrupulus dout ; wherfore your mynde dis-
 charge,
 And of your wyll the plainnes shew at large.

Poeta Skelton answeyryth.

I thanke you, goodly maystres, to me most
 benynge,
 That of your bounte so well haue me assurid ;
 But my request is not so great a thyng, 730
 That I ne force what though it be discourid ;
 I am not woundid but that I may be cured ;
 I am not ladyne of liddyernes with lumpis,
 As dasid doterdis that drewe in their dumpis.

Occupacyon to Skelton.

Nowe what ye mene, I trow I coniect ;
 Gog gyue you good yere, ye make me to
 smyle ;
 Now, be your faith, is not this theeffect
 Of your questyon ye make all this whyle,
 To vnderstande who dwellyth in yone pile,

And what blunderar is yonder that playth didil
diddil? 740

He fyndith fals mesuris out of his fonde fiddill.

*Interpolata, quæ industriosum postulat inter
pretem, satira in vatis adversarium.*

*Tressis agasonis species prior, altera Davi:
Aucupium culicis, limis dum torquet ocellum,
Concipit, aligeras rapit, appetit, aspice, muscas!
Maia quæque fovet, fovet aut quæ Jupiter, aut
quæ^a*

*Frigida Saturnus, Sol, Mars, Venus, algida Luna,
Si tibi contingat verbo aut committere scripto,
Quam sibi mox tacita sudant præcordia culpa!
Hinc ruit in flammis, stimulans hunc urget et
illum,*

*Invocat ad rixas, vanos tamen excitat ignes, 750
Labra movens tacitus, rumpantur ut ilia Codro.*

17. 4. 7. 2. 17. 5. 18.

18. 19. 1. 19. 8. 5. 12.

His name for to know if that ye lyst,
Enuyous Rancour truely he hight:
Beware of hym, I warne you; for and ye wist

^a Nota Alchimiam et 7 metalla. [Side Note.]

How daungerous it were to stande in his lyght,
 Ye wolde not dele with hym, though that ye
 myght,
 For by his deuellysshe drift and graceles prouision
 An hole reame he is able to set at deuysion :

For when he spekyth fayrest, then thynketh he
 moost yll ;
 Full gloriously can he glose, thy mynde for to
 fele ; 760
 He wyll set men a feightynge and syt hymselfe
 styll,
 And smerke, lyke a smythy kur, at sperkes of
 steile ;
 He can neuer leue warke whylis it is wele ;
 To tell all his towchis it were to grete wonder ;
 The deuyll of hell and he be seldome asonder.

Thus talkyng we went forth in at a postern gate ;
 Turnyng on the ryght hande, by a windyng
 stayre,
 She brought me to a goodly chaumber of astate,
 Where the noble Cowntes of Surrey in a
 chayre
 Sat honorably, to whome did repaire 770
 Of ladys a beue with all dew reuerence :
 Syt downe, fayre ladys, and do your diligence !

Come forth, ientylwomen, I pray you, she sayd
 I haue contryuyd for you a goodly warke,

And who can worke beste now shall be asayde ;
 A cronell of lawrell with verduris light and
 darke

I haue deuysed for Skelton, my clerke ;
 For to his seruyce I haue suche regarde,
 That of our bownte we wyll hym rewarde :

For of all ladyes he hath the library, 780
 Ther names recountyng in the court of Fame ;
 Of all gentywomen he hath the scruteny,
 In Fames court reportyng the same ;
 For yet of women he neuer sayd shame,
 But if they were counterfettes that women them
 call,
 That list of there lewdnesse with hym for to brall.

With that the tappettis and carpettis were layd,
 Whereon theis ladys softly myght rest,
 The saumpler to sow on, the lacin to enbraid ; 789
 To weue in the stoules sune were full preste ;
 With slaiis, with tauellis, with hedellis well
 drest,
 The frame was browght forth with his weuyng
 pin :
 God geue them good spede there warke to begin !

Sume to enbrowder put them in prese,
 Well gydyng ther glowtonn to kepe streit theyr
 sylk,
 Sum pirlyng of goldde theyr worke to encrese

With fingers smale, and handis whyte as mylk ;
 With, Reche me that skane of tewly sylk ;
 And, Wynde me that botowme of such an hew,
 Grene, rede, tawny, whyte, blak, purpill, and
 blew. 800

Of broken warkis wrought many a goodly thyng,
 In castyng, in turnynge, in florissyng of
 flowris,
 With burris rowth and bottons surffillyng,
 In nedill wark raysyng byrdis in bowris,
 With vertu enbesid all tymes and howris ;
 And truly of theyr bownte thus were they bent
 To worke me this chapelet by goode aduysemente.

Occupacyon to Skelton.

Beholde and se in your aduertysement
 How theis ladys and gentylwomen all
 For your pleasure do there endeuourment, 810
 And for your sake how fast to warke they fall :
 To your remembraunce wherfore ye must call
 In goodly wordes plesauntly comprysid,
 That for them some goodly conseyt be deuysid,

With proper captacyons of beneuolence,
 Ornatly pullysshid after your faculte,
 Sith ye must nedis afforce it by pretence
 Of your professyoun vnto vmanyte,
 Commensyng your proces after there degre, 815
 To iche of them rendryng thankis commendable,
 With sentence fructuous and termes couenable.

Poeta Skelton.

Auaunsynge my selfe sum thanke to deserue,
 I me determynyd for to sharpe my pen,
 Deuoutly arrectyng my prayer to Mynerue,
 She to vowchesafe me to informe and ken;
 To Mercury also hertely prayed I then,
 Me to supporte, to helpe, and to assist,
 To gyde and to gouerne my dredfull tremlyng
 fist.

As a mariner that amasid is in a stormy rage,
 Hardly bestad and driuen is to hope 830
 Of that the tempestuows wynde wyll aswage,
 In trust wherof comforte his hart doth grope,
 From the anker he kuttyth the gabyll rope,
 Committed all to God, and lettyth his shyp ryde;
 So I beseke Ihesu now to be my gyde.

To the ryght noble Countes of Surrey.

After all duly ordred obeisaunce,
 In humble wyse as lowly as I may,
 Vnto you, madame, I make reconusaunce,
 My lyfe enduryng I shall both wryte and say,
 Recount, reporte, reherse without delay 840
 The passynge bounte of your noble astate,
 Of honour and worshyp which hath the formar
 date:

Lyke to Argyua by iust resemblaunce,
 The noble wyfe of Polimites kyng;

Prudent Rebecca, of whome remembraunce
 The Byble makith; with whos chast lynynge
 Your noble demenour is counterwayng,
 Whos passynge bounte, and ryght noble astate,
 Of honour and worship it hath the formar date.

The noble Pamphila, quene of the Grekis londe,
 Habillimentis royall founde out industriously;
 Thamer also wrought with her goodly honde ⁸⁵¹
 Many diuisis passynge curiously;
 Whome ye represent and exemplify,
 Whos passynge bounte, and ryght noble astate,
 Of honour and worship it hath the formar date.

As dame Thamarys, whiche toke the kyng of
 Perce,
 Cirus by name, as wrytith the story;
 Dame Agrippina also I may reherse
 Of ientyll corage the perflight memory; ⁸⁶⁰
 So shall your name endure perpetually,
 Whos passyng bounte, and ryght noble astate,
 Of honour and worship it hath the formar date.

To my lady Elisabeth Howarde.

To be your remembrauncer, madame, I am
 bounde,
 Lyke to Aryna, maydenly of porte,
 Of vertu and konnyng the well and perflight
 grounde;
 Whome dame Nature, as wele I may reporte,

Hath fresshely enbewtid with many a goodly
 sorte
 Of womanly feturis, whos florysshyng tender age
 Is lusty to loke on, plesaunte, demure, and sage :

Goodly Creisseid, fayrer than Polexene, 871
 For to enuyue Pandarus appetite ;
 Troilus, I trowe, if that he had you sene,
 In you he wolde haue set his hole delight :
 Of all your bewte I suffyce not to wryght ;
 But, as I sayd, your florissHING tender age
 Is lusty to loke on, plesaunt, demure, and sage.

To my lady Mirriell Howarde.

Mi litell lady I may not leue behinde,
 But do her seruyce nedis now I must ;
 Beninge, curteyse, of ientyll harte and mynde, 880
 Whome fortune and fate playnly haue discust
 Longe to enioy plesure, delyght, and lust :
 The enbuddid blossoms of roses rede of hew
 With lillis whyte your bewte doth renewe.

Compare you I may to Cidippes, the mayd,
 That of Aconcyus whan she founde the byll
 In her bosome, lorde, how she was afrayd !
 The ruddy shamefastnes in her vysage fyll,
 Whiche maner of abasshement became her not
 yll ;
 Right so, madame, the roses redde of hew 890
 With lillys whyte your hewte dothe renewe.

To my lady Anne Dakers of the Sowth.

Zeuxes, that enpicturid fare Elene the quene,
 You to deuyse his crafte were to seke ;
 And if Apelles your countenaunce had sene,
 Of porturature which was the famous Greke,
 He coude not deuyse the lest poynt of your
 cheke ;
 Princes of yowth, and flowre of goodly porte,
 Vertu, conyng, solace, pleasure, comforte.

Paregall in honour vnto Penolepe,
 That for her trowth is in remembraunce had ;
 Fayre Diianira surmountynge in bewte ; 901
 Demure Diana womanly and sad,
 Whos lusty lokis make heuy hartis glad ;
 Princes of youth, and flowre of goodly porte,
 Vertu, connyng, solace, pleasure, comforte.

To mastres Margery Wentworthe.

With margerain ientyll,
 The flowre of goodlyhede,
 Enbrowdred the mantill
 Is of your maydenhede.
 Plainly I can not glose ; 910
 Ye be, as I deuyne,
 The praty primrose,
 The goodly columbyne.
 With margerain iantill,
 The flowre of goodlyhede,

Enbrawderyd the mantyll
 Is of yowre maydenhede.
 Benynge, corteise, and meke,
 With wordes well deuysid;
 In you, who list to seke, 920
 Be vertus well comprysid.
 With margerain iantill,
 The flowre of goodlyhede,
 Enbrawderid the mantill
 Is of your maydenhede.

To mastres Margaret Tylney.

I you assure,
 Ful wel I know
 My besy cure
 To yow I owe;
 Humbly and low 930
 Commendynge me
 To yowre bownte.
 As Machareus
 Fayre Canace,
 So I, iwus,
 Endeuoure me
 Your name to se
 It be enrolde,
 Writtin with golde.
 Phedra ye may 940
 Wele represent;
 Intentyfe ay
 And dylygent,

No tyme myspent ;
 Wherfore delyght
 I haue to whryght
 Of Margarite,
 Perle orient,
 Lede sterre of lyght,
 Moche relucnt ;
 Madame regent
 I may you call
 Of vertues all.

To maystres Iane Blenner-Haiset.

What though my penne wax faynt,
 And hath smale lust to paint?
 Yet shall there no restraynt
 Cause me to cese,
 Amonge this prese,
 For to encrease
 Yowre goodly name.

I wyll my selfe applye,
 Trust me, ententify,
 Yow for to stellyfye ;
 And so obserue
 That ye ne swarue
 For to deserue
 Inmortall fame.

Sith mistres Iane Haiset
 Smale flowres helpt to sett
 In my goodly chapelet,
 Therefore I render of her the memory
 Vnto the legend of fare Laodomi.

To maystres Isabell Pennell.

By saynt Mary, my lady,
Your mammy and your dady
Brought forth a godely babi!

My mayden Isabell,
Reflaring rosabell,
The flagrant camamell;

The ruddy rosary,
The souerayne rosemary, 990
The praty strawbery;

The columbyne, the nepte,
The ieloffer well set,
The propre vyolet;

Enuwyd your colowre
Is lyke the dasy flowre
After the Aprill showre;

Sterre of the morow gray, 990
The blossom on the spray,
The fresshest flowre of May;

Maydenly demure,
Of womanhode the lure;
Wherfore I make you sure,

It were an heuenly helth,
It were an endeles welth,
A lyfe for God hymselfe,

To here this nightingale,
Amonge the byrdes smale,
Warbelynge in the vale,

Dug, dug, 1030
Iug, iug,

Good yere and good luk,
 With chuk, chuk, chuk, chuk !

To maystres Margaret Hussey.

Mirry Margaret,
 As mydsomer flowre,
 Ientill as fawcoun
 Or hawke of the towre ;

 With solace and gladnes,
 Moche mirthe and no madnes,
 All good and no badnes,

1010

So ioyously,
 So maydenly,
 So womanly

Her demenyng
 In euery thyng,
 Far, far passynge

That I can endyght,
 Or suffyce to wryght
 Of mirry Margarete,

As mydsomer flowre,
 Ientyll as a fawcoun
 Or hawke of the towre ;

1020

 As pacient and as styll,
 And as full of good wyll,
 As fayre Isaphill ;

Colyaunder,
 Swete pomaunder,
 Good cassaunder ;

Stedfast of thought,

Wele made, wele wrought; 1030
 Far may be sought
 Erst that ye can fynde
 So corteise, so kynde
 As mirry Margarete,
 This midsomer flowre,
 Ientyll as fawcoun
 Or hawke of the towre.

To mastres Geretrude Statham.

Though ye wer hard hertyd,
 And I with you thwartid
 With wordes that smartid, 1040
 Yet nowe doutles ye geue me cause
 To wryte of you this goodli clause,
 Maistres Geretrude,
 With womanhode endude,
 With vertu well renwde.
 I wyll that ye shall be
 In all benyngnyte
 Lyke to dame Pasiphe;
 For nowe dowlles ye geue me cause
 To wryte of yow this goodly clause, 1050
 Maistres Geretrude,
 With womanhode endude,
 With vertu well renude.

Partly by your councell,
 Garnished with lawrell
 Was my fresshe coronell;
 Wherfore doutles ye geue me cause

To wryte of you this goodly clause,
 Maistres Geretrude,
 With womanhode endude,
 With vertu well renude.

1060

To maystres Isabell Knyght.

But if I sholde aquyte your kyndnes,
 Els saye ye myght
 That in me were grete blyndnes,
 I for to be so myndles,
 And cowde not wryght
 Of Isabell Knyght.

It is not my custome nor my gyse
 To leue behynde
 Her that is bothe womanly and wyse,
 And specyally which glad was to deuyse
 The menes to fynde
 To please my mynde,

1070

In helpyng to warke my laurell grene
 With sylke and golde :
 Galathea, the made well besene,
 Was neuer halfe so fayre, as I wene,
 Whiche was extolde

A thowsande folde

By Maro, the Mantuan prudent,
 Who list to rede ;
 But, and I had leyser competent,
 I coude shew you suche a presedent
 In very dede
 Howe ye excede.

1080

Occupacyon to Skelton.

Withdrawe your hande, the tyme passis fast ;
 Set on your hede this laurell whiche is wrought ;
 Here you not Eolus for you blowyth a blaste ?
 I dare wele saye that ye and I be sought :
 Make no delay, for now ye must be brought ¹⁰⁹⁰
 Before my ladys grace, the Quene of Fame,
 Where ye must breuely answer to your name.

Skelton Poeta.

Castyng my syght the chambre aboute,
 To se how dully ich thyng in ordre was,
 Towarde the dore, as we were comyng oute,
 I sawe maister Newton sit with his compas,
 His plummet, his pensell, his spectacles of glas,
 Dyuysyng in pycure, by his industrious wit,
 Of my laurell the proces euery whitte.

Forthwith vpon this, as it were in a thought, ¹¹⁰⁰
 Gower, Chawcer, Lydgate, theis thre
 Before remembred, me curteisly brought
 Into that place where as they left me,
 Where all the sayd poetis sat in there degre.
 But when they sawe my lawrell rychely wrought,
 All other besyde were counterfete they thought

In comparyson of that whiche I ware :
 Some praysed the perle, some the stones
 bryght ;

Wele was hym that therevpon myght stare ;
 Of this warke they had so great delyght, 1116
 The silke, the golde, the flowris fresshe to
 syght,
 They seyde my lawrell was the goodlyest
 That euer they saw, and wrought it was the best.

In her astate there sat the noble Quene
 Of Fame : perceyuyng how that I was cum,
 She wonderyd me thought at my laurell grene ;
 She loked hawtly, and gaue on me a glum :
 There was amonge them no worde then but
 mum,
 For eche man herkynde what she wolde to me
 say ;
 Wherof in substaunce I brought this away. 1120

The Quene of Fame to Skelton.

My frende, sith ye ar before vs here present
 To answeere vnto this noble audyence,
 Of that shalbe resonde you ye must be content ;
 And for as moche as, by the hy pretence
 That ye haue now thorow preemynence
 Of laureat triumph, your place is here reseruyd,
 We wyll vnderstande how ye haue it deseruyd.

Skelton Poeta to the Quene of Fame.

Ryght high and myghty princes of astate,
 In famous glory all other transcendyng,
 Of your bounte the accustomed rate 1130

Hath bene full often and yet is entending
 To all that to reason is condiscending,
 But if hastyue credence by mayntenance of myght
 Fortune to stande betwene you and the lyght:

But suche euydence I thynke for to enduce,
 And so largely to lay for myne indempnite,
 That I trust to make myne excuse
 Of what charge soeuer ye lay ageinst me ;
 For of my bokis parte ye shall se,
 Whiche in your recordes, I knowe well, be
 enrolde, 1140
 And so Occupacyon, your regester, me tolde.

Forthwith she commaundid I shulde take my
 place ;
 Caliope poynted me where I shulde sit :
 With that, Occupacioun presid in a pace ;
 Be mirry, she sayd, be not aferde a whit,
 Your discharge here vnder myne arme is it.
 So then commaundid she was vpon this
 To shew her boke ; and she sayd, Here it is.

The Quene of Fame to Occupacioun.

Yowre boke of remembrauns we will now that
 ye rede ;
 If ony recordis in noumbyr can be founde, 1150
 What Skelton hath compilid and wryton in dede

Rehersyng by ordre, and what is the grownde,
 Let se now for hym how ye can expounde ;
 For in our courte, ye wote wele, his name can
 not ryse
 But if he wryte oftenner than ones or twyse.

Skelton Poeta.

With that of the boke losende were the claspis :
 The margent was illumynid all with golden
 railles
 And byse, enpicturid with gressoppes and waspis,
 With butterflyis and fresshe pecoke taylis,
 Enflorid with flowris and slymy snaylis ; 1166
 Enuyuid picturis well towchid and quikly ;
 It wolde haue made a man hole that had be ryght
 sekely,

To beholde how it was garnysshyd and bounde,
 Encouerde ouer with golde of tissew fyne ;
 The claspis and bullyons were worth a thousande
 pounde ;
 With balassis and charbuncles the borders did
 shyne ;
 With *aurum musicum* euery other lyne
 Was wrytin : and so she did her spede,
 Occupacyoun, immediatly to rede.

*Occupacyoun redith and expoundyth sum parte
of Skeltons bokes and baladis with ditis of
plesure, in as moche as it were to longe a proces
to reherse all by name that he hath compyld,
&c.*

Of your oratour and poete laureate ^a 1170

Of Englande, his workis here they begynne :

In primis the Boke of Honourous Astate ;

Item the Boke how men shulde fle synne ;

Item Royall Demenaunce worshyp to wyne ;

Item the Boke to speke well or be stylly ;

Item to lerne you to dye when ye wyll ;

Of Vertu also the souerayne enterlude ; ^b

The Boke of the Rosiar ; Prince Arturis Crea-
cyoun ;

The False Fayth that now goth, which dayly is
renude ;

Item his Diologgis of Ymagynacyoun ; 1180

Item Antomedon ¹ of Loues Meditacyoun ;

^a Honor est benefactivæ operationis signum: Aristotiles.
Diverte a malo, et fac bonum: Pso. Nobilis est ille quem
nobilitat sua virtus: Cassianus. Proximus ille Deo qui scit
ratione tacere: Cato. Mors ultima linea rerum: Horat.
[*Side Note.*]

^b Virtuti omnia parent: Salust. Nusquam tuta fides: Vir-
gilius. Res est solliciti plena timoris amor: Ovid. Si volet
usus, quem penes, &c.: Horace. [*Side Note.*]

Antomedon] Qy. "Antomedon?"

Item New Gramer in Englysshe complyd ;
 Item Bowche of Courte, where Drede was be-
 gyled ;

▪ His commedy, Achademios callyd by name ;
 Of Tullis Familiars the translacyoun ;
 Item Good Aduyement, that brainles doth blame ;
 The Recule ageinst Gaguyne of the Frenshe
 nacyoun ;
 Item the Popingay, that hath in commenda-
 cyoun

Ladyes and gentyllwomen suche as deseruyd,
 And suche as be counterfettis they be reseruyd ;

And of Soueraynte a noble pampholet ; 1191
 And of Magnyfycence a notable mater,
 How Cownterfet Cowntenaunce of the new get
 With Crafty Conueyaunce dothe smater and
 flater,
 And Cloked Collucyoun is brought in to clater
 With Courtely Abusyoun ; who pryntith it wele
 in mynde
 Moche dowblenes of the worlde therin he may
 fynde ;

a Non est timor Dei ante oculos eorum: Psalmo. Concedat laurea linguæ: Tullius. Fac cum consilio, et in æternum non peccabis: Salamon. [*Side Note.*]

b Non mihi sit modulo rustica papilio: Vates. Dominare in virtute tua: Pso. Magnificavit eum in conspectu regum: Sapient. Fugere pudor, verumque, fidesque: In quorum subiere locum fraudesque, dolique, Insidiæque, et vis, et amor sceleratus habendi: Ovid. Filia Babylonis misera: Psalmo. [*Side Note.*]

Of manerly maistres Margery Mylke and Ale ;
 To her he wrote many maters of myrthe ;
 Yet, thoughe I say it, therby lyith a tale, 1200
 For Margery wynshed, and breke her hinder
 girth ;
 Lor, how she made moche of her gentyll birth !
 With, Gingirly, go gingerly ! her tayle was made
 of hay ;
 Go she neuer so gingirly, her honesty is gone
 away ;

Harde to make ought of that is nakid nought ;^a
 This fustiane maistres and this giggisse gase,
 Wonder is to wryte what wrenchis she wrowght,
 To face out her foly with a midsomer mase ;
 With pitche she patchid her pitcher shuld not
 crase ;
 It may wele ryme, but shroudly it doth accorde,
 To pyke out honesty of suche a potshorde : 1211

Patet per versus.

*Hinc puer hic natus ; vir conjugis hinc spoliatus^b
 Jure thori ; est fœtus Deli de sanguine cretus ;
 Hinc magis extollo, quod erit puer alter Apollo ;
 Si quæris qualis ? meretrix castissima talis ;
 Et relis, et ralis, et reliqualis.*

^a De nihilo nihil fit: Aristotiles. Le plus displeysant
 pleiser puent. [*Side Note.*]

^b Nota. [*Side Note.*]

A good herynge of thes olde talis ;
 Fynde no mo suche fro Wanflete to Walis.
Et reliqua omelia de diversis tractatibus.

‘Of my ladys grace at the contemplacyoun,
 Owt of Frenshe into Englysshe prose, 1220
 Of Mannes Lyfe the Peregrynacioun,
 He did translate, enterprete, and disclose ;
 The Tratyse of Triumphis of the Rede Rose,
 Wherein many storis ar breuely containyd
 That vnremembred longe tyme remainyd ;

The Duke of Yorkis creauncer whan Skelton was,
 Now Henry the viij. Kyng of Englonde,
 A tratyse he deuysid and browght it to pas,
^b Callid *Speculum Principis*, to bere in his honde,
 Therin to rede, and to vnderstande 1230
 All the demenour of princely astate,
 To be our Kyng, of God preordinate ;

‘Also the Tunnyng of Elinour Rummyng,
 With Colyn Clowt, Iohnn Iue, with Ioforth
 Iack ;

^a *Apostolus*: Non habemus hic civitatem manentem, sed futuram perquerimus. Notat bellum Cornubiense, quod in campestribus et in patentioribus vastisque solitudinibus prope Grenewiche gestum est. [*Side Note.*]

^b *Erudimini qui iudicatis terram*: Pso. [*Side Note.*]

^c *Quis stabit mecum adversus operantes iniquitatem?* Pso. *Arriident melius seria picta jocis*: In fabulis *Æsopi*. [*Side Note.*]

To make suche trifels it asketh sum konnyng,
 In honest myrth parde requyreth no lack ;
 The whyte apperyth the better for the black,
 And after conueyauns as the world goos,
 It is no foly to vse the Walshemannys hoos ;

The vmbelis of venyson, the botell of wyne,^a 1240
 To fayre maistres Anne that shuld haue be sent,
 He wrate therof many a praty lyne,
 Where it became, and whether it went,
 And how that it was wantonly spent ;
 The Balade also of the Mustarde Tarte
 Suche problemis to paynt it longyth to his arte ;

Of one Adame all a knaue, late dede and gone,—
Dormiat in pace, lyke a dormows !—
 He wrate an Eпитaph for his graue stone, 1249
 With wordes deuoute and sentence agerdows,
 For he was euer ageynst Goddis hows,
 All his delight was to braule and to barke
 Ageynst holy chyrche, the preste, and the clarke ;

Of Phillip Sparow the lamentable fate,
 The dolefull desteny, and the carefull chaunce,

^a Implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinæ: Virgilius.
 Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare poetæ: Horace. [*Side Note.*]

^b Adam, Adam, ubi es? Genesis. Resp. Ubi nulla requies, ubi nullus ordo, sed sempiternus horror inhabitat: Job. [*Side Note.*]

Dyuyssed by Skelton after the funerall rate ;
 Yet sum there be therewith that take greuaunce,
 And grudge therat with frownyng counte-
 naunce ;

▪ But what of that ? hard it is to please all men ;
 Who list amende it, let hym set to his penne ; ¹²⁶⁰

For the gyse now adays
 Of sum iangelyng iays
 Is to discommende
 That they can not amende,
 Though they wolde spende
 All the wittis they haue.

What ayle them to deprae
 Phillippe Sparows graue ?
 His *Dirige*, her Commendacioun
 Can be no derogacyoun, ¹²⁷⁰
 But myrth and consolacyoun,
 Made by protestacyoun,
 No man to myscontent
 With Phillippis enterement.

Alas, that goodly mayd,
 Why shulde she be afrayd ?
 Why shulde she take shame
 That her goodly name,
 Honorably reportid,
 Shulde be set and sortyd, ¹²⁸⁰
 To be matriculate
 With ladyes of astate ?

• Etenim passer invenit sibi domum: Psalmo. [*Side Note.*]

I coniure thé, Phillip Sparow,
 By Hercules that hell did harow,
 And with a venomows arow
 Slew of the Epidawris
 One of the Centawris,
 Or Onocentauris,
 Or Hippocentauris ;
 By whos myght and maine
 An hart was slayne
 With hornnis twayne
 Of glitteryng golde ;
 And the apples of golde
 Of Hesperides withholde,
 And with a dragon kepte
 That neuer more slepte,
 By merciall strength
 He wan at length ;
 And slew Gerione
 With thre bodys in one ;
 With myghty corrage
 Adauntid the rage
 Of a lyon sauage ;
 Of Diomedis stabyll
 He brought out a rabyll
 Of coursers and rounsis
 With lepes and bounsis ;
 And with myghty luggyng,
 Wrastelynge and tuggyng,
 He pluckid the bull
 By the hornid scull,

1290

1300

1310

And offred to Cornucopia ;
 And so forthe *per cetera* :
 Also by Hectates bowre
 In Plutos gastly towre ;
 By the vgly Eumenides,
 That neuer haue rest nor ease ;
 By the venemows serpent
 That in hell is neuer brente, 122x
 In Lerna the Grekis fen
 That was engendred then ;
 By Chemeras flamys,
 And all the dedely namys
 Of infernall posty,
 Where soulis fry and rosty ;
 By the Stigiall flode,
 And the stremes wode
 Of Cochitos bottumles well ;
 By the feryman of hell, 1320
 Caron with his berde hore,
 That rowyth with a rude ore,
 And with his frownsid fortop
 Gydith his bote with a prop :
 I coniure ¹ Phillippe, and call,
 In the name of Kyng Saull ;
Primo Regum expres,
 He bad the Phitones
 To witche craft her to dres,
 And by her abusiouns, 1344

¹ *coniure*] Qy. "*coniure* e thé?" as before and after.

And damnable illusiouns
 Of meruelous conclusiouns,
 And by her supersticiouns
 Of wonderfull condiciouns,
 She raysed vp in that stede
 Samuell that was dede ;
 But whether it were so,
 He were *idem in numero*,
 The selfe same Samuell,
 How be it to Saull he did tell 1389
 The Philistinis shulde hym askry,
 And the next day he shulde dye,
 I wyll my selfe discharge
 To letterd men at large :

But, Phillip, I coniure thé
 Now by theys names thre,
 Diana in the woddis grene,
 Luna that so bryght doth shene,
 Proserpina in hell,
 That thou shortely tell, 1390
 And shew now vnto me
 What the cause may be
 Of this perplexyte !

*Inferias, Philippe, tuas Scroupe pulchra Jo-
anna^a*

*Instanter petiit: cur nostri carminis illam
Nunc pudet? est sero; minor est infamia vero.*

^a Phyllyppe answeyth. [Side Note.]

Then such that haue disdaynyd
 And of this worke complaynyd,
 I pray God they be paynyd
 No wors than is contaynyd
 In verses two or thre
 That folowe as ye may se:

1370

*Luride, cur, livor, volucris pia funera damnas?
 Talia te rapiant rapiunt quæ fata volucrem!
 Est tamen invidia mors tibi continua:*

The Gruntyng and the groynninge of the gron-
 nyng swyne; ^a

Also the Murnyng of the mapely rote;
 How the grene couerlet sufferd grete pine,
 Whan the flye net was set for to catche a cote,
 Strake one with a birdbolt to the hart rote; ¹³⁸⁰

Also a deuoute Prayer to Moyses hornis,
 Metrifyde merely, medelyd with scornis;

^b Of paiauntis that were played in Ioyows Garde;
 He wrate of a muse throw a mud wall;
 How a do cam trippying in at the rere warde,
 But, lorde, how the parker was wroth with all!
 And of Castell Aungell the fenestrall,

^a Porcus se ingurgitat cæno, et luto se immergit: Guarinus Veronens. Et sicut oportorium mutabis eos, et mutabuntur. Pso. c. Exaltabuntur cornua justi: Psalmo. [*Side Ncte.*]

^b Tanquam parieti inclinato et maceriæ depulsæ: Psalmo. Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido: Ovid. [*Side Note.*]

Glittryng and glistryng and gloriously glasisd,
It made sum mens eyn dasild and dasid ; 1389

The Repete of the recule of Rosamundis bowre,^a
Of his pleasaunt paine there and his glad
distres

In plantyng and pluckyng a propre ieloffer
flowre ;

But how it was, sum wère to recheles,
Not withstandyng it is remedeles ;
What myght she say? what myght he do therto?
Though Iak sayd nay, yet Mok there loste her
sho ;

How than lyke a man he wan the barbican^b

With a sawte of solace at the longe last ;
The colour dedely, swarte, blo, and wan
Of Exione, her lambis¹ dede and past, 1400
The cheke and the nek but a shorte cast ;
In fortunis fauour euer to endure,
No man lyuyng, he sayth, can be sure ;

^a *Introduxit me in cubiculum suum: Cant. Os fatuæ² obullit stultitiam. Cant. [Side Note.]*

^b *Audaces fortuna iuvat: Virgilius. Nescia mens hominum sortis³ fatigue futuri: Virgilius. [Side Note.]*

¹ *lambis*] Marshe's ed. "lambe is," — which may be the right reading. MS. defective here.

² *fatue*] Altered purposely by Skelton from "*fatuorum*" of the Vulgate, *Prov. xv. 2.* (not *Cant.*)

³ *sortis, &c.*] "*fati sortisque futuræ.*" *Æn. x. 501.*

How dame Minerua¹ first found the olyue tre,
she red

And plantid it there where neuer before was
none; *vnshred*

An hynde vnhurt hit by casuelte, *not bled*

Recouerd whan the forster was gone; *and sped*

The hertis of the herd began for to grone, *and
fled*

The howndes began to yerne and to quest; *and
dred*

1408

With litell besynes standith moche rest; *in bed*

His Epitomis of the myller and his ioly make;

How her ble was bryght as blossom on the
spray,

A wanton wenche and wele coude bake a cake;

The myllar was loth to be out of the way,

But yet for all that, be as be may,

Whether he rode to Swaffhamm or to Some,

The millar durst not leue his wyfe at home;

a Oleæque Minerva inventrix: Georgicorum. Atque agmina cervi pulverulenta [fuga] glomerant: Æneid. iv. [*Side Note.*]

b Duæ molentes in pistrino, una assumetur, altera relinquetur: Isaias.² Foris vastabit eum timor, et intus pavor: Pso.³ [*Side Note.*]

¹ *How dame Minerua, &c.*] The words which I have printed in Italics destroy both sense and metre. But they are found in both eds. MS. defective here.

² *Isaias*] *Matt.* xxiv. 41.

³ *Pso.*] *Deut.* xxxii. 25, where "Foris vastabit eos gladius et, &c."

With, Wofully arayd,¹ and Shamefully betrayd,^a
 Of his making deuoute medytacyons ;
Vexilla regis he deuysid to be displayd ; 1429
 With *Sacris solemniss*, and other contempla-
 cyouns,
 That in them comprisid consyderacyons ;
 Thus passyth he the tyme both nyght and day
 Suintyme with sadnes, sumtyme with play ;

Though Galiene and Dioscorides,^b
 With Ipocras, and mayster Auycen,
 By there phesik doth many a man ease,
 And though Albumasar can thé enforme and
 ken

What constellacions ar good or bad for men, 1429
 Yet whan the rayne rayneth and the gose wynkith,
 Lytill wotith the goslyng what the gose thynkith ;

He is not wyse ageyne the streme that stryuth ;^c
 Dun is in the myre, dame, reche me my spur ;

a Opera quæ ego facio ipsa perhibent testimonium de me:
 In Evang. &c. [*Side Note.*]

b Honora medicum; propter necessitatem creavit eum al-
 tissimus, &c. Superiores constellationes influunt in corpora
 subjecta et disposita, &c. Nota. [*Side Note.*]

c Spectatum admisse,² risus teneatur amor? Horace. Nota.
 [*Side Note.*]

¹ *Wofully arayd*] See vol. i. p. 165.

² *Spectatum admisse*, §c.] "*Spectatum admissi risum teneatis,*
amici?" A. P. 5. Qy. Is the barbarous alteration of this
 line only a mistake of the printer?

Nedes must he rin that the deuyll dryuith ;
 When the stede is stolyn, spar the stable dur ;
 A ientyll hownde shulde neuer play the kur ;
 It is sone aspyed where the thorne prikkith ;
 And wele wotith the cat whos berde she likkith ;

^a With Marione clarione, sol, lucerne,
Grund juir, of this Frenshe prouerbe olde, 1440
 How men were wonte for to discerne
 By candelmes day what wedder shuld holde ;
 But Marione clarione was caught with a colde
 colde, (*anglice* a cokwolde,
 And all ouercast with cloudis vnkynde,
 This goodly flowre with stormis was vntwynde ;

^b This ieloffer ientyll, this rose, this lylly flowre,
 This primerose pereles, this propre vyolet,
 This columbyne clere and fresshest of coloure,
 This delycate dasy, this strawbery pretely set,
 With frowarde frostis, alas, was all to-fret ! 1450
 But who may haue a more vngracyous lyfe
 Than a chyldis birde and a knauis wyfe ?

^c Thynke what ye wyll
 Of this wanton byll ;

^a Lumen ad revelationem gentium: Pso. clxxv. [*Side Note.*] [Luc. ii. 32.]

^b Velut rosa vel lilium, O pulcherrima mulierum, &c. Cantat ecclesia. [*Side Note.*]

^c Notate verba, signata mysteria: Gregori. [*Side Note.*]

By Mary Gipey,
Quod scripsi, scripsi:
Uxor tua, sicut vitis,
Habetis in custodiam,
Custodite sicut scitis,
Secundum Lucam, &c.

1460

Of the Bonehoms of Ashrige besyde Barkamsted,
 That goodly place to Skelton moost kynde,
 Where the sank royall is, Crystes blode so rede,
 Wherevpon he metrefyde after his mynde ;
 A pleasaunter place than Ashrige is, harde
 were to fynde,

As Skelton rehersith, with wordes few and playne,
 In his distichon made on verses twaine ;

Fraxinus in clivo frondetque viret sine rivo,^a
Non est sub divo similis sine flumine vivo ;

The Nacyoun of Folyes he left not behynde ;^b 1470
 Item Apollo that whirlid vp his chare,
 That made sum to snurre and snuf in the wynde ;
 It made them to skip, to stampe, and to stare,
 Whiche, if they be happy, haue cause to beware
 In ryming and raylyng with hym for to mell,
 For drede that he lerne them there A, B, C, to
 spell.

^a Nota penuriam aquæ, nam canes ibi hauriunt ex puteo altissimo. [Side Note.]

^b Stultorum infinitus est numerus, &c.: Ecclesia. Factum est cum Apollo esset Corinthi: Actus Apostolorum. Stimulos sub pectore vertit Apollo: Virgilius. [Side Note.]

Poeta Skelton.

With that I stode vp, halfe sodenly afrayd ;
 Suppleyng to Fame, I besought her grace,
 And that it wolde please her, full tenderly I
 prayd,

Owt of her bokis Apollo to rase. 1490

Nay, sir, she sayd, what so in this place
 * Of our noble courte is ones spoken owte,
 It must nedes after rin all the worlde aboute.

God wote, theis wordes made me full sad ;
 And when that I sawe it wolde no better be,
 But that my peticyon wolde not be had,
 What shulde I do but take it in gre ?

^b For, by Juppiter and his high mageste,
 I did what I cowde to scrape out the scrollis,
 Apollo to rase out of her ragman rollis. 1490

* Now hereof it erkith me lenger to wryte ;
 To Occupacyon I wyll agayne resorte,
 Whiche redde on still, as it cam to her syght,
 Rendrynge my deuisis I made in disporte
 Of the Mayden of Kent callid Counforte,
 Of Louers testamentis and of there wanton wyllis,
 And how Iollas louyd goodly Phillis ;

a Fama repleta malis pernicibus evolat alis, &c. [*Side Note.*]

b Ego quidem sum Pauli, ego Apollo: Corm. [*Side Note.*]

c Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella: Virgilius. Nec,
 si muneribus certes, concedet Iollas: 2. Bucol. [*Side Note.*]

Diodorus Siculus of my translacyon
 Out of fresshe Latine into owre Englysshe
 playne,
 Recountyng commoditis of many a straunge
 nacyon ;^a 1500
 Who redyth it ones wolde rede it agayne ;
 Sex volumis engrosid together it doth containe :
 But when of the laurell she made rehersall,
 All orators and poetis, with other grete and
 smale,

A thowsande thowsande, I trow, to my dome,^b
Triumph, triumph! they cryid all aboute ;
 Of trumpettis and clariouns the noyse went to
 Rome ;
 The starry heuyn, me thought, shoke with the
 showte ;
 The grownde gronid and tremblid, the noyse
 was so stowte :
 The Quene of Fame commaundid shett fast the
 boke ; 1510
 And therwith sodenly out of my dreame I woke.

^a Mille hominum species, et rerum discolor usus: Horace.¹
 [*Side Note.*]

^b Millia millium et decies millics centena millia, &c.:
 Apocalipsis. Virtute² senatum laureati possident: Eccle-
 siastica. Caut'. [*Side Note.*]

¹ Horace] Persius, V. 52.

² Virtute] Faukes's ed. (which alone has these marginal
 notes) "Vite." The reference "Caut'" I do not understand.

My mynde of the grete din was somdele amasid,
 I wyped myne eyne for to make them clere ;
 Then to the heuyn sperycall vpwarde I gasid,
 Where I saw Ianus, with his double chere,
 Makynge his almanak for the new yere ;
 He turnyd his tirikkis, his voluell ran fast :
 Good luk this new yere ! the olde yere is past.

• *Mens tibi sit consulta, petis? sic consule menti ;*
Æmula sit Jani, retro speculetur et antè. 1530

Skeltonis alloquitur librum suum.

Ite, Britannorum lux O radiosa, Britannum
Carmina nostra pium vestrum celebrate Catullum !

Dicite, Skeltonis vester Adonis erat ;

Dicite, Skeltonis vester Homerus erat.

Barbara cum Latio pariter jam currite versu ;

Et licet est verbo pars maxima texta Britanno,

Non magis incompta nostra Thalià patet,

Est magis inculta nec meà Calliope.

Nec vos pæniteat livoris tela subire,

Nec vos pæniteat rabiem tolerare caninam, 1530

Nam Maro dissimiles non tulit ille minas,

Immunis nec enim Musa Nasonis erat.

Lenuoy.

Go, litill quaire,

Demene you faire ;

α Vates. [Side Note.]

Take no dispare,
Though I you wrate
After this rate
In Englysshe letter ;
So moche the better
Welcome shall ye 1540
To sum men be :
For Latin warkis
Be good for clerkis ;
Yet now and then
Sum Latin men
May happely loke
Vpon your boke,
And so procede
In you to rede,
That so indede
Your fame may sprede 1550
In length and brede.
But then I drede
Ye shall haue nede
You for to spede
To harnnes bryght,
By force of myght,
Ageyne enuy
And obloquy :
And wote ye why ? 1560
Not for to fyght
Ageyne dispyght,
Nor to derayne
Batayle agayne

Scornfull disdayne,
 Nor for to chyde,
 Nor for to hyde
 You cowardly ;
 But curteisly
 That I haue pende 15
 For to deffend,
 Vnder the banner
 Of all good manner,
 Vnder proteccyon
 Of sad correccyon,
 With toleracyon
 And supportacyon
 Of reformacyon,
 If they can spy
 Circumspectly 1590
 Any worde defacid
 That myght be rasid,
 Els ye shall pray
 Them that ye may
 Contynew still
 With there good wyll.

*Ad serenissimam Majestatem Regiam, pariter cum
 Domino
 Cardinali, Legato a latere honorificatissimo, &c.*

Lautre Enuoy.

*Perge, liber, celebrem pronus regem venerare
 Henricum octavum, resonans sua præmia laudis.*

*Cardineum dominum pariter venerando salutes,
 Legatum a latere, et fiat memor ipse precare* 1590
*Prebendæ, quam promisit mihi credere quondam,
 Meque suum referas pignus sperare salutis
 Inter spemque metum.*

Twene hope and drede
 My lyfe I lede,
 But of my spede
 Small sekernes :
 Howe be it I rede
 Both worde and dede
 Should be agrede
 In noblenes :
 Or els, &c.

ADMONET SKELTONIS OMNES ARBORES DARE LOCUM VIRIDI
LAURO JUXTA GENUS SUUM.

*Fraxinus in silvis, altis in montibus ornus,
Populus in fluviis, abies, patulissima fagus,
Lenta salix, platanus, pinguis ficulnea ficus,
Glandifera et quercus, pirus, esculus, ardua pinus,
Balsamus exudans, oleaster, oliva Minervæ,
Juniperus, buxus, lentiscus cusvide lenta,
Botrigeria et domino vitis gratissima Baccho,
Ilcx et sterilis labrusca perosa colonis,
Mollibus exudans fragrantia thura Sabæis
Thus, redolens Arabis pariter notissima myrrha, ¹⁰
Et vos, O coryli fragiles, humilesque myricæ,
Et vos, O cedri redolentes, vos quoque myrti,
Arboris omne genus viridi concedite lauro!*

Prennees en gre The Laurelle.

* These Latin lines, with the copy of French verses which follow them, and the translations of it into Latin and English, are from Faukes's ed.—where, though they have really no connexion with *The Garlande of Laurell*, they are considered as a portion of that poem, see the colophon, p. 244; collated with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568,—where they occur towards the end of the vol., the last three placed together, and the first a few pages after.—Marshe's ed. "Admonitio Skeltonis ut omnes Arbores viridi Laureo concedant."

EN PARLAMENT A PARIS.

Justice est morte,
Et Veryte sommielle ;
Droit et Raison
Sont alez aux pardons :
Lez deux premiers
Nul ne les resuelle ;
Et lez derniers
Sount corrupus par dons.

OUT OF FRENSE INTO LATYN.

Abstulit atra dies Astræam ; cana Fides sed
Somno pressa jacet ; Jus iter arripuit,
Et secum Ratio proficiscens limite longo :
Nemo duas primas evigilare parat ;
Atque duo postrema absunt, et munera tantum
Impediunt nequeunt quod remeare domum.

OWT OF LATYNE INTO ENGLYSSHE.

Justyce now is dede ;
 Trowth with a drowsy hede,
 As heuy as the lede,
 Is layd down to slepe,
 And takith no kepe ;
 And Ryght is ouer the fallows
 Gone to seke hallows,
 With Reason together,
 No man can tell whether :

No man wyll vnder take
 The first twayne to wake;
 And the twayne last
 Be withholde so fast
 With mony, as men sayne,
 They can not come agayne.

*A grant tort,
 Foy dort.*

Here endith a ryght delectable tratyse vpon a
 goodly Garlonde or Chapelet of Laurell, dyuysed
 by mayster Skelton, Poete Laureat.

SPEKE, PARROT.*

THE BOKE COMPILED BY MAISTER SKELTON, POET LAUREAT,
CALLED SPEAKE, PARROT.

[*Lectoribus auctor recipit*¹ *opusculi hujus auxesim.*
Crescet in immensum me vivo pagina præsens ;
Hinc mea dicetur Skeltonidis aurea fama.

Parot.]

My name is Parrot, a byrd of paradyse,
By nature deuysed of a wonderous kynde,
Dyentely dyeted with dyuers dylycate spyce,
Tyl Euphrates, that flode, dryueth me into
Inde ;^a

^a Lucanus.² *Tigris et Euphrates uno se fonte resolvunt.*
[*Side Note.*]

* From the ed. by Lant of *Certayne bokes compyled by mayster Skelton*, &c., n. d., collated with the same work ed. Kyng and Marche, n. d., and ed. Day, n. d.; with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568; and with a MS. in the Harleian Collection, 2252. fol. 133, which has supplied much not given in the printed copies, and placed between brackets in the present edition. The marginal notes are found only in MS.

¹ *recipit*] MS. "*recepit.*" The next two lines are given very inaccurately here in MS., but are repeated (with a slight variation) more correctly at the end of the poem. The Latin portions of the MS. are generally of ludicrous incorrectness, the transcriber evidently not having understood that language.

² *Lucanus*] See *Phar.* iii. 256. But the line here quoted is from Boethii *Consol. Phil.* lib. v. met. 1.

Where men of that countrey by fortune me
 fynd,
 And send me to greate ladyes of estate ;
 Then Parot must haue an almon or a date :

①
 * A cage curiously caruen, with syluer pyn, u
 Properly paynted, to be my couertowre ;
 A myrroure of glasse, that I may toote therin ;
 These maidens ful mekely with many a diuers
 flowre
 Freshly they dresse, and make swete my
 bowre,
 With, Speke, Parrot, I pray you, full curtesly
 they say ;
 Parrot is a goodly byrd, a prety popagey :

* With my becke bent my lyttyl wanton eye,
 My fedders freshe as is the emrawde grene,
 About my neck a cyrculet lyke the ryche rubye,
 My lyttyll leggs, my feet both fete and clene,²⁰
 I am a mynyon to wayt vppon a quene ;
 My proper Parrot, my lyttyl prety foole ;
 With ladyes I lerne, and go with them to scole.

Hagh, ha, ha, Parrot, ye can laugh pretyly !
 Parrot hath not dyned of al this long day :

a Topographia, quam habet hæc avicula in deliciis. [*Side Note.*]

b Delectatur in factura sua, tamen res est forma fugax. [*Side Note.*]

Lyke your pus cate, Parrot can mute and cry
 "In Lattyn, in Ebrew, Araby, and Caldey ;
 In Greke tong Parrot can bothe speke and say,
 As Percyus, that poet, doth reporte of me,
Quis expedit psittaco suum chaire? . . . 30

Dowse French of Parryse Parrot can lerne,^b
 Pronounsynge my purpose after my properte,
 With, *Perliez byen*, Parrot, *ou perlez rien* ;
 With Douch, with Spanysh, my tong can agre ;
 In Englysh to God Parrot can supple,
 Cryst saue Kyng Henry the viii., our royall kyng,
 The red rose in honour to florysh and sprynge !

With Kateryne incomparable, our ryall quene also,^c
 That pereles pomegarnet, Chryst saue her noble
 grace !

Parrot, *saves*¹ *habler Castiliano*, . . . 40

a Psittacus a vobis aliorum nomina disco: Hoc per me didici dicere,² Cæsar, ave. [*Side Note.*]

b Docibilem se pandit in omni idiomate. Polichronitudo Basileos. [*Side Note.*]

c Katerina universalis vitii ruina, Græcum est. Fidasso de cosso, i. habeto fidem in temet ipso. Auctoritate[m] inconsultam taxat hic. Lege Flaccum, et observa plantatum diabolum. [*Side Note.*]

¹ *saves*] So MS. Eds. "*sauies*:"—"habler" ought to be "*hablar*;" but throughout this work I have not altered the spelling of quotations in *modern* languages, because probably Skelton wrote them inaccurately.

² *dicere*] In Martial thus:

"*Psittacus a vobis aliorum nomina discam:*

Hoc didici per me dicere, Cæsar, ave." xiv. 78.

With *fidasso de cosso* in Turkey and in Trace
Vis consilii expers, as techith me Horace,
Mole ruit sua, whose dictes ar pregraunte,
Souentez foys, Parrot, *en souenaunte*.

*My lady maystres, dame Philology,
 Gaue me a gyfte in my nest whan I laye,
 To lerne all language, and it to spake aptely :
 Now *pandez mory*, wax frantycke, some men saye,
 Phroneses for Freneses may not holde her way.
 An almon now for Parrot, dilycatly drest ; 50
 In *Salve festa dies*, *toto* theyr doth best.

^b*Moderata iuvant*, but *toto* doth excede ;
 Dyscressyon is moder of noble vertues all ;
Myden agan in Greke tonge we rede ;
 But reason and wyt wantyth theyr prouyncyall
 When wylfulnes is vycar generall.
Hæc res acu tangitur, Parrot, *par ma foy* :
Ticez vous, Parrot, *tenez vous coye*.

Besy, besy, besy, and besynes agayne !
Que pensez voz, Parrot ? what meneth this be-
 synes ? 60

a Sæpenumero hæc pensitans psittacus ego pronuntio.¹
 Aphorismo, quia paronomasia certe incomprehensibilis. [*Side*
Note.]

b Aptius hic loquitur animus quam lingua. Notum ada-
 gium et exasperans. [*Side Note.*]

¹ *pronuntio*] Probably not the right reading. The MS.
 seems to have either "pō sio" or "pō fio."

Vitulus in Oreb troubled Arons brayne,
 Melchisedeck mercyfull made Moloc mercyles;
 To wyse is no vertue, to medlyng, to restles;
 In mesure is tresure, *cum sensu maturato*;
Ne tropo sanno, ne tropo mato.

Aram was fyred with Caldies fyer called Ur;
 Iobab was brought vp in the lande of Hus;
 The lynage of Lot toke supporte of Assur;
 Iereboseth is Ebrue, who lyst the causé dyscus.
 Peace, Parrot, ye prate, as ye were *ebrius*: 70
 Howst thé, *lyuer god van hemrik, ic seg*;
 In Popering grew peres, whan Parrot was an eg.

What is this to purpose? Ouer in a whynny meg! •
 Hop Lobyn of Lowdeon wald haue e byt of
 bred;

The iebet of Baldock was made for Jack Leg;
 An arrow vnfethered and without an hed,
 A bagpype without blowynge standeth in no
 sted:

Some run to far before, some run to far behynde,
 Some be to churlysshe, and some be to kynde.

Ic dien serueth for the erstrych fether, 80

Ic dien is the language of the land of Beme;
 In Affryc tongue *byrsa* is a thonge of lether; ✓ 100
 In Palestina there is Ierusalem.

Colostrum now for Parot, whyte bred and
 swete creme!

Our Thomasen she doth trip, our Ienet she doth
shayle :

Parrot hath a blacke beard and a fayre grene
tayle.

Moryshe myne owne shelve, the costermonger
sayth ;

Fate, fate, fate, ye Irysh water lag ;

In flattrying fables men fynde but lyttyl fayth :

But *moveatur terra*, let the world wag ;

Let syr Wrigwrag wrastell with syr Delarag ;

Euery man after his maner of wayes,

Pawbe une aruer, so the Welche man sayes.

• Suche shredis of sentence, strowed in the shop

Of auncyent Aristippus and such other mo,

I gader togyther and close in my crop,

Of my wanton conseyt, *unde depromo*

Dilemmata docta in pædagogio

Sacro vatum, whereof to you I breke :

I pray you, let Parot haue lyberte to speke.

But ware the cat, Parot, ware the fals cat !

With, Who is there? a mayd? nay, nay, I

trow :

Ware ryat, Parrot, ware ryot, ware that !

Mete, mete for Parrot, mete, I say, how !

Thus dyuers of language by lernyng I grow :

With, Bas me, swete Parrot, bas me, swete swete

To dwell amonge ladyes Parrot is mete.

Parrot, Parrot, Parrot, praty popigay!

With my beke I can pyke my lyttel praty too.

My delyght is solas, pleasure, dysporte, and pley;

Lyke a wanton, whan I wyll, I rele to and

froo: 111

Parot can say, *Cæsar, ave*, also;

But Parrot hath no fauour to Esebon: *London*

About all other byrdis, set Parrot alone.

Ulula, Esebon, for Ieromy doth wepe! 115

Sion is in sadnes, Rachell ruly doth loke;

Madionita Ietro, our Moyses keypyth his shepe;

Gedeon is gon, that Zalmane vndertoke,

Oreb *et* Zeb, of *Judicum* rede the boke;

Now Geball, Amon, and Amaloch, — harke,

harke! 116

Parrot pretendith to be a bybyll clarke.

O Esebon, Esebon! to thé is cum agayne

Seon, the regent *Amorræorum*, *Henry*

And Og, that fat hog of Basan, doth retayne, *Wolsay*

The crafty *coistronus Cananæorum*;

And *asylum*, whilom *refugium miserorum*,

Non fanum, sed profanum, standyth in lyttyll

sted:

Ulula, Esebon, for Iepte is starke ded!

Esebon, Marybon, Wheston next Barnet;

A trym tram for an horse myll it were a nyse

thyng; 120

Deyntes for dammoysels, chaffer far fet:

Bo ho doth bark wel, but Hough ho he rulyth
the ring;

From Scarparry to Tartary renoun therin doth
spryng,

With, He sayd, and we said, ich wot now what
ich wot,

Quod magnus est dominus Judas Scarioth.

Tholomye and Haly were cunningg and wyse

In the volvell, in the quadrant, and in the
astroloby,

To pronostycate truly the chaunce of fortunys
dyse;

Som trete of theyr tirykis, som of astrology,

Som *pseudo-propheta* with chiromancy: 140

Yf fortune be frendly, and grace be the guyde,

Honowre with renowne wyll ren on that syde.

Monon calon agaton,

Quod Parato

In Græco.

Let Parrot, I pray you, haue lyberte to prate,

For *aurea lingua Græca* ought to be magny-
fyed,

Yf it were cond perfytely, and after the rate,

As *lingua Latina*, in scole matter occupied;

But our Grekis theyr Greke so well haue ap-
plyed, 150

That they cannot say in Greke, rydyng by the
way,

How, hosteler, fetche my hors a botell of hay!

Neyther frame a silogisme in *phrisesomorum*,
Formaliter et Græce, cum medio termino:

Our Grekys ye walow in the washbol *Argoli-*
corum;

For though ye can tell in Greke what is
phormio,

Yet ye seke out your Greke in *Capricornio;*
For they¹ scrape out good scripture, and set in
a gall,

Ye go about to amende, and ye mare all.

Some argue *secundum quid ad simpliciter,* 160

And yet he wolde be rekenyd *pro Areopagita;*

And some make distinctions *multipliciter,*

Whether *ita* were before *non*, or *non* before *ita*,

Nether wise nor wel lernid, but like *herma-*
phrodita:

Set *sophia* asyde, for euery Jack Raker

And euery mad medler must now be a maker.

In Academia Parrot dare no probleme kepe;

For *Græce fari* so occupyeth the chayre,
That *Latinum fari* may fall to rest and slepe,

¹ they] Qy. "ye" here—or "they" in the three preceding lines?

And *sylogisari* was drowned at Sturbrydge
 fayre; 170
 Tryuyals and quatruyals so sore now they
 appayre,
 That Parrot the popagay hath pytye to beholde
 How the rest of good lernyng is roufled vp and
 troid.

Albertus de modo significandi,

And *Donatus* be dryuen out of scole;
 Prisians hed broken now handy dandy,
 And *Inter didascalos* is rekened for a fole;
 Alexander, a gander of Menanders pole,
 With *Da Cansales*, is cast out of the gate,
 And *Da Rationales* dare not shew his pate. 180

Plauti in his comedies a chyld shall now rehearse,
 And medyll with Quintylyan in his Declama-
 cyons,
 That Pety Caton can scantly construe a verse,
 With *Aueto in Græco*, and such solempne salu-
 tacyons,
 Can skantly the tensis of his coniugacyons;
 Settynge theyr myndys so moche of eloquens,
 That of theyr scole maters lost is the hole
 sentens.

Now a nutmeg, a nutmeg, *cum gariopholo*,
 For Parrot to pyke vpon, his brayne for to
 stable, 185

Swete synamum styckis and *pleris cum musco*! ¹
 In Paradyce, that place of pleasure perdurable,
 The progeny of Parrottis were fayre and fauor-
 able ;
 Nowe *in valle* Ebron Parrot is fayne to fede :
 Cristecrosse and saynt Nycholas, Parrot, be your
 good spede !

The myrroure that I tote in, *quasi diaphanum,*
Vel quasi speculum, in ænigmate,
Elencticum, or ells *enthymematicum,*
 For logicions to loke on, somewhat *sophistice* :
 Retoricyons and oratours in freshe humanyte,
 Support Parrot, I pray you, with your suffrage
 ornate, 200
 Of *confuse tantum* auoydyng the chekmate.

But of that supposicyon that callyd is arte
Confuse distributive, as Parrot hath deuysed,
 Let euery man after his merit take his parte,
 For in this processe Parrot nothing hath sur-
 mysed,
 No matter pretendyd, nor nothyng enterprysed,
 But that *metaphora, allegoria* with all,
 Shall be his protectyon, his pauys, and his wall.

¹ *pleris cum musco*] Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "*pleris com musco.*" Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "*pleris commusco.*" Instead of "*pleris,*" the Rev. J. Mitford proposes "*flarnis*" (*species placente*).

For Parot is no churlish chowgh, nor no flekyd
pye,

Parrot is no pendugum, that men call a
carlyng,

Parrot is no woodecocke, nor no butterfly, 210

Parrot is no stameryng stare, that men call a
starlyng;

But Parot is my owne dere harte and my dere
derling;

Melpomene, that fayre mayde, she burneshed his
beke:

I pray you, let Parrot haue lyberte to speke.

Parrot is a fayre byrd for a lady;

God of his goodnes him framed and wrought;

When Parrot is ded, she dothe not putrefy:

Ye, all thyng mortall shall torne vnto nought,
Except mannes soule, that Chryst so dere
bought; 220

That neuer may dye, nor neuer dye shall:

Make moche of Parrot, the popegay ryall.

For that pereles prynce that Parrot dyd
create,

He made you of nothyng by his magistye:

Poynt well this probleme that Parrot doth prate,

And remembre amonge how Parrot and ye

Shall lepe from this lyfe, as mery as we be;

Pompe, pryde, honour, ryches, and worldly lust,

Parrot sayth playnly, shall tourne all to dust.

Thus Parrot dothe pray you 230
 With hert most tender,
 To rekyn with this recule now,
 And it to remember.

*Psittacus, ecce, cano, nec sunt mea carmina Phæbo
 Digna scio, tamen est plena camena deo.*

*Secundum Skeltonida famigeratum,
 In Piereorum catalogo numeratum.*

Itaque consolamini invicem in verbis istis, &c.

Candidi lectores, callide callete; vestrum fovete *cherish*
Psittacum, &c. *cunningly*
he clever.

[*Galathea.*°

Speke, Parrotte, I pray yow, for Maryes saake,
 Whate mone he made when Pamphylus loste hys
 make.

Parrotte.

My propire Besse, 240
 My praty Besse,
 Turne ones agayne to me: ¹
 For slepyste thou, Besse,

a Hic occurrat memoriæ Pamphilus de amore Galathææ.

[*Side Note.*]

b In ista cantilena¹ ore stilla plena abjectis frangibulis
 et aperit. [*Side Note.*]

¹ In ista cantilena, &c.] Grossly corrupt. The Rev. J.
 Mitford proposes "ore stillanti." MS. has "eperit."

Or wakeste thow, Besse,
Myne herte hyt ys with thé.

My deysy delectabyll,
My prymerose commendabyll,
• My vyolet amyabyll,
My ioye inexplicabill,
Now torne agayne to me. 259

I wylbe ferme and stabyll,
And to yow seruyceabyll,
And also prophytabyll,
Yf ye be agreabyll
To turne agayne to me,
My propyr Besse.

• Alas, I am dysdayned,
And as a man halfe maymed,
My harte is so sore payned!
I pray thé, Besse, vnfayned, 260
Yet com agayne to me!

Be loue I am constreyned
To be with yow retayned,
Hyt wyll not be refrayned :

a Quid quæritis tot capita, tot census? [*Side Note.*]

b Maro: Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella, Et fugit ad salices, &c. [*Side Note.*]

I pray yow, be reclaymed,
 And torne agayne to me,
 My propyr Besse.

Quod Parot, the popagay royall.

*Martialis cecinit carmen fit mihi scutum :—
 Est mihi lasciva pagina, vita proba.]*¹

Galethea.

Now kus me, Parrot, kus me, kus, kus, kus :
 Goddys blessing lyght on thy swete lyttyll
 mus!^a

270

*Vita et anima,
 Zoe kai psyche.*

*Concumbunt Græce. Non est hic sermo pudicus.*³

*Ergo Attica dictamina^c
 Sunt plumbi lamina,*

^a Zoe kai psyche. Non omnes capiunt verbum istud, sed quibus datum est desuper. [*Side Note.*]

^b Aquinates.² [*Side Note.*]

^c Sua consequentia magni æstimatur momenti Attica sane eloquentia. [*Side Note.*]

¹ *Est mihi lasciva pagina, vita proba]* “*Lasciva est nobis vagina, vita proba est.*” *Ep.* i. 5.

² *Aquinates]* Has crept into the text in eds., and is not clearly distinguished from the text in MS. But it is certainly a marginal note—meaning Juvenal, from whom “*Concumbunt Græce,*” &c. is quoted: see *Sat.* vi. 191.

*Vel spuria vitulamina:
Avertat hæc Urania!*

[*Amen.*]

Amen, Amen,

And set to a D,
And then it is, Amend
Our new found A, B, C.

Cum cæteris paribus.

[*Lenuoy primere*

Go, litell quayre, namyd the Popagay, 280
Home to resorte Jerobesethe perswade ;
For the cliffes of Scaloppe they rore wellaway,
And the sandes of Cefas begyn to waste and
fade,
For replicacion restles that he of late ther
made ;
Now Neptune and Eolus ar agreed of lyclyhode,
For Tytus at Dover abydythe in the rode ;

Lucina she wadythe among the watry floddes,
And the cokkes begyn to crowe agayne the
day ;
Le tonsan de Jason is lodgid among the shrowdes,
Of Argus revengyd, recover when he may ; 290
Lyacon of Libyk and Lydy hathe cawghte hys
pray :
Goe, lytyll quayre, pray them that yow beholde,
In there remembraunce ye may be inolde.

Yet some folys say that ye arre ffurnysshyd with
knakkes,

That hang togedyr as fethyrs in the wynde;
But lewdlye ar they lettyrd that your lernyng
lackys,

Barkyng and whyning, lyke churlysshe currys
of kynde,

For whoo lokythe wyselye in your warkys may
fynde

Muche frutefull mater : but now, for your defence
Agayne all remordes arme yow with paciens. 300

Monostichon.

Ipsæ sagax æqui cœu verax nuntius ito.

Morda puros mal desires. Portugues.

Penultimo die Octobris, 33°.

Secunde Lenuoy.

Passè forthe, Parotte, towardes some passengere,

Require hym to convey yow ovyr the salte fome;

Addressyng your selfe, lyke a sadde messengere,

To ower soleyne seigneour Sadoke, desire hym
to cum home,

Makyng hys pylgrimage by *nostre dame de
Crome*;

For Jerico and Jerssey shall mete togethyr assone

As he to exployte the man owte of the mone.

With porpose and graundepose he may fede hym
fatte,

Thowghe he pampyr not hys paunche with the
 grete seall: 310
 We haue longyd and lokyd long tyme for that,
 Whyche cawsythe pore suters haue many a
 hongry mele:
 As presydent and regente he rulythe every
 deall.
 Now pas furthe, good Parott, ower Lorde be your
 stede,
 In this your journey to prospere and spede!
 And thowe sum dysdayne yow, and sey how ye
 prate,
 And howe your poemys arre barayne of pol-
 yshed eloquens,
 There is none that your name woll abrogate
 Then nodypollys and gramatolys of smalle in-
 tellygens;
 To rude ys there reason to reche to your
 sentence: 320
 Suche malyncoly mastyvys and mangye curre
 dogges
 Ar mete for a swyneherde to hunte after hogges.

Monostichon.

Psittace, perge volans, fatuorum tela retundas.

Morda puros mall desers. Portugues.

In diebus Novembris,

Le dereyn Lenveoy.

Prepayre yow, Parrot, breuely your passage to
take,

Of Mercury vndyr the trynall aspecte,
And sadlye salute ower solen syre Sydrake,
And shewe hym that all the world dothe con-
iecte,

How the maters he mellis in com to small
effecte;

For he wantythe of hys wyttes that all wold rule
alone ;

Hyt is no lytyll bordon to bere a grete mylle stone :

To bryng all the see into a cheryston pytte,

To nombyr all the sterrys in the fyrmament,

To rule ix realmes by one mannes wytte,

To suche thynges ympossybyll reason cannot
consente :

Muche money, men sey, there madly he hathe
spente :

Parrot, ye may prate thys vndyr protestacion,

Was neuyr suche a senatour syn Crystes incarna-
cion.

Wherfor he may now come agayne as he wente,

Non sine postica sanna, as I trowe, 339

From Calys to Dovyr, to Caunterbury in Kente,

To make reconyng in the resseyte how Robyn
loste hys bowe,

To sowe corne in the see sande, ther wyll no
crope growe.

Thow ye be tauntyd, Parotte, with tonges attayntyd,
Yet your problemes ar preignaunte, and with
loyalte acquayntyd.

Monostichon.

I, properans, Parrot[e],¹ malas sic corripe linguas.

Morda puros mall desires. Portugues.

15 kalendis Decembris,

34.

Distichon miserabile.

Altior, heu, cedro, crudelior, heu, leopardo!

Heu, vitulus bubali fit dominus Priami!

*Tetrastichon,—Unde species Priami est digna
imperio.*

Non annis licet et Priamus sed honore voceris:

Dum foveas vitulum, rex, regeris, Britonum;

Rex, regeris, non ipse regis: rex inclyte, calle;

Subde tibi vitulum, ne fatuet nimium.

351

God amend all,

That all amend may!

Amen, quod Parott,

¹ *Parrot[e]* Must be considered here as a Latin word, and a trisyllable ---.

The royall popagay.

Kalendis Decembris,

34.

Lenvoy royall.

Go, propyr Parotte, my popagay,
 That lordes and ladies thys pamflett may behold,
 With notable clerkes: supply to them, I pray,
 Your rudenes to pardon, and also that they wolde
 Vouchesafe to defend yow agayne the brawlyng
 scolde, 360
 Callyd Detraxion, encankryd with envye,
 Whose tong ys attayntyd with slaundrys obliqui.

For trowthe in parabyll ye wantonlye pronounce,
 Langagys diuers, yet vndyr that dothe reste
 Maters more precious then the ryche jacounce,
 Diamounde, or rubye, or balas of the beste,
 Or eyndye sapher with oryente perlys dreste:
 Wherfor your remorde[r]s ar madde, or else
 starke blynde,
 Yow to remorde erste or they know your mynde.

Distichon.

I, volitans,¹ Parrote, tuam moderare Minervam.

Vix tua percipient, qui tua teque legent. 371

¹ *volitans*] MS. "*vtitans*"—not, I think, a mistake for "*ru-tilans*:" compare *ante*, "Psittace, perge, *volans*," p. 262 and "I, properans, Parrot," p. 264.

Hyperbato[n].

*Psittacus hi notus seu Persius est puto notus,
Nec reor est nec erit licet est erit.*¹

Maledite soyte bouche malheureuse !

34.

Laecture de Parott.

O my Parrot, O unice dilecte, votorum meorum
omnis lapis, lapis pretiosus operimentum
tuum !

Parrott.

*Sicut Aaron populumque, sic bubali vitulus, sic
bubali vitulus, sic bubali vitulus.*

Thus myche Parott hathe opynlye expreste :
Let se who dare make vp the reste.

Le Popagay sen va complayndre.

Helas ! I lamente the dull abusyd brayne,
The enfatuat fantasies, the wytles wylfulness
Of on and hothyr at me that haue dysdayne :
Som sey, they cannot my parables expresse ;
Som sey, I rayle att ryott recheles ;

381

¹ Thus corrected by a reviewer in *Gent. Mag.*

*Pittacus hic notus seu Persius est puto notus,
Nec reor est, nec erit, nec licet est, nec erit.*

Some say but lityll, and thynke more in there
 thoughte,
 How thys prosses I prate of, hyt ys not all for
 nowghte.

O causeles cowardes, O hartles hardynes !
 O manles manhod, enfayntyd all with fere !
 O connyng clergie, where ys your redynes
 To practise or postyll thys prosses here and
 there ?

For drede ye darre not medyll with suche gere,
 Or elles ye pynche curtesy, trulye as I trowe,
 Whyche of yow fyrste dare boldlye plucke the
 crowe.

The skye is cloudy, the coste is nothyng clere ;
 Tytan hathe truste vp hys tressys of fyne
 golde ;

Iupyter for Saturne darre make no royall chere ;
 Lyacon lawglyth there att, and berythe hym
 more bolde ;

Racell, rulye ragged, she is like to cache colde ;
 Moloc, that mawmatt, there darre no man withsay ;
 The reste of suche reconyng may make a fowle
 fraye.

Dixit, quod Parrott, the royall popagay.

*Cest chose maleheure[u]se,
 Que mall bouche.*

Parrotte.

Jupiter ut nitido deus est veneratus Olympo ;

Hic coliturque deus. 400

Sunt data thura Jovi, rutilo solio residenti ;

Cum Jove thura capit.

Jupiter astrorum rector dominusque polorum ;

Anglica scepra regit.

Galathea.

I compas the conveyaunce vnto the capitall

Of ower clerke Cleros, whythyr, thydyr, and
why not hethyr?

For passe a pase apase ys gon to cache a molle,
Over Scarpary *mala vi*, Monsyre cy and
sliddy:

Whate sequele shall folow when pendugims
mete togethyr?

Speke, Parotte, my swete byrde, and ye shall
haue a date, 410

Of frantyecknes and folysshnes whyche ys the
grett state?

Parotte.

Difficile hit ys to ansswere thys demaunde ;

Yet, aftyr the sagacite of a popagay, —

Frantiknes dothe rule and all thyng commaunde ;

Wyfulnes and braynles no[w] rule all the
raye ;

Agayne ffrentike frenesy there dar no man sey
nay,

For ffrantiknes, and wylfulnes, and braynles en-
 sembyll,
 The nebbis of a lyon they make to trete and
 trembyll;
 To jumbyll, to stombyll, to tumbyll down lyke
 folys,
 To lowre,¹ to droupe, to knele, to stowpe, and
 to play cowche quale, 420
 To fysshe afore the nette, and to drawe polys;
 He make[th] them to bere babylls, and to
 bere a lowe sayle;
 He caryeth a kyng in hys sleve, yf all the
 worlde fayle;
 He facithe owte at a fflusshe, with, shewe, take
 all!
 Of Pope Julius cardys he ys chefe cardynall.

He tryhumfythe, he trumpythe, he turnythe all
 vp and downe,
 With, skyregalyard, prowde palyard, vaunte-
 perler, ye prate!
 Hys woluyshede, wanne, bloo as lede, gapythe
 ouer the crowne:
 Hyt ys to fere leste he wolde were the garland
 on hys pate,
 Peregall with all prynces farre passyng his
 estate; 430

¹ lowre] Qy. "lowte?"

For of ower regente the regiment he hathe, *ex
qua vi,*

Patet per versus, quod ex vi bolte harvi.

Now, Galathea, lett Parrot, I pray yow, haue hys
date;

Yett dates now ar deynte, and wax verye
scante,

For grocers were grugyd at and groynyd at but
late;

Grete reysons with resons be now reprobite,

For reysons ar no resons, but resons currant:

Ryn God, rynne Devyll! yet the date of ower
Lord

And the date of the Devyll dothe shrewlye accord.

Dixit, quod Parrott, the popagay royall.

Galathea.

Nowe, Parott, my swete byrde, speke owte yet
ons agayne, 440

Sette asyde all sophyms, and speke now trew
and playne.

Parotte.

So many morall maters, and so lytell vsyd;

So myche newe making, and so madd tyme
spente;

So myche translacion in to Englyshe confused;

So myche nobyll prechyng, and so lytell amend-
ment;

So myche consultacion, almoste to none entente;
 So myche provision, and so lytell wytte at nede;—
 Syns Dewcallyons flodde there can no clerkes rede.

So lytyll dyscressyon, and so myche reasonyng;
 So myche hardy dardy, and so lytell manly-
 nes; 450

So prodigall expence, and so shamfull reconyng;
 So gorgyous garmentes, and so myche wrechyd-
 nese;

So myche portlye pride, with pursys penyles;
 So myche spente before, and so myche vnpayd
 behynde;—

Syns Dewcallyons flodde there can no clerkes
 fynde.

So myche forcastyng, and so farre an after dele;
 So myche poletyke pratyng, and so lytell
 stondythe in stede;

So lytell secretnese, and so myche grete councell;
 So manye bolde barons, there hertes as dull as
 lede;

So many nobyll bodyes vndyr on dawys hedd;
 So royall a kyng as reynythe vppon vs all;— 461
 Syns Dewcallyons flodde was nevyr sene nor shall.

So many complayntes, and so smalle redresse;
 So myche callyng on, and so smalle takyng
 hede;

So myche losse of merchaundyse, and so remedy-
 les;

So lytell care for the comyn weall, and so
myche nede ;

So myche dow3tfull daunger, and so lytell
drede ;

So myche pride of prelattes, so cruell and so
kene ; —

Syns Dewcalyons flodde, I trowe, was nevyr
sene.

So many thevys hangyd, and thevys never the
lesse ; 470

So myche prisonment ffor matyrs not worthe
an hawe ;

So myche papers weryng for ryghte a smalle
exesse ;

So myche pelory pajauntes vndyr colower of
good lawe ;

So myche townyng on the cooke stole for
euery guy gaw ;

So myche mokyshy makyng of statutes of
array ; —

Syns Dewcalyons flodde was nevyr, I dar sey.

So braynles caluys hedes, so many shepis
taylys ;

So bolde a braggyng bocher, and flesshe sold
so dere ;

So many plucte partryches, and so fatte quaylles ;

So mangye a mastyfe curre, the grete grey
houndes pere ; 480

So bygge a bulke of brow auntlers cabagyd
that yere;

So many swannes dede, and so small revell;—
Syns Dewcalyons flodde, I trow, no man can
tell.

So many trusys takyn, and so lytyll perfyte
trowthe;

So myche bely joye, and so wastefull banket-
yng;

So pynchyng and sparyng, and so lytell profyte
growthe;

So many howgye howsys byldyng, and so small
howseholding;

Suche statutes apon diettes, suche pylyng and
pollyng;

So ys all thyng wrowghte wylfully withowte reson
and skylle;—

Syns Dewcalyons flodde the world was never so
yll. 490

So many vacabondes, so many beggers bolde;

So myche decay of monesteries and of relygious
places;

So hote hatered agaynste the Chyrche, and
cheryte so colde;

So myche of my lordes grace, and in hym no
grace ys;

So many holow hartes, and so dowbyll faces;

So myche sayntuary brekyng, and preuylegidde
barrydd;—

Syns Dewcalyons flodde was nevyr sene nor
lyerd.

So myche raggyd ryghte of a rammes horne;

So rygorous revelyng¹ in a prelate specially;

So bold and so braggyng, and was so baselye
borne; 500

So lordlye of hys lokes and so dysdayneslye;

So fatte a magott, bred of a flesshe flye;

Was nevyr suche a ffylty gorgon, nor suche an
epycure,

Syn[s] Dewcalyons flodde, I make thé faste and
sure.

So myche preuye wachyng in cold wynters
nyghtes;

So myche serchyng of loselles, and ys hymselfe
so lewde;

So myche coniuracions for elvyshe myday sprettes;

So many bullys of pardon puplysshid and
shewyd;

So myche crossyng and blyssyng, and hym all
beshrewde;

Suche pollaxis and pyllers, suche mvlys trapte
with gold;— 510

Sens Dewcalyons flodde in no cronycle ys told.

¹ *revelyng*] So MS. *literatim*,—meant for “ruelyng” (ruling).

Dixit, quod Parrot.

*Crescet in immensum me vivo Psittacus iste ;
Hinc mea dicetur Skeltonidis inclyta fama.*

Quod Skelton Lawryat,

Orator Regius.

34.]

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LYTELL BOKE, WHICHE
HATH TO NAME

WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?*

COMPYLED BY MAYSTER SKELTON, POETE LAUREATE.

The relucēt mirror for all Prelats and Presidents,
as well spirituall as temporall, sadly to loke
vpon, deuised in English by Skelton.

All noble men,¹ of this take hede,
And beleue it as your Crede.

To hasty of sentence,
To ferce for none offence,
To scarce of your expence,
To large in neglygence,
To slacke in recompence,
To haute in excellence,

* From the ed. by Kele, n. d., collated with that by Wyght, n. d., with that by Kytson, n. d., and with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

¹ *All noble men, &c.*] These twenty-eight introductory lines, which are found in all the eds. of this poem, are also printed, as a distinct piece, in the various editions of *Certaine booke compyled by Mayster Skelton, &c.*, n. d., and in Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

To lyght [in] intellegence,
 And to lyght in credence; 10
 Where these kepe resydence,
 Reson is banysshed thence,
 And also dame Prudence,
 With sober Sapyence.
 All noble men, of this take hede,
 And beleue it as your Crede.

Than without collusyon,
 Marke well this conclusyon,
 Thorow suche abusyon,
 And by suche illusyon, 20
 Vnto great confusyon
 A noble man may fall,
 And his honour appall;
 And yf ye thynke this shall
 Not rubbe you on the gall,
 Than the deuyll take all!
 All noble men, of this take hede,
 And beleue it as your Crede.

Hæc vates ille,

De quo loquuntur mille. 30

WHY COME YE NAT TO COURT?

For age is a page
 For the courte full vnmete,
 For age cannat rage,
 Nor basse her swete swete:

But whan age seeth that rage
 Dothe aswage and refrayne,
 Than wyll age haue a corage
 To come to court agayne.

But

Helas, sage ouerage
 So madly decayes,
 That age for dottage
 Is reconed now adayes :

Thus age (a graunt damage)
 Is nothyng set by,
 And rage in arerage
 Dothe rynne lamentably.

So

That rage must make pyllage,
 To catche that catche may,
 And with suche forage
 Hunte the boskage,
 That hartes wyll ronne away ;
 Bothe hartes and hyndes,
 With all good myndes :
 Fare well, than, haue good day !

Than, haue good daye, adewe!
 For defaute of rescew,
 Some men may happely rew,
 And some theyr hedes mew ;
 The tyme dothe fast ensew,
 That bales begynne to brew :
 I drede, by swete Iesu,
 This tale wyll be to trew ;

In faythe, dycken, thou krew,
 In fayth, dicken, thou krew, &c.

Dicken, thou krew doutlesse ;

For, trewly to expresse,

There hath ben moche excesse,

With banketyng braynesse,

With ryotyng rechelesse,

With gambaudyng thryftlesse, 70

With spende and wast witlesse,

Treatinge of trewse restlesse,

Pratyng for peace peaslesse.

The countryng at Cales

Wrang vs on the males :

Chefe counselour was carlesse,

Gronyng, grouchyng, gracelesse ;

And to none entente

Our talwod is all brent,

Our fagottes are all spent, 80

We may blowe at the cole :

Our mare hath cast her fole,

And Mocke hath lost her sho ;

What may she do therto ?

An ende of an olde song,

Do ryght and do no wronge,

As ryght as a rammes horne ;

For thрифte is threde bare worne,

Our shepe are shrewdly shorne,

And trouthe is all to-torne ; 90

Wysdom is laught to skorne,

Fauell is false forsworne,

Iauell is nobly borne,
 Hauell and Haruy Hafter,
 Iack Trauell and Cole Crafter,
 We shall here more herafter ;
 With pollynge and shauynge,
 With borowynge and erauynge,
 With reuynge and rauynge,
 With swerynge and starynge, 100
 Ther vayleth no resonyng,
 For wyll dothe rule all thyng,
 Wyll, wyll, wyll, wyll, wyll,
 He ruleth alway styll.
 Good reason and good skyll,
 They may garlycke pyll,
 Cary sackes to the myll,
 Or pescoddes they may shyll,
 Or elles go rost a stone :
 There is no man but one 110
 That hathe the strokes alone ;
 Be it blacke or whight,
 All that he dothe is ryght,
 As right as a cammocke coked.
 This byll well ouer loked,
 Clerely perceuye we may
 There went the hare away,
 The hare, the fox, the gray,
 The harte, the hynde, the buck :
 God sende vs better luck ! 120
 God sende vs better lucke, &c.
 Twit, Andrewe, twit, Scot,
 Ge heme, ge scour thy pot :

Walsley

For we haue spent our shot :

We shall haue a *tot quot*

From the Pope of Rome,

To weue all in one lome

A webbe of lylse wulse,

Opus male dulce:

The deuyll kysse his cule !

130

For, whyles he doth rule,

All is warse and warse ;

The deuyll kysse his arse !

For whether he blesse or curse,

It can not be moche worse.

From Baumberow to Bothombar

We haue cast vp our war,

And made a worthy trewe,

With, gup, leuell suse !

Our mony madly lent,

140

And mor madly spent :

From Croydon to Kent,

Wote ye whyther they went ?

From Wynchelsey to Rye,

And all nat worth a flye ;

From Wentbridge to Hull ;

Our armye waxeth dull,

With, tourne all home agayne,

And neuer a Scot slayne.

Yet the good Erle of Surray,

150

The Frenche men he doth fray,

And vexeth them day by day

With all the power he may ;

The French men he hath faynted,
 And made theyr hertes attaynted:
 Of cheualry he is the floure;
 Our Lorde be his soccoure!
 The French men he hathe so mated,
 And theyr courage abated,
 That they are but halfe men; 160
 Lyke foxes in theyr denne,
 Lyke cankerd cowardes all,
 Lyke vrcheons in a stone wall,
 They kepe them in theyr holdes,
 Lyke henherted cokoldes.

But yet they ouer shote vs
 Wyth crownes and wyth scutus;
 With scutis and crownes of gold
 I dredé we are bought and solde;
 It is a wondres warke: 170
 They shote all at one marke,
 At the Cardynals hat,
 They shote all at that;
 Oute of theyr stronge townes
 They shote at him with crownes;
 With crownes of golde enblased
 They make him so amased,
 And his eyen so dased,
 That he ne se can
 To know God nor man. 180
 He is set so hye
 In his ierarchy
 Of frantyecke frenesy

And folysshe fantasy,
 That in the Chambre of Starres
 All maters there he marres;
 Clappyng his rod on the borde,
 No man dare speke a worde,
 For he hathe all the sayenge,
 Without any renayenge; 100
 He rolleth in his recordes,
 He sayth, How saye ye, my lordes?
 Is nat my reason good?
 Good euyn, good Robyn Hood!
 Some say yes, and some
 Syt styll as they were dom:
 Thus thwartyng ouer thom,
 He ruleth all the roste
 With braggyng and with bost;
 Borne vp on euery syde 200
 With pompe and with pryde,
 With, trompe vp, alleluya!
 → For dame Philargerya
 Hathe so his herte in holde,
 He loueth nothyng but golde;
 And Asmodeus of hell
 Maketh his membres swell
 With Dalyda to mell,
 That wanton damosell.
 Adew, Philosophia, 210
 Adew, Theologia!
 Welcome, dame Simonia,
 With dame Castrimergia,

To drynke and for to eate
 Swete ypocras and swete meate!
 To kepe his flesshe chast,
 In Lent for a repast
 He eateth capons stewed,
 Fesaunt and partriche mewed,
 Hennes, checkynges, and pygges; 226
 He foynes and he frygges,
 Spareth neither mayde ne wyfe:
 This is a postels lyfe!

 Helas! my herte is sory
 To tell of vayne glory:
 But now vpon this story
 I wyll no further ryme
 Tyll another tyme,
 Tyll another tyme, &c.

 What newes, what newes? 230
 Small newes the true is,
 That be worth ii. kues;
 But at the naked stewes,
 I vnderstande how that
 The sygne of the Cardynall Hat,
 That inne is now shyt vp,
 With, gup, hore, gup, now gup,
 Gup, Guillian Trauillian,
 With, iast you, I say, Jullian!
 Wyll ye bere no coles? 236
 A mayny of marefoles,
 That occupy theyr holys,
 Full of pocky molys.

What here ye of Lancashyre?
 They were nat payde their hyre;
 They are fel as any fyre.

What here ye of Chesshyre?
 They haue layde all in the myre;
 They grugyd, and sayde
 Theyr wages were nat payde; 256
 Some sayde they were afrayde
 Of the Scottysse hoste,
 For all theyr crack and bost,
 Wylde fyre and thonder;
 For all this worldly wonder,
 A hundred myle asonder
 They were whan they were next;
 That is a trew text.

What here ye of the Scottes?
 They make vs all sottes, 260
 Poppynge folysse dawes;
 They make vs to pyll strawes;
 They play their olde pranckes,
 After Huntley bankes:
 At the streme of Banockes burne
 They dyd vs a shrewde turne,
 Whan Edwarde of Karnaruan
 Lost all that his father wan.

What here ye of the Lorde Dakers?
 He maketh vs Jacke Rakers; 270
 He sayes we ar but crakers;
 He calleth vs England men
 Stronge herted lyke an hen;

For the Scottes and he
 To well they do agre,
 With, do thou for me,
 And I shall do for thé.
 Whyles the red hat doth endure,
 He maketh himselfe cock sure;
 The red hat with his lure 288
 Bryngeth all thynges vnder cure.
 But, as the worlde now gose,
 What here ye of the Lorde Rose?
 Nothyng to purpose,
 Nat worth a cockly fose:
 Their hertes be in thyr hose.
 The Erle of Northumberlande
 Dare take nothyng on hande:
 Our barons be so bolde, 290
 Into a mouse hole they wolde
 Rynne away and crepe;
 Lyke a mayny of shepe,
 Dare nat loke out at dur
 For drede of the mastyue cur,
 For drede of the bochers dogge
 Wold wyrry them lyke an hogge.
 For and this curre do gnar,
 They must stande all a far,
 To holde vp their hande at the bar.
 For all their noble blode 292
 He pluckes them by the hode,
 And shakes them by the eare,
 And brynge[s] them in suche feare;

He bayteth them lyke a bere,
 Lyke an oxe or a bull:
 Theyr wyttes, he saith, are dull;
 He sayth they haue no brayne
 Theyr astate to mayntayne;
 And maketh them to bow theyr kne
 Before his maieste. 310

Juges of the kynges lawes,
 He countys them foles and dawes;
 Sergyantes of the coyfe eke,
 He sayth they are to seke
 In pletynge of theyr case
 At the Commune Place,
 Or at the Kynges Benche;
 He wryngeth them suche a wrenche,
 That all our lerned men
 Dare nat set theyr penne 320
 To plete a trew tryall
 Within Westmynster hall;
 In the Chauncery where he syttes,
 But suche as he admyttes
 None so hardy to speke;
 He sayth, thou huddypeke,
 Thy lernynge is to lewde,
 Thy tonge is nat well thewde,
 To seke before our grace;
 And openly in that place 330
 He rages and he raues,
 And cals them cankerd knaues;
 Thus royally he dothe deale

Vnder the kynges brode seale ;
 And in the Checker he them cheks ;
 In the Ster Chambre he noddis and beks,
 And bereth him there so stowte,
 That no man dare rowte,
 Duke, erle, baron, nor lorde,
 But to his sentence must accorde ; 840
 Whether he be knyght or squyre,
 All men must folow his desyre.

What say ye of the Scottysh kynge?

That is another thyng.
 He is but an yonglyng,
 A stalworthy stryplyng :
 There is a whyspring and a whipling,
 He shulde be hyder brought ;
 But, and it were well sought,
 I trow all wyll be nought, 850
 Nat worth a shyttel cocke,
 Nor worth a sowre calstocke.
 There goth many a lye
 Of the Duke of Albany,
 That of shulde go his hede,
 And brought in quycke or dede,
 And all Scotlande owers
 The mountenaunce of two houres.
 But, as some men sayne,
 I drede of some false trayne 860
 Subtelly wrought shall be
 Vnder a fayned treattee ;
 But within monethes thre

Men may happely se
The trechery and the prantes
Of the Scottyssh banks.

What here ye of Burgonyons,
And the Spainyardes onyons?
They haue slain our Englisshmen
Aboue threscore and ten:

870

For all your amyte,
No better they agre.

God saue my lorde admyrell!
What here ye of Mutrell?
There with I dare nat mell.

Yet what here ye tell
Of our graunde counsell?
I coulde say some what,
But speke ye no more of that,
For drede of the red hat
Take peper in the nose;
For than thyne heed of gose,
Of by the harde arse.

880

But there is some trauarse
Bytwene some and some,
That makys our syre to glum;
It is some what wronge,
That his berde is so longe;
He morneth in blacke clothyng.
I pray God saue the kynge!
Where euer he go or ryde,
I pray God be his gyde!

890

Thus wyll I conclude my style,
 And fall to rest a whyle,
 And so to rest a whyle, &c.

Ones yet agayne
 Of you I wolde frayne,
 Why come ye nat to court?—
 To whyche court?

To the kynges courte,
 Or to Hampton Court?—

Nay, to the kynges court:

The kynges courte
 Shulde haue the excellence;

But Hampton Court
 Hath the preemynence,

And Yorkes Place,
 With my lordes grace,

To whose magnifycence
 Is all the conflewence,

Sutys and supplycacyons,
 Embassades of all nacyons.

Strawe for lawe canon,
 Or for the lawe common,

Or for lawe cyuyll!

It shall be as he wyll:

Stop at law tancrete,
 An obstract or a concrete;

Be it soure, be it swete,
 His wysdome is so dyscrete,

That in a fume or an hete,
 Wardeyn of the Flete,

Set hym fast by the fete!

400

Walsley's

410

420

And of his royall powre
 Whan him lyst to lowre,
 Than, haue him to the Towre,
Saunz aulter remedy,
 Haue hym forthe by and by
 To the Marshalsy,
 Or to the Kynges Benche !
 He dyggeth so in the trenche
 Of the court royall,
 That he ruleth them all.
 So he dothe vndermynde,
 And suche sleyghtes dothe fynde,
 That the kynges mynde
 By hym is subuerted,
 And so streatly coarted
 In credensynge his tales,
 That all is but nutshales
 That any other sayth ;
 He hath in him suche fayth.

Now, yet all this myght be
 Suffred and taken in gre,
 If that that he wrought
 To any good ende were brought ;
 But all he bringeth to nought,
 By God, that me dere bought !
 He bereth the kyng on hand,
 That he must pyll his lande,
 To make his cofers ryche ;
 But he laythe all in the dyche,
 And vseth suche abusyoun,

That in the conclusyoun
 All commeth to confusyon.
 Perceyue the cause why,
 To tell the trouth playnly,
 He is so ambicyous,
 So shamles, and so vicyous,
 And so supersticyous,
 And so moche obliuyous
 From whens that he came,
 That he falleth into a *cæciam*,¹
 Whiche, truly to expresse,
 Is a forgetfulnesse,
 Or wylfull blyndnesse,
 Wherwith the Sodomites
 Lost theyr inward syghtes,
 The Gommoryans also
 Were brought to deedly wo,
 As Scripture recordis:
A cæcitate cordis,
 In the Latyne synge we,
Libera nos, Domine!

But this madde Amalecke,
 Lyke to a Mamelek,
 He regardeth lordes
 No more than potshordes;
 He is in suche elacyon
 Of his exaltacyon,
 And the supportacyon
 Of our souerayne lorde,
 That, God to recorde,

¹ a *cæciam*] Eds. "*Acisiam*." Compare v. 472.

He ruleth all at wyll,
 Without reason or skylle:
 How be it the primordyall
 Of his wretched originall,
 And his base progeny,
 And his gresy genealogy,
 He came of the sank royall, 490
 That was cast out of a bochers stall.

But how euer he was borne,
 Men wolde haue the lesse scorne,
 If he coulde consyder
 His byrth and rowme togeder,
 And call to his mynde
 How noble and how kynde
 To him he hathe founde
 Our souereyne lorde, chyfe grounde
 Of all this prelacy, 500
 And set hym nobly
 In great auctoryte,
 Out from a low degre,
 Whiche he can nat se:
 For he was parde
 No doctor of deuinyte,
 Nor doctor of the law,
 Nor of none other saw;
 But a poore maister of arte,
 God wot, had lytell parte 610
 Of the quatriuials,
 Nor yet of triuialis,
 Nor of philosophy,

Nor of philology,
 Nor of good pollycy,
 Nor of astronomy,
 Nor acquaynted worth a fly
 With honorable Haly,
 Nor with royall Ptholomy,
 Nor with Albumasar,
 To treat of any star
 Fyxt or els mobyll ;
 His Latyne tonge dothe hobbyll,
 He doth but cloute and cobbill
 In Tullis faculte,
 Called humanyte ;
 Yet proudly he dare pretende
 How no man can him amende :
 But haue ye nat harde this,
 How an one eyed man is
 Well syghted when
 He is amonge blynde men ?

Than, our processe for to stable,
 This man was full vnable
 To reche to suche degre,
 Had nat our prynce be
 Royall Henry the eyght,
 Take him in suche conceyght,
 That he set him on heyght,
 In exemplyfyenge
 Great Alexander the kynge,
 In writynge as we fynde ;
 Whiche of his royall mynde,

And of his noble pleasure,
 Transcendynge out of mesure,
 Thought to do a thyng
 That perteyneth to a kynge,
 To make vp one of nought,
 And made to him be brought
 A wretched poore man, 550
 Whiche his lyuenge wan
 With plantyng of lekes
 By the dayes and by the wekes,
 And of this poore vassall
 He made a kynge royall,
 And gaue him a realme to rule,
 That occupied a showell,
 A mattoke, and a spade,
 Before that he was made
 A kynge, as I haue tolde, 560
 And ruled as he wolde.
 Suche is a kynges power,
 To make within an hower,
 And worke suche a myracle,
 That shall be a spectacle
 Of renowme and worldly fame :
 In lykewyse now the same
 Cardynall is promoted,
 Yet with lewde condicyons cotyd,
 As herafter ben notyd, 570
 Presumcyon and vayne glory,
 Enuy, wrath, and lechery,
 Couetys and glotony,

Slouthfull to do good,
 Now frantick, now starke wode.
 Shulde this man of suche mode
 Rule the swerde of myght,
 How can he do ryght?
 For he wyll as sone smyght
 His frende as his fo;
 A prouerbe longe ago.

580

Set vp a wretche on hye
 In a trone triumphantlye,
 Make him a great astate,
 And he wyll play checke mate
 With ryall maieste,
 Counte him selfe as good as he;
 A prelate potencyall,
 To rule vnder Bellyall,
 As ferce and as cruell
 As the fynd of hell.

590

His seruauntes menyall
 He dothe reuyle, and brall,
 Lyke Mahounde in a play;
 No man dare him withsay:
 He hath dispyght and scorne
 At them that be well borne;
 He rebukes them and rayles,
 Ye horsons, ye vassayles,
 Ye knaues, ye churles sonnys,
 Ye rebads, nat worth two plummis,
 Ye raynbetyn beggers reiagged,
 Ye recrayed ruffyns all ragged!

600

With, stowpe, thou hauell,
 Rynne, thou iauell!
 Thou peuysshe pye pecked,
 Thou losell longe necked!
 Thus dayly they be decked,
 Taunted and checked,
 That they ar so wo,
 That wot not whether to go.

610

No man dare come to the speche
 Of this gentell Iacke breche,
 Of what estate he be,
 Of spirituall dygnyte,
 Nor duke of hye degre,
 Nor marques, erle, nor lorde;
 Whiche shrewdly doth accorde,
 Thus he borne so base
 All noble men shulde out face,
 His countynaunce lyke a kayser.

620

My lorde is nat at layser;
 Syr, ye must tary a stounde,
 Tyll better layser be founde;
 And, syr, ye must daunce attendaunce,
 And take pacient sufferaunce,
 For my lordes grace
 Hath nowe no tyme nor space
 To speke with you as yet.

630

And thus they shall syt,
 Chuse them syt or flyt,
 Stande, walke, or ryde,
 And his layser abyde

Parchaunce halfe a yere,
And yet neuer the nere.

This daungerous dowsypere,
Lyke a kynges pere ;
And within this xvi. yere
He wolde haue ben ryght fayne
To haue ben a chapleyne,
And haue taken ryght gret payne
With a poore knyght,
What soeuer he hyght.

640

The chefe of his owne counsell,
They can nat well tell
Whan they with hym shulde mell,
He is so fyers and feli ;

He rayles and he ratis,
He calleth them doddypatis ;
He grynnes and he gapis,
As it were iack napis.

650

Suche a madde bedleme
For to rewle this reame,
It is a wonders case :

That the kynges grace
Is toward him so mynded,
And so farre blynded,

That he can nat parceyue
How he doth hym disceyue,
I dought, lest by sorsery,

660

Or suche other loselry,
As wyhecrafft, or charmyng,
For he is the kynges derlyng,

And his swete hart rote,
 And is gouerned by this mad kote :
 For what is a man the better
 For the kynges letter?
 For he wyll tere it asonder ;
 Wherat moche I wonder,
 Howe suche a hoddypoule
 So boldely dare controule,
 And so malapertly withstande
 The kynges owne hande,
 And settys nat by it a myte ;
 He sayth the kyng doth wryte
 And writeth he wottith nat what ;
 And yet for all that,
 The kyng his clemency
 Despensityth with his demensy.

But what his grace doth thinke,
 I haue no pen nor inke
 That therwith can mell ;
 But wele I can tell
 How Frauncis Petrarke,
 That moche noble clerke,
 Wryteth how Charlemayn
 Coude nat him selfe refrayne,
 But was rauysht with a rage
 Of a lyke dotage :
 But how that came aboute,
 Rede ye the story oute,
 And ye shall fynde surely
 It was by nycromansy,

By carectes and coniuracyon,
 Vnder a certeyne constellation,
 And a certayne fumygacion,
 Vnder a stone on a golde ryng,
 Wrought to Charlemayn the king,
 Whiche constrayned him forcibly
 For to loue a certayne body 706
 About all other inordinatly.
 This is no fable nor no lye;
 At Acon it was brought to pas,
 As by myne auctor tried it was.
 But let mi masters mathematical
 Tell you the rest, for me they shal;
 They haue the full intellygence,
 And dare vse the experyens,
 In there absolute consciens
 To practyue suche abolete sciens; 710
 For I abhorre to smatter
 Of one so deuylysshe a matter.

But I wyll make further relacion
 Of this isagogicall colation,
 How maister Gaguine, the crownycler
 Of the feytis of war
 That were done in Fraunce,
 Maketh remembraunce,
 How Kynge Lewes of late
 Made vp a great astate 720
 Of a poore wretchid man,
 Wherof moche care began.
 Iohannes Balua was his name,

Myne auctor writeth the same ;
 Promoted was he
 To a cardynalles dygnyte
 By Lewes the kyng aforesayd,
 With hym so wele apayd,
 That he made him his chauncelar

To make all or to mar, 730

And to rule as him lyst,
 Tyll he cheked at the fyst,
 And agayne all reason
 Commyted open trayson
 And¹ against his lorde souerayn ;
 Wherefore he suffred payn,
 Was hedyd, drawen, and quarterd,
 And dyed stynkingly marterd.

Lo, yet for all that
 He ware a cardynals hat, 740

In hym was small fayth,
 As myne auctor sayth :
 Nat for that I mene
 Suche a casuelte shulde be sene,
 Or suche chaunce shulde fall
 Vnto our cardynall.

Allmyghty God, I trust,
 Hath for him dyscuss
 That of force he must
 Be faythfull, trew, and iust 750
 To our most royall kyng,

¹ And] Perhaps ought to be thrown out. Compare v. 1062

Chefe rote of his makyng;
 Yet it is a wyly mouse
 That can bylde his dwellinge house
 Within the cattes eare
 Withouten drede or feare.

It is a nyce reconyng,
 To put all the gouernyng,
 All the rule of this lande
 Into one mannys hande:

766

One wyse mannys hede
 May stande somewhat in stede;
 But the wyttys of many wyse
 Moche better can deuyse,
 By theyr cyrcumspection,
 And theyr sad dyrrection,
 To cause the commune weale
 Longe to endure in heale.

Christ kepe King Henry the eyght
 From trechery and dysceyght,
 And graunt him grace to know
 The faucon from the crow,
 The wolfe from the lam,
 From whens that mastyfe cam!
 Let him neuer confounde
 The gentyll greyhownde:
 Of this matter the grownde
 Is easy to expounde,
 And soone may be perceyued,
 How the worlde is conueyed.

776

786

But harke, my frende, one worde
 In ernest or in borde:

Tell me nowe in this stede
 Is maister Mewtas dede,
 The kynges Frenche secretary,
 And his vntrew aduersary?
 For he sent in writyng
 To Fraunces the French kyng
 Of our maisters counsel in eueri thing:
 That was a peryllous rekenyng!— 790
 Nay, nay, he is nat dede;
 But he was so payned in the hede,
 That he shall neuer ete more bred.
 Now he is gone to another stede,
 With a bull vnder lead,
 By way of commissyon,
 To a straunge iurisdiction,
 Called Dymingis Dale,
 Farre byyonde Portyngale,
 And hathe his pasport to pas 800
Ultra Sauromatas,
 To the deuyll, syr Sathanas,
 To Pluto, and syr Bellyall,
 The deuyls vycare generall,
 And to his college conuentuall,
 As well calodemonyall
 As to cacodemonyall,
 To puruey for our cardynall
 A palace pontifycall,
 To kepe his court prouyncyall, 810
 Vpon artycles iudicyall,
 To contende and to stryue

For his prerogatyue,
 Within that consystory
 To make sommons peremtory
 Before some prothonotory
 Imperyall or papall.
 Vpon this matter mystycall
 I haue tolde you part, but nat all:
 Herafter perchaunce I shall 820
 Make a larger memoryall,
 And a further rehersall,
 And more paper I thinke to blot,
 To the court why I cam not ;
 Desyring you aboue all thyng
 To kepe you from laughynge
 Whan ye fall to redynge
 Of this wanton scrowle,
 And pray for Mewtas sowle,
 For he is well past and gone ; 830
 That wolde God euerychone
 Of his affynyte
 Were gone as well as he !
 Amen, amen, say ye,
 Of your inward charyte ;
 Amen,
 Of your inward charyte.
 It were great rewth,
 For wrytynge of trewth
 Any man shulde be 840
 In perplexyte
 Of dyspleasure ;

For I make you sure,
 Where trouth is abhorde,
 It is a playne recorde
 That there wantys grace;
 In whose place
 Dothe occupy,
 Full vngraciously,
 Fals flattery,
 Fals trechery,
 Fals brybery,
 Subtyle Sym Sly,
 With madde foly;
 For who can best lye,
 He is best set by.
 Than farewell to thé,
 Welthfull felycite!
 For prosperyte
 Away than wyll fle.
 Than must we agre
 With pouerte;
 For mysery,
 With penury,
 Myserably
 And wretchydly
 Hath made askrye
 And outery,
 Folowyng the chase
 To dryue away grace.
 Yet sayst thou percase,
 We can lacke no grace,

350

300

370

For my lordes grace,
 And my ladies grace,
 With trey duse ase,
 And ase in the face,
 Some haute and some base,
 Some daunce the trace
 Euer in one case :
 Marke me that chase
 In the tennys play,
 For synke quater trey
 Is a tall man :
 He rod, but we ran,
 Hay, the gye and the gan !
 The gray gose is no swan ;
 The waters wax wan,
 And beggers they ban,
 And they cursed Datan,
De tribu Dan,
 That this warke began,
Palam et clam,
 With Balak and Balam,
 The golden ram
 Of Flemmyng dam,
 Sem, Iapheth, or Cam.

But howe comme to pas,
 Your cupboard that was
 Is tourned to glasse,
 From syluer to brasse,
 From golde to pewter,
 Or els to a newter,

To copper, to tyn,
 To lede, or alcumyn?
 A goldsmyth your mayre;
 But the chefe of your fayre
 Myght stande nowe by potters,
 And suche as sell trotters:
 Pytchars, potshordis,
 This shrewdly accordis
 To be a cupborde for lordys.

918

My lorde now and syr knyght,
 Good eyn and good nyght!
 For now, syr Trestram,
 Ye must weare bukram,
 Or canues of Cane,
 For sylkes are wane.
 Our royals that shone,
 Our nobles are gone
 Amonge the Burgonyons,
 And Spanyardes onyons,
 And the Flanderkyns.
 Gyll swetis, and Cate spynnys,
 They are happy that wynnys;
 But Englande may well say,
 Fye on this wynnynge all way!
 Now nothyng but pay, pay,
 With, laughe and lay downe,
 Borowgh, cyte, and towne.

800

Good Sprynge of Lanam
 Must counte what became
 Of his clothe makyng:

800

He is at suche takynge,
 Though his purse wax dull,
 He must tax for his wull
 By nature of a newe writ;
 My lordys grace nameth it
A quia non satisfacit:
 In the spyght of his tethe
 He must pay agayne
 A thousande or twayne
 Of his golde in store;
 And yet he payde before
 An hunderd pounce and more,
 Whiche pyncheth him sore.
 My lordis grace wyll brynge
 Downe this hie sprynge,
 And brynge it so lowe,
 It shall nat euer flowe.

Suche a prelate, I trowe,
 Were worthy to rowe
 Thorow the streytes of Marock
 To the gybbet of Baldock:
 He wolde dry vp the stremys
 Of ix. kinges realmys,
 All ryuers and wellys,
 All waters that swellys;
 For with vs he so mellys
 That within Englande dwellys,
 I wolde he were somewhere ellys;
 For els by and by
 He wyll drynke vs so drye,

And suck vs so nye,
 That men shall scantly
 Haue pény or halpeny.
 God saue his noble grace,
 And graunt him a place
 Endlesse to dwell
 With the deuyll of hell!
 For, and he were there, 971
 We nede neuer feere
 Of the fendys blake :
 For I vndertake
 He wolde so brag and crake,
 That he wolde than make
 The deuyls to quake,
 To shudder and to shake,
 Lyke a fyer drake,
 And with a cole rake 972
 Brose them on a brake,
 And bynde them to a stake,
 And set hell on fyer,
 At his owne desyer.
 He is suche a grym syer,
 And suche a potestolate,
 And suche a potestate,
 That he wolde breke the braynes
 Of Lucyfer in his chaynes,
 And rule them echone 973
 In Lucyfers trone.
 I wolde he were gone ;
 For amonge vs is none

That ruleth but he alone,
 Without all good reason,
 And all out of season :
 For Folam peason
 With him be nat geson ;
 They growwe very ranke
 Vpon euery banke
 Of his herbers grene, 1000
 With my lady bryght and shene ;
 On theyr game it is sene
 They play nat all clene,
 And it be as I wene.

But as touchynge dyscrecyon,
 With sober dyrectyon,
 He kepeth them in subiectyon :
 They can haue no protectyon
 To rule nor to guyde,
 But all must be tryde, 1010
 And abyde the correctyon
 Of his wylfull affectyon.
 For as for wytte,
 The deuyll spede whitte !
 But braynsyk and braynesse,
 Wytles and rechelesse,
 Careles and shamlesse,
 Thriftles and gracelesse,
 Together are bended
 And so condyscended, 1020
 That the commune welth
 Shall neuer haue good helth,

But tattered and tuggyd,
 Raggyd and ruggyd,
 Shauyn and shorne,
 And all threde bare worne.

Suche gredynesse

Suche nedynesse,

Myserablenesse,

With wretchydnesse,

1000

Hath brought in dystresse

And moche heuynesse

And great dolowre

Englande, the flowre

Of relucēt honowre,

In olde commemoracion

Most royall Englyssh nacion.

Now all is out of facion,

Almost in desolation ;

I speke by protestacion :

1040

God of his miseracyon

Send better reformacyon !

Lo, for to do shamfully

He iugeth it no foly !

But to wryte of his shame,

He sayth we ar to blame.

What a frensy is this,

No shame to do amys,

And yet he is ashamed

To be shamfully named !

1050

And ofte prechours be blamed,

Bycause they haue proclamed

His madnesse by writyng,
 His symplenesse resytyng,
 Remordyng and bytyng,
 With chydyng and with flytyng,
 Shewyng him Goddis lawis :
 He calleth the prechours dawis,
 And of holy scriptures sawis
 He counteth them for gygawis, 1060
 And putteth them to sylence
 And ¹ with wordis of vyolence,
 Lyke Pharao, voyde of grace,
 Dyd Moyses sore manase,
 And Aron sore he thret,
 The worde of God to let ;
 This maumet in lyke wyse
 Against the churche doth ryse ;
 The prechour he dothe dyspyse,
 With crakyng in suche wyse, 1070
 So braggyng all with bost,
 That no prechour almost
 Dare speke for his lyfe
 Of my lordis grace nor his wyfe,
 For he hath suche a bull,
 He may take whom he wull,
 And as many as him lykys ;
 May ete pigges in Lent for pikys,
 After the sectes of heretykis,
 For in Lent he wyll ete 1080
 All maner of flesshe mete

¹ *And*] Perhaps ought to be thrown out. Compare v. 735.

That he can ony where gete ;
 With other abusions grete, H
 Wherof for to trete
 It wolde make the deuyll to swete,
 For all priuileged places
 He brekes and defaces,
 All placis of relygion
 He hathe them in derisyon,
 And makith suche prouisyon 1000
 To dryue them at diuisyon,
 And fynally in conclusyon
 To bringe them to confusyon ;
 Saint Albons to recorde
 Wherof this vngracyous lorde
 Hathe made him selfe abbot,
 Against their wylles, God wot.
 All this he dothe deale
 Vnder strength of the great seale,
 And by his legacy, 1100
 Whiche madly he dothe apply
 Vnto an extrauagancy
 Pyked out of all good lawe,
 With reasons that ben rawe.
 Yet, whan he toke first his hat,
 He said he knew what was what ;
 All iustyce he pretended,
 All thynges sholde be amended,
 All wronges he wolde redresse,
 All iniuris he wolde repressse, 1110
 All periuris he wolde oppresse ;

And yet this gracelesse elfe,
 He is periured himselfe,
 As playnly it dothe appere,
 Who lyst to enquere
 In the regestry
 Of my Lorde of Cantorbury,
 To whom he was professed
 In thre poyntes expressed ;
 The fyrst to do him reuerence, 1120
 The seconde to owe hym obedyence,
 The thirde with hole affectyon
 To be vnder his subiectyon :
 But now he maketh obiectyon,
 Vnder the protectyon
 Of the kynges great seale,
 That he setteth neuer a deale
 By his former othe,
 Whether God be pleased or wroth.
 He makith so proude pretens, 1130
 That in his equipolens
 He iugyth him equiualent
 With God omnipotent :
 But yet beware the rod,
 And the stroke of God !
 The Apostyll Peter
 Had a pore myter
 And a poore cope
 Whan he was creat Pope,
 First in Antioche ; 1140
 He dyd neuer approche

Of Rome to the see,
Weth suche dygnyte.

Saynt Dunstane, what was he?
Nothyng, he sayth, lyke to me:
There is a dyuersyte
Bytwene him and me;
We passe hym in degre,
As *legatus a latere*.

Ecce, sacerdos magnus, 1100
That wyll hed vs and hange vs,
And streitly strangle vs
And he may fange vs!
Decre and decretall,
Constytueyon prouincyall,
Nor no lawe canonicall,
Shall let the preest pontyficall
To syt *in causa sanguinis*.

Nowe God amende that is amys! 1100
For I suppose that he is
Of Ieremy the whyskyng rod,
The flayle, the scourge of almighty God.

This Naman Sirius,
So fell and so irous,
So full of malencoly,
With a flap afore his eye,
Men wene that he is pocky,
Or els his surgions they lye,
For, as far as they can spy
By the craft of surgery, 1170
It is *manus Domini*.

And yet this proude Antiochus,
 He is so ambitious,
 So elate, and so vicious,
 And so cruell hertyd,
 That he wyll nat be conuertyd;
 For he setteth God apart,
 He is nowe so ouerthwart,
 And so payned with pangis,
 That all his trust hangis 1190
 In Balthasor, whiche heled
 Domingos nose that was wheled;
 That Lumberdes nose meane I,
 That standeth yet awrye;
 It was nat heled alderbest,
 It standeth somewhat on the west;
 I meane Domyngo Lomelyn,
 That was wont to wyn
 Moche money of the kynge
 At the cardys and haserdyng: 1190
 Balthasor, that helyd Domingos nose
 From the puskylde pocky pose,
 Now with his gummys of Araby
 Hath promised to hele our cardinals eye;
 Yet sum surgions put a dout,
 Lest he wyll put it clene out,
 And make him lame of his neder limmes.
 God sende him sorowe for his sinnes!
 Some men myght aske a question,
 By whose suggestyon 1204
 ' toke on hand this warke,
 Thus boldly for to barke?

And men lyst to harke,
 And my wordes marke,
 I wyll answeere lyke a clerke ;
 For trewly and vnfayned,
 I am forcebly constrayned,
 At Iuuynals request,
 To wryght of this glorious gest,
 Of this vayne gloryous best,
 His fame to be encrest
 At euery solempne feest ;

1214

*Quia difficile est
 Satiram non scribere.*

Now, mayster doctor, howe say ye,
 What soeuer your name be ?
 What though ye be namelesse,
 Ye shall not escape blamelesse,
 Nor yet shall scape shamlesse :
 Mayster doctor in your degre,
 Yourselfe madly ye ouerse ;
 Blame Iuuinall, and blame nat me :
 Maister doctor Diricum,
Omne animi vitium, &c.

1220

As Iuuinall dothe recorde,
 A small defaute in a great lorde,
 A lytell cryme in a great astate,
 Is moche more inordinate,
 And more horyble to beholde,
 Than any other a thousand folde.

1230

Ye put to blame ye wot nere whom ;
 Ye may weare a cockes come ;

Your fonde hed in your furred hood,
 Holde ye your tong, ye can no goode:
 And at more conuenyent tyme
 I may fortune for to ryme
 Somwhat of your madnesse;
 For small is your sadnesse
 To put any man in lack,
 And say yll behynde his back: 1240
 And my wordes marke trully,
 That ye can nat byde thereby,
 For *smegma non est cinnamomum*,
 But *de absentibus nil nisi bonum*.
 Complayne, or do what ye wyll,
 Of your complaynt it shall nat skyl:
 This is the tenor of my byl,
 A daucockye be, and so shalbe styll.

Sequitur Epitoma

De morbillosa Thoma,

Necnon obscæno

De Polyphemo, &c.

Porro perbelle dissimulatum

Illum Pandulphum, tantum legatum,

Tam formidatum nuper prælatum,

Ceu Naman Syrum nunc elongatum,

In solitudine jam commoratum,

Neapolitano morbo gravatum,

Malagmate, cataplasmate stratum,

Pharmacopolæ ferro foratum,

Nihilo magis alleviatum,
Nihilo melius aut medicatum, 10
Relictis famulis ad famulatum,
Quo tollatur infamia,
Sed major patet insania ;
A modo ergo ganea
Abhorreat ille ganeus,
Dominus male creticus,
Aptius dictus tetricus,
Fanaticus, phreneticus,
Graphicus sicut metricus
Autumat.
Hoc genus dictaminis
Non eget examinis
In centiloquio
Nec centimetro
Honorati
Grammatici
Mauri.

DECASTICHON VIRULENTUM IN GALERATUM LYCAONTA
 MARINUM, &c.

Proh dolor, ecce, maris lupus, et nequissimus ursus,
Carnificis vitulus, Britonumque bubulcus iniquus,
Conflatus vitulus vel Oreb, vel Salmane vel Zeb,
Carduus, et crudelis Asaphque Datan reprobatus,
Blandus et Achitophel regis, scelus omne Britan-
num,
Ecclesias qui namque Thomas confundit ubique,
Non sacer iste Thomas, sed duro corde Goleas,

*Quem gestat mulus,—Sathane, cacet, obsecro, culus
Fundens asphaltum, precor! Hunc versum lege
cautum;
Asperius nihil est misero quum surget in altum.* 10

APOSTROPHA AD LONDINI CIVES (CITANTE MULUM ASINO
AUREO GALERATO) IN OCCURSUM ASELLI, &c.

*Excitat, en, asinus mulum, mirabile visu,
Calcibus! O vestro cives occurrite asello,
Qui regnum regemque regit, qui vestra gubernat
Prædia, divitias, nummos, gazas, spoliando!*

*Dixit alludens, immo illudens, paradoxam de
asino aureo galerato.*

xxxiiii.

*Hæc vates ille,
De quo loquuntur mille.*

SKELTON, LAUREATE, &c

HOWE THE DOUTY DUKE OF ALBANY,* LYKE A COWARDE
KNYGT, RAN AWAYE SHAMFULLY, WITH AN HUNDRED
THOUSANDE TRATLANDE SCOTTES AND FAINT HARTED
FRENCHEMEN, BESIDE THE WATER OF TWEDE, &c.

REIOYSE, Englande,
And vnderstande
These tidinges newe,
Whiche be as trewe
As the gospell :
This duke so fell
Of Albany,
So cowardly,
With all his hoost
Of the Scottyshe coost,
For all theyr boost,
Fledde lyke a beest ;
Wherfore to ieste
Is my delyght
Of this cowarde knyght,
And for to wright
In the dispyght
Of the Scottes ranke
Of Huntley banke,

* From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

Of Lowdyan,
 Of Locryan,
 And the ragged ray
 Of Galaway.

Dunbar, Dundee,

Ye shall trowe me,
 False Scottes are ye :
 Your hartes sore faynted,
 And so¹ attaynted,
 Lyke cowardes starke,
 At the castell of Warke,
 By the water of Twede,
 Ye had euill spede ;
 Lyke cankerd cures,
 Ye loste your spurres,
 For in that fraye
 Ye ranne awaye,
 With, hey, dogge, hay !
 For Sir William Lyle
 Within shorte whyle,
 That valiaunt knyght,
 Putte you to flyght ;
 By his valyaunce
 Two thousande of Fraunce
 There he putte backe,
 To your great lacke,
 And vtter shame
 Of your Scottysse name.

¹ so; Qy. "sore?"

Your chefe cheftayne,
 Voyde of all brayne,
 Duke of all Albany, 50
 Than shamefully
 He reculed backe,
 To his great lacke,
 Whan he herde tell
 That my lorde amrell
 Was comyng downe,
 To make hym frowne
 And to make hym lowre,
 With the noble powre
 Of my lorde cardynall, 60
 As an hoost royall,
 After the auncient manner,
 With saint Cutberdes banner,
 And saint Williams also ;
 Your capitayne ranne to go,
 To go, to go, to go,
 And brake vp all his hoost
 For all his crake and bost,
 Lyke a cowarde knyght,
 He fledde, and durst nat fyght, 70
 He ranne awaye by night.

But now must I
 Your Duke ascry
 Of Albany
 With a worde or twayne
 In sentence playne.

Ye duke so doutty,
 So sterne, so stoutty,

In shorte sentens,
 Of your pretens
 What is the grounde,
 Breuely and rounde
 To me expounde,
 Or els wyll I
 Euydently
 Shewe as it is;
 For the cause is this,
 Howe ye pretende
 For to defende
 The yonge Scottyshe kyng,
 But ye meane a thyng,
 And ye coude bryng
 The matter about,
 To putte his eyes out
 And put hym downe,
 And set hys crowne
 On your owne heed
 Whan he were deed.
 Such trechery
 And traytory
 Is all your cast;
 Thus ye haue compast
 With the Frenche kyng
 A fals rekenyng
 To enuade Englande,
 As I vnderstande:
 But our kyng royall,
 Whose name ouer all,
 Noble Henry the eyght,

Shall cast a beyght,
 And sette suche a snare,
 That shall cast you in care,
 Bothe Kyng Fraunces and thé,
 That knowen ye shall be
 For the moost recrayd
 Cowardes afrayd,
 And falsest forsworne,
 That euer were borne.

110

O ye wretched Scottes,
 Ye puaunt pypottes,
 It shalbe your lottes
 To be knytte vp with knottes
 Of halters and ropes
 About your traytours throtes!
 O Scottes pariured,
 Vnhaply vred,
 Ye may be assured
 Your falshod discured
 It is and shal be
 From the Scottish se
 Vnto Gabione!
 For ye be false echone,
 False and false agayne,
 Neuer true nor playne,
 But flery, flatter, and fayne,
 And euer to remayne
 In wretched beggary
 And maungy misery,
 In lousy lothsumnesse

110

110

And scabbed scorffynesse,
 And in abhominacion
 Of all maner of nacion,
 Nacion moost in hate,
 Proude and poore of state.
 Twyt, Scot, go kepe thy den,
 Mell nat with Englyshe men ;
 Thou dyd nothyng but barke
 At the castell of Warke.
 Twyt, Scot, yet agayne ones,
 We shall breke thy bones,
 And hang you vpon polles,
 And byrne you all to colles ;
 With, twyt, Scot, twyt, Scot, twyt,
 Walke, Scot, go begge a byt
 Of brede at ylke mannes hecke :
 The fynde, Scot, breke thy necke !
 Twyt, Scot, agayne I saye,
 Twyt, Scot of Galaway,
 Twyt, Scot, shake thy dogge,¹ hay !
 Twyt, Scot, thou ran away.

We set nat a flye
 By your Duke of Albany ;
 We set nat a prane
 By suche a dronken drane ;
 We set nat a myght
 By suche a cowarde knyght,
 Suche a proude palyarde,

¹ *thy dogge*] Qy. "thé, dogge?" but see notes.

Suche a skyrgaliarde,
 Suche a starke cowarde,
 Suche a proude pultrowne, 170
 Suche a foule coystrowne,
 Suche a doutty dagswayne;
 Sende him to F[r]aunce agayne,
 To bring with hym more brayne
 From Kynge Fraunces of Frauns:
 God sende them bothe myschauns!

Ye Scottes all the rable,
 Ye shall neuer be hable
 With vs for to compare;
 What though ye stampe and stare? 180
 God sende you sorow and care!
 With vs whan euer ye mell,
 Yet we bear away the bell,
 Whan ye cankerd knaues
 Must crepe into your caues
 Your heedes for to hyde,
 For ye dare nat abyde.

Sir Duke of Albany,
 Right inconueniently
 Ye rage and ye raue, 190
 And your worshyp depraue:
 Nat lyke Duke Hamylcar,
 With the Romayns that made war,
 Nor lyke his sonne Hanyball,
 Nor lyke Duke Hasdruball
 Of Cartage in Aphrike;
 Yet somewhat ye be lyke

In some of their condicions,
 And their false sedycions,
 And their dealyng double, 200
 And their weywarde trouble:
 But yet they were bolde,
 And manly manyfolde,
 Their enemyes to assayle
 In playn felde and battayle;
 But ye and your hoost,
 Full of bragge and boost,
 And full of waste wynde,
 Howe ye wyll beres bynde,
 And the deuill downe dyngel, 210
 Yet ye dare do nothyngel,
 But lepe away lyke frogges,
 And hyde you vnder logges,
 Lyke pygges and lyke hogges,
 And lyke maungy dogges.

What an army were ye?

Or what actyuyte

Is in you, beggers braules,
 Full of scabbes and scaules,
 Of vermyne and of lyce, 220
 And of all maner vyce?

Syr duke, nay, syr ducke,
 Syr drake of the lake, sir ducke
 Of the donghyll, for small lucke
 Ye haue in feates of warre;
 Ye make nought, but ye marre;
 Ye are a fals entrusar,

And a fals abuser,
 And an vntrewe knyght;
 Thou hast to lytell myght 230
 Agaynst Englande to fyght;
 Thou art a graceles wyght
 To put thy selfe to flyght:
 A vengeaunce and dispight
 On thé must nedes lyght,
 That durst nat byde the sight
 Of my lorde amrell,
 Of chivalry the well,
 Of knighthode the floure
 In euery marciall shoure, 240
 The noble Erle of Surrey,
 That put thé in suche fray;
 Thou durst no felde derayne,
 Nor no batayle mayntayne
 Against our st[r]onge captaine,
 But thou ran home agayne,
 For feare thou shoulde be slayne,
 Lyke a Scottyshe ketyryng,
 That durst abyde no reknyng;
 Thy hert wolde nat serue thé: 250
 The fynde of hell mot sterue thé!

No man hath harde
 Of suche a cowarde,
 And such a mad ymage
 Caried in a cage,
 As it were a cotage;
 Or of suche a mawment

Caryed in a tent;
 In a tent! nay, nay,
 But in a mountayne gay,
 Lyke a great hill
 For a wyndmil,
 Therin to couche styll,
 That no man hym kyll;
 As it were a gote
 In a shepe cote,
 About hym a parke
 Of a madde warke,
 Men call it a toyle;
 Therin, lyke a royle,
 Sir Dunkan, ye dared,
 And thus ye prepared
 Youre carkas to kepe,
 Lyke a sely shepe,
 A shepe of Cottyswolde,
 From rayne and from colde,
 And from raynning of rappes,
 And suche after clappes;
 Thus in your cowardly castell
 Ye decte you to dwell:
 Suche a captayne of hors,
 It made no great fors
 If that ye had tane
 Your last deedly bane
 With a gon stone,
 To make you to grone.
 But hyde thé, sir Topias,

Nowe into the castell of Bas,
 And lurke there, lyke an as,
 With some Scotyshe [l]as, 298
 With dugges, dugges, dugges :
 I shrewe thy Scottishe lugges,
 Thy munpynnys, and thy crag,
 For thou can not but brag,
 Lyke a Scottyshe hag :
 Aduē nowe, sir Wrig wrag,
 Aduē, sir Dalyrag !
 Thy mellyng is but mockyng ;
 Thou mayst giue vp thy cocking,
 Gyue it vp, and cry creke, 300
 Lyke an huddypeke.

Wherto shuld I more speke
 Of suche a farly freke,
 Of suche an horne keke,
 Of suche an bolde captayne,
 That dare nat turne agayne,
 Nor durst nat crak a worde,
 Nor durst nat drawe his swerde
 Agaynst the Lyon White,
 But ran away quyte ? 310
 He ran away by nyght,
 In the owle flyght,
 Lyke a cowarde knyght.
 Aduē, cowarde, aduē,
 Fals knight, and mooste vnttrue !
 I render thé, fals rebelle,
 To the flingande fende of helle.

Harke yet, sir duke, a worde,
 In earnest or in borde :
 What, haue ye, villayn, forged, 329
 And virulently dysgorged,
 As though ye wolde parbrake,
 Your auauens to make,
 With wordes enbosed,
 Vngraciously engrosed,
 Howe ye wyll vndertake
 Our royall kyng to make
 His owne realme to forsake ?
 Suche lewde langage ye spake.
 Sir Dunkan, in the deuill waye, 330
 Be well ware what ye say :
 Ye saye that he and ye,—
 Whyche he and ye? let se ;
 Ye meane Fraunces, French kyng,
 Shulde bring about that thing.
 I say, thou lewde lurdayne,
 That neyther of you twayne
 So hardy nor so bolde
 His countenaunce to beholde :
 If our moost royall Harry 340
 Lyst with you to varry,
 Full soone ye should miscary,
 For ye durst nat tarry
 With hym to stryue a stownde ;
 If he on you but frounde,
 Nat for a thousande pounce
 Ye durst byde on the grounde,

Ye wolde ryn away rounde,
 And cowardly tourne your backes,
 For all your comly crackes, 366
 And, for feare par case
 To loke hym in the face,
 Ye wolde defoyle the place,
 And ryn your way apace.
 Thoughe I trym you thys trace
 With Englyshe somewhat base,
 Yet, *saue voster grace*,
 Therby I shall purchase
 No displeasaunt rewarde,
 If ye wele can regarde 368
 Your cankarde cowardnesse
 And your shamfull doublenesse.

Are ye nat frantyke madde,
 And wretchedly bestadde,
 To rayle agaynst his grace,
 That shall bring you full bace,
 And set you in suche case,
 That bytwene you twayne
 There shalbe drawen a trayne
 That shalbe to your payne? 370
 To flye ye shalbe fayne.
 And neuer tourne agayne.

What, wold Fraunces, our friar,
 Be suche a false lyar,
 So madde a cordylar,
 So madde a murmurar?
 Ye muse somewhat to far;

All out of ioynt ye iar :
 God let you neuer thriue !
 Wene ye, daucockes, to driue
 380 Our kyng out of his reme ?
 Ge heme, ranke Scot, ge heme,
 With fonde Fraunces, French kyng :
 Our mayster shall you brynge
 I trust, to lowe estate,
 And mate you with chekmate.

Your braynes arr ydell ;
 It is time for you to brydell,
 And pype in a quibyble ;
 For it is impossible
 390 For you to bring about,
 Our kyng for to dryue out
 Of this his realme royall
 And lande imperiall ;
 So noble a prince as he
 In all actyuite
 Of hardy merciall actes,
 Fortunate in all his faytes.¹

And nowe I wyll me dresse
 400 His valiaunce to expresse,
 Though insufficient am I
 His grace to magnify
 And laude equialently ;
 Howe be it, loyally,
 After myne allegyaunce,
 My pen I wyll auance

¹ *faytes*] Qy. "factes?"

To extoll his noble grace,
 In spyght of thy cowardes face,
 In spyght of Kyng Fraunces,
 Deuoyde of all nobles, 410
 Deuoyde of good corage,
 Deuoyde of wysdome sage,
 Mad, frantyeke, and sauage ;
 Thus he dothe disparage
 His blode with fonde dotage.
 A prince to play the page
 It is a rechelesse rage,
 And a lunatyke ouerage.

What though my stile be rude ?
 With trouthe it is ennewde : 420
 Trouth ought to be rescude,
 Trouthe should nat be subdude.

But nowe will I expounde
 What noblenesse dothe abounde,
 And what honour is founde,
 And what vertues be resydent
 In our royall regent,
 Our perelesse president,
 Our kyng most excellent :

In merciall prowes 430
 Lyke vnto Hercules ;
 In prudence and wysdom
 Lyke vnto Salamon ;
 In his goodly person
 Lyke vnto Absolon ;
 In loyalte and foy

Lyke to Ector of Troy ;
 And his glory to increas,
 Lyke to Scipiades ;
 In royal mageste
 Lyke vnto Ptholome,
 Lyke to Duke Iosue,
 And the valiaunt Machube ;
 That if I wolde reporte
 All the roiall sorte
 Of his nobilyte,
 His magnanyte,
 His animosite,
 His frugalite,
 His lyberalite,
 His affabilite,
 His humanyte,
 His stabilite,
 His humilite,
 His benignite,
 His royall dignyte,
 My lernyng is to small
 For to recount them all.

What losels than are ye,
 Lyke cowardes as ye be,
 To rayle on his astate,
 With wordes inordinate !

He rules his cominalte
 With all benignite ;
 His noble baronage,
 He putteth them in corage

To exployte dedes of armys,
 To the domage and harmys
 Of suche as be his foos ;
 Where euer he rydes or goos, 476
 His subiectes he dothe supporte,
 Maintayne them with comforte
 Of his moste princely porte,
 As all men can reporte.

Than ye be a knappishe sorte,
Et faites a luy grant torte,
 With your enbosed iawes
 To rayle on hym lyke dawes ;
 The fende scrache out your mawes !

All his subiectes and he 480
 Moost louyngly agre
 With hole hart and true mynde,
 They fynde his grace so kynde ;
 Wherwith he dothe them bynde
 At all houres to be redy
 With hym to lyue and dye,
 And to spende their hart blode,
 Their bodyes and their gode,
 With hym in all dystresse,
 Alway in redynesse 490
 To assyst his noble grace ;
 In spyght of thy cowardes face,
 Moost false attaynted traytour,
 And false forsworne faytour.
 Auauante, cowarde recrayed !
 Thy pride shalbe alayd ;

With sir Fraunces of Fraunce
 We shall pype you a daunce,
 Shall tourne you to myschauns.

I rede you, loke about ;

For ye shalbe driuen out

Of your lande in shorte space :

We will so folowe in the chace,

That ye shall haue no grace

For to tourne your face ;

And thus, Sainct George to borowe,

Ye shall haue shame and sorowe.

Lenuoy.

Go, lytell quayre, quickly ;

Shew them that shall you rede,

How that ye are lykely

Ouer all the worlde to sprede.

The fals Scottes for dred,

With the Duke of Albany,

Beside the water of Twede

They fledde full cowardly.

Though your Englishe be rude,

Barreyne of eloquence,

Yet, breuely to conlude,

Grounded is your sentence

On trouthe, vnder defence

Of all trewe Englyshemen,

This mater to credence

That I wrate with my pen.

SKELTON LAUREAT, OBSEQUIOUS ET LOYALL,¹
 TO MY LORDE CARDYNALS RIGHT NOBLE GRACE, ETC.

Lenuoy.

Go, lytell quayre, apace,
 In moost humble wyse,
 Before his noble grace,
 That caused you to deuise
 This lytel enterprise;
 And hym moost lowly pray,
 In his mynde to comprise
 Those wordes his grace dyd saye
 Of an ammas gray.

Ie foy enterment en sa bont grace.

¹ *Skelton Laureat, obsequious et loyall*] Perhaps these words are a portion of the superscription to the *Lenuoy* which follows. The *Lenuoy* itself does not, I apprehend, belong to the poem on the Duke of Albany. See *Account of Skelton, &c.*

A LAWDE AND PRAYSE MADE FOR OUR SOUEREIGNE
LORD THE KYNG.¹

Candida, pu- THE Rose both White and Rede
nica, &c. In one Rose now dothe grow ;
Thus thorow every stede
Thereof the fame dothe blow :
Grace the sede did sow :
England, now gaddir flowris,
Exclude now all dolowrs.

Nobilis Hen- Noble Henry the eight,
ricus, &c. Thy loving souereine lorde,
Of kingis line moost streight,
His titille dothe recorde :
In whome dothe wele acorde
Alexis yonge of age,
Adrastus wise and sage.

¹ *A lawde and prayse made for our souereigne lord the kyng*]
Such (in a different handwriting from that of the poem) is
the endorsement of the MS., which consists of two leaves,
bound up in the volume marked *B. 2. 8*, (pp. 67-69,) among
the Records of the Treasury of the Receipt of the Exchequer,
now at the Rolls House. [Printed for the first time by Dyce,
from a manuscript discovered by Mr. W. H. Black.] Qy. is
this poem the piece which, in the catalogue of his own writ-
ings, Skelton calls "The Boke of the Rosiar," *Garlande of
Laurell*, v. 1178, vol. ii. 221?

Astrea, Justice hight,
 That from the starry sky
 Shall now com and do right,
 This hunderd yere scantly
 A man kowd not aspy
 That Right dwelt vs among,
 And that was the more wrong :

*Sedibus æ-
 theriis, &c.*

Right shall the foxis chare,
 The wolvis, the beris also,
 That wrought have moche care,
 And browght Englund in wo :
 They shall wirry no mo,
 Nor wrote the Rosary
 By extort trechery :

*Arcebit vu-
 pes, &c.*

Of this our noble king
 The law they shall not breke ;
 They shall com to rekening ;
 No man for them wil speke :
 The pepil durst not creke
 Theire grevis to complaine,
 They browght them in soche paine :

*Ne tanti re-
 gis, &c.*

Therfor no more they shall
 The commouns ouerbace,
 That wont wer ouer all
 Both lorde and knight to face ;
 For now the yeris of grace
 And welthe ar com agayne,
 That maketh England faine.

*Ecce Plato-
 nis secia, &c.*

Rediit jam pulcher Adonis, &c. Adonis of freshe colour,
 Of yowthe the godely flour,
 Our prince of high honour,
 Our paves, our succour,
 Our king, our emperour,
 Our Priamus of Troy,
 Our welth, our worldly joy ;

Anglorum radians, &c. Vpon vs he doth reigne,
 That makith our hartis glad,
 As king moost soueraine
 That ever Englund had ;
 Demure, sober, and sad,
 And Martis lusty knight ;
 God save him in his right !
 Amen.

*Bien men souient.*¹

*Per me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida
 vatem.*

¹ *Bien men souient*] These words are followed in the MS. by a sort of flourished device, which might perhaps be read—

“ *Dèò (21) gratias.*”

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO SKELTON.

POEMS

ATTRIBUTED TO SKELTON.

VERSES PRESENTED TO KING HENRY THE SEVENTH AT THE
FEAST OF ST. GEORGE CELEBRATED AT WINDSOR IN THE
THIRD YEAR OF HIS REIGN.*

O MOSTE famous noble king! thy fame doth spring and
 spreade,
Henry the Seventh, our soverain, in eiche regeon;
All England hath cause thy grace to love and dread,
Seing embassadores seche fore protectyon,
For ayd, helpe, and succore, which lyeth in thie electyone.
England, now rejoyce, for joyous mayest thou bee,
To see thy kyng so floreshe in dignetye.

This realme a season stooode in greate jupardie,
When that noble prince deceased, King Edward,
Which in his dayes gate honore full nobly;

* Ashmole, who first printed these lines from "*MS. penes
Arth. Com. Anglesey, fol. 169,*" thinks that they were proba-
bly by Skelton: see *Order of the Garter*, p. 594.

After his decease nigh hand all was marr'd;
 Eich regione this land dispised, mischefe when they hard:
 Wherefore rejoyse, for joyous mayst thou be,
 To see thy kynge so floresh in high dignetye.

Fraunce, Spayne, Scoteland, and Britanny, Flanders also,
 Three of them present keepinge thy noble feaste
 Of St. George in Windsor, ambassadors comyng more,¹
 Iche of them in honore, bothe the more and the lesse,²
 Seeking thie grace to have thie noble begeste:
 Wherefore now rejoise, and joyous maiste thou be,
 To see thy kynge so florishing in dignetye.

O knightly ordere, clothed in robes with gartere!
 The queen's grace and thy mother clothed in the same;
 The nobles of thie realme riche in araye, aftere,
 Lords, knights, and ladyes, unto thy greate fame:
 Now shall all ambassadors know thie noble name,
 By thy feaste royal; nowe joyeous mayest thou be,
 To see thie king so florishinge in dignetye.

Here this day St. George, patron of this place,
 Honored with the gartere cheefe of chevalrye;
 Chaplenes synging processyon, keeping the same,
 With archbushopes and bushopes beseene nobly;
 Much people presente to see the King Henrye:
 Wherefore now, St. George, all we pray to thee
 To keepe our souveraine in his dignetye.

¹ *more*] The rhyme requires "mo."

² *lesse*] The rhyme requires "leste."

THE EPITAFFE OF THE MOSTE NOBLE AND VALYAUNT
JASPAR LATE DUKE OF BEDDEFORDE.*

BYDYNGE al alone, with sorowe sore encombred,
In a frosty fornone, faste by Seuernes syde,
The wordil beholdyng, wherat moch I wondred
To se the see and sonne to kepe both tyme and tyde,

* The old ed. is a quarto, n. d. Above these words, on the title-page, is a woodcut, exhibiting the author (with a falcon on his hand) kneeling and presenting his work to the king. On the reverse of the last leaf is Pynson's device.

If not really written by Smert, (or Smart,) the duke's falconer, (see stanza 3, and the subscription at the conclusion, "*Smerte, maister de ses ouzeaus,*") this curious poem was not, at all events, as the style decidedly proves, the composition of Skelton, to whom it was first attributed by Bishop Tanner.

I now print it from a transcript of the (probably unique) copy in the Pepysian library,—a transcript which appears to have been made with the greatest care and exactness; but I think right to add, that I have not had an opportunity of seeing the original myself.

Jasper Tudor, second son of Owen Tudor by Katherine widow of King Henry the Fifth, was created Earl of Pembroke, in 1452, by his half-brother, King Henry the Sixth. After that monarch had been driven from the throne by Edward, Jasper was attainted, and his earldom conferred on another. He was again restored to it, when Henry had recovered the crown; but being taken prisoner at the battle of Barnet, he lost it a second time. After the battle of Bosworth, Henry the Seventh not only reinstated Jasper (his uncle) in the earldom of Pembroke, but also created him Duke of Bedford, in 1485; subsequently appointed him Lieutenant of Ireland for one year, and granted to him and his

The ayre ouer my hede so wonderfully to glyde,
 And howe Saturne by circumference borne is aboute;
 Whiche thynges to beholde, clerely me notyfyde,
 One verray God to be therin to haue no dowte.

And as my fantasy flamyd in that occupacyon,
 Fruteles, deuoyde of all maner gladnes,
 Of one was I ware into greate desolacyon,
 To the erthe prostrate, rauynge for madnes;
 By menys so immoderate encreased was his sadnes,
 That by me can not be compyled
 His dedly sorowe and dolorous dystres,
 Lyfe in hym by deth so ny was exiled.

Hym better to beholde, so ferre oute of frame,
 Nerre I nyghed, farsyd with fragyllite;
 Wherwith Smert I perceyued he called was by name,
 Which ouer haukes and houndes had auctoryte;
 Though the roume vnmete were for his pouer degre,
 Yet fortune so hym farthered to his lorde;
 Wherfore him to lye in soch perplexite,
 What it myghte mene I gan to mysylfe recorde.

I shogged him, I shaked him, I ofte aboute him went,
 And al to knowe why so care his carayn hyued;

heirs male the office of Earl Marshal of England with an annuity of twenty pounds. The duke married Katherine, daughter of Richard Wydevile Earl Rivers, and widow of Henry Stafford Duke of Buckingham. He died 21st Dec. 1495, and, according to his own desire, expressed in his will, was buried in the abbey of Keynsham, where he founded a chantry for four priests to sing mass for the souls of his father, his mother, and his elder brother Edmond Earl of Richmond. He left no children except a natural daughter. See Sandford's *Geneal. Hist.* p. 292. ed. 1707.

a Color Ficcio. [Side Note.]

His temples I rubbyd, and by the nose him hente;
 Al as in vayne was, he coude nat be reuyued;
 He waltered, he wende, and with himsilfe stryued,
 Such countenaunce contynuyng; but of I parte the place,
 Vp his hede he caste; whan his woful goste aryued,
 Those wordes saynge with righte a pytous face:

O sorowe, sorowe beyonde al sorowes sure!
 All sorowes sure surmountynge, lo! ^a
 Lo, which payne no pure may endure,
 Endure may none such dedely wo!
 Wo, alas, ye inwrapped, for he is go!
 Go is he, whose valyaunce to recounte,
 To recounte, all other it dyd surmounte.

Gone is he, alas, that redy was to do
 Eche thyng that to nobles required! ^b
 Gone is he, alas, that redy was to do
 Eche thyng that curtesye of him desyred!
 Whose frowarde fate falsely was conspyred
 By Antraphos vnasured and her vngracyous charmys;
 Jaspas I mene is gone, Mars son in armys.

He that of late regnyd in glory,
 With grete glosse buttylly glased, ^c
 Nowe lowe vnder fote doth he ly,
 With wormys ruly rente and rasyd.
 His carayne stynkyng, his fetures fasyd;
 Brother and vncler to kynges yesterday,
 Nowe is he gone and lafte vs as mased;
 Closed here lyeth he in a clote of clay:
 Shall he come agayne? a, nay, nay!
 Where is he become, I can nat discusse:
 Than with the prophet may we say,
Non inuentus est locus eius.

^a Metricus primus. Color. repeticio. [Side Note.]

^b Metricus secundus. C. recitacio simplex. [Side Note.]

^c M. iii. C. narracio. [Side Note.]

Restynge in him was honoure with sadnesse,
 Curtesy, kyndenesse, with great assuraunce,
 ▪ Dispysynge vice, louynge alway gladnesse,
 Knyghtly condicyons, feythful alegeaunce,
 Kyndely demenoure, gracyous vtteraunce;
 Was none semelyer, feture ne face;
 Frendely him fostered quatriuial aliaunce;
 Alas, yet dede nowe arte thou, Jaspas, alas!

Wherfore sorowe to oure sorowe none can be founde,
 Ne cause agayne care to mollyfy oure monys:
 † Alas, the payne!
 For his body and goste,
 That we loued moste,
 In a graue in the grounde
 Deth depe hath drounde
 Among robel and stonys:
 Wherfore complayne.

Complayne, complayne, who can complayne;
 For I, alas, past am compleynte!
 To compleyne wyt can not sustayne,
 † Deth me with doloure so hath bespraynte;
 For in my syghte,
 Oure lorde and knyghte,
 Contrary to righte,
 Deth hath ateynte.
 As the vylest of a nacyon,
 Deuoyde of consolacyon,
 By cruel cruceyacyon,
 He hath combryd hym sore;
 He hath him combryd sore,

a Metricus quartus et retrogradiens. Color. discripcio
 [*Side Note.*]

b Metricus quintus. [*Side Note.*]

c M. vi. M. vii. C. iteracio. [*Side Note.*]

That Fraunce and Englonde bere byfore
 Armys of both quarteryd,
 And with *hony soyte* was garteryd,
 Se howe he is nowe marteryd!
 Alas for sorowe therfore,
 Alas for sorowe therfore!
 Oute and weleaway,
 For people many a score
 For him that yel and rore,
 Alas that we were bore
 To see this dolorous day!

With assly hue compleyne also, I cry,
 Ladyes, damosels, mynyonat and gorgayse;
 Knyghtes aunterus of the myghty monarchy,
 Complayne also; for he that in his dayes
 To enhance wonte was your honoure, youre prayse,
 Now is he gone, of erthly blysse ryfyld;
 For dredeful Deth withouten delayse
 Ful dolorously his breth hath stifild.

Terys degoutynge, also complayne, complayne,
 Houndes peerles, haukes withoute pereialyte,
 Sacris, faucons, heroners hautayne; ^a
 For nowe darked is youre pompe, your prodogalyte,
 Your plesures been past vnto penalyte;
 Of with your rich caperons, put on your mourning hodes;
 For Iaspar, your prynce by proporceyon of qualyte,
 Paste is by Deth those daungerous flodys.

He that manhode meyntened and magnamynite,
 His blasyng blys nowe is with balys blechyd; ^b
 Through Dethes croked and crabbed cruelte,
 In doloure depe nowe is he drowned and drechyd;

^a C. transsumpcio. [*Side Note.*]

^b M. viii. [*Side Note.*]

His starynge standerde, that in stoures strechyd
 With a sable serpent, nowe set is on a wall,
 His helme heedles, cote corseles, woful and wrechyd,
 With a swerde handeles, there hange they all.

Gewellys of late poysyd at grete valoyre,
 He ded, they desolate of every membre,
 Stykyng on stakes as thynges of none shaloyre;
 For the corse that they couched cast is in sendre
 * By cruel compulsyon caused to surrendre
 Lyfe vp to Deth that al ouerspurneth:
 O, se howe this worlde tourneth!
 Some laugheth, some mourneth:
 Yet, ye prynces precyous and tendre,
 Whyle that ye here in glory soiourneth,
 The deth of our mayster rue to remembre.

O turmentoure, traytoure, torterous tyraunte,
^b So vnwarely oure duke haste thou slayne,
 That wyt and mynde are vnsuffycyaunte
 Agayne thy myschyf malyce to mayntayne!
 We that in blysse wonte were to bayne,
 With fortune flotyngeste moste fauourably,
 Nowe thorow thrylled and persyd with payne,
 Langoure we in feruente exstasy.

O murderer vnmesurable, withouten remors,
 Monstruus of entrayle, aborryd in kynde,
^c Thou haste his corse dystressed by force,
 Whos parayle alyue thou can not fynde!
 Howe durst thou his flesh and spyryte vntynde,
 Dissendyng fro Cyzyle, Jerusalem, and Fraunce?
 O bazalyke bryboure, with iyes blynde,
 Sore may thou rue thy vtterquidaunce!

a M. ix. [*Side Note.*]

b C. exclamacio. [*Side Note.*]

c C. reprobacio. [*Side Note.*]

Thou haste beraste, I say, the erthly ioye
 Of one, broder and vnclē to kynges in degre,
 Lynyally descendynge fro Eneas of Troye,
 Grete vnclē and vnclē to prynces thre,
 Brother to a saynte by way of natyuyte,
 Vnclē to another whom men seketh blyue,
 Blynde, coked, lame, for remedies hourly;
 Thus God that bromecod had gyuen a prerogatyue.

And yet thou, dolorous Deth, to the herte hast him stynged:
 Wenest thou, felon, such murther to escape?
 I say, the brewstors of Wales on the wyl be reuenged *
 For thy false conspiracy and frowarde fate:
 We his seruantes also sole disconsolate
 Haste thou lafte; so that creatures more maddyr
 In erthe none wandreth atwene senit and naddyr.

Wherfore, to the felde, to the felde, on with plate and male,
 Beest, byrde, foule, eche body terrestriall! ^b
 Seke we this murtherer him to assayle;
 Vnfrayde ioyne in ayde, ye bodyes celestyal;
 Herry saynt, with iyes faynte to the also I cal,
 For thy brothers sake, help Deth to take, that al may on him
 wonder;
 For and he reyne, by drift sodeyne he wil ech kynd encumbre

Dethe.

Fouconer, thou arte to blame,
 And oughte take shame
 To make suche pretense; ^c
 For I Deth hourly
 May stande truly
 At ful lawful defence:

^a C. newgacio. [*Side Note.*]

^b M. x. [*Side Note.*]

^c M. xi. C. prosopopeya. [*Side Note.*]

Deth hath no myghte,
 Do wronge no righte,
 Fauoure frende ne fo,
 But as an instrumente
 At commaundemente
 Whether to byde or go.

I am the instromente
 Of one omnipotente,
 That knowest thou fyrme and playne;
 Wherfore fro Dethe
 Thy wo and wreth
 I wolde thou shulde reteyne,
 And agayne God
 For thy bromecod
 Batayle to darayne.

Than, if it be ryghte, most of myght, thy godhed I acuse,
^a For thy myght contrary to right thou doste gretly abuse;
 Katyffes vnkind thou leuest behind, paynis, Turkes, and
 Lewis,
 And our maister gret thou gaue wormes to ete; wheron gretly
 I muse:
 Is this wel done? answer me sone; make, Lorde, thyn
 excuse.

Dyd thou disdayne that he shuld rayne? was that els the
 cause?
 In his rayne he was moste fayne to mynester thy lawes;
 Than certayn, and thou be playn and stedfaste in thy sawes,
^b Euery knyght that doth right, ferynge drede ne awes,
 Of thy face bryghte shall haue syghte,
 After this worldly wawes:

^a M. xii. C. Introductio. [*Side Note.*]

^b M. xiii. C. onomotopeya. [*Side Note.*]

Than, gode Lorde, scripture doth record, verefieng that
 cause,
 That our bromcod with the, gode God, in heuen shal rest and
 pause.

For first of nought thou him wrought of thy special grace,
 And wers than nought him also boght in Caluery in that
 place;
 Thou by thought oft he were broght with Satanas to trace,^a
 Yet, Lorde, to haue pyte thou oght on the pycure of thy
 face.

We neyther he dampned to be, willyngly thou wilt nought; ^b
 Yet dampned shal he and we be, if thy mercy helpe nought:
 Discrecion hast thou gyuen, yde [Lorde?]; what wold we
 more ought?
 After deth to lyue with the, if we offende nought.

There is a cause yet of oure care, thou creatoure alofte,
 That thy gospel doth declare, whiche I forgete noughte;
 Howe vnwarly our welfare fro vs shal be broughte
 By Deth that none wyl spare, Lorde, that knowe we
 noughte: ^c
 In syn drowned if we dare, and so soderly be coughte,
 Than of blysse ar we bare; that fylleth me ful of theghte.

Thou knowest, Lorde, beste thysylfe,
 Man is but duste, stercorye, and fylthe,
 Of himsylfe vnable,
 Saue only of thy specyal grace,
 A soule thou made to occupye place,
 To make man ferme and stable; ^d

^a M. xiiii. C. probacio. [Side Note.]

^b M. xv. [Side Note.]

^c M. xvi. [Side Note.]

^d C. degressio. M. xvii. [Side Note.]

Which man to do as thou ordeyned,
 With fendes foule shal neuer be payned,
 But in blysse be perdurable;
 And if he do the contrarye,
 After this lyfe than shal he dye,
 Fendes to fede vnsaciable;
 For which fendys foule thou made a centre,
 In which centre thou made an entre,
 That such that to breke thy commaundementes wolde auenter
 Theder downe shulde dessende;
 But oure maister, whan Deth hym trapte,
 In pure perseueraunce so was wrapte,
 That thou inuisyble his speryte thyder rapte
 Where thy sheltrons him shal defende.

If we nat offende,
 He wyl purchase
 A glorious place
 At oure laste ende;

To se his face
 a We shal assende,
 By his grete grace,
 If we nat offende.

Thou haste enuapored, I say, alofte
 The soule of Jaspas, that thou wroughte,
 Sernyce to do latrial:
 And why, Lorde, I dyd the reprove,
 Was for perfyte zele and loue,
 To the nat preindicyal;
 For, Lorde, this I knowe expresse,
 This worldly frute is bytternesse,
 Farcyd with wo and payne,
 Lyfe ledyng dolorously in distresse,
 Shadowed with Dethes lykenesse,
 As in none certayne.

Yet, me semeth so, thou art non of tho that vs so shuld begyle:
 He is nat yet ded; I lay my hed, thou hast him hid for a while;

And al to proue who doth him loue and who wil be vnkynd,^a
 Thou hast in led layde him abed, this trow I in my mynd;
 For this we trow, and thou dost know, as thy might is most,
 That him to dye, to lowe and hye it were to grete a lost.

And he be dede, this knowe I very right;
 Thou saw, Lorde, this erth corrupt with fals adulacyon,
 And thought it place vnmete for Jaspas thy knyght;
 Wherfore of body and soule thou made seperacyon,^b
 Preantedate seyng by pure predestynacyon
 Whan his lyfe here shulde fyne and consum;
 Wherfore, Lorde, thus ende I my dolorous exclamacyon,
 Thy godenes knewe what was beste to be done.

As a prynce penytente and ful of contricion,
 So dyed he, we his seruauntes can recorde:^c
 And that he may haue euerlastyng fruicyon,
 We the beseche, gloryous kyng and lorde!
 For the laste lesen that he dyd recorde,
 To thy power he it aplied, sayng *tibi omnes*,
 As a hye knyghte in fidelyte fermely moryd,
Angeli celi et potestates;
 Wherwith payne to the hert him boryd,
 And lyfe him lefte, gyuyng deth entres.

Whiche lyfe, in comparyson of thyne,
 Is as poynt in lyne, or as instant in tyme;
 For thou were and arte and shal be of tyme,
 In thy silfe reynyng by power diuine,
 Makyng gerarcyüs thre and orders nyne,
 The to deifye:
 Wherfore we crye,
 Suffer nat Jaspas to dye,

^a C. neugacio. [Side Note.]

^b C. excusacio. [Side Note.]

^c M. xviii. C. conclusio. [Side Note.]

But to lyue;
 For eternally that he shal lyue
 Is oure byleue.

And than [?] moste craftely dyd combyne
 Another heuen, called cristalline,
 * So the thyrde stellyferal to shyne
 About the skye:
 Wherfore we crye,
 Suffer nat Jaspas to dye,
 But to lyue;
 For eternally that he shal lyue
 Is oure byleue.

Moreouer in a zodiake pure and fyne
 Synys xii. thou set for a tyme,
 And them nexte, in cercle and lyne,
 Saturne thou set, Iupiter, and Mars **cityne**,
 Contect and drye:
 Wherfore we crye,
 Suffer nat Jaspas to dye,
 But to lyue;
 For eternally that he shal lyue
 Is oure byleue.

Than, to peryssh, thoroughryll, and myne
 The mystes blake and cloudes tetryne,
 Tytan thou set clerely to shyne,
 The worldes iye:
 Wherfore we crye, *vt supra*.

Yet in their epycercles to tril and twyne,
 Retrograte, stacyoner, directe, as a syne,
 Uenus thou set, Mercury, and the Mone masseline;
 Nexte fyre and ayre, so sotyl of engyne,

The to gloryfye:
 Wherfore we crye,
 Suffer nat Jaspas to dye,
 But to lyue;
 For eternally that he shal lyue.
 Is oure byleue.

Water, and erth with braunch and vine;
 And so, thy werkes to ende and fyne,
 Man to make thou dyd determyne,
 Of whome cam I:
 Wherfore I cry and the supplye,
 Suffer nat Jaspas to dye,
 But to lyue;
 For eternally that he shal lyue
 Is oure byleue.

With him, to comford at all tyme,
 Thou ioyned the sex than of frayle femynne,
 Which by temptacyon serpentyne
 Theyre hole sequele broughte to ruyne
 By ouergrete folye:
 Wherfore we crye,
 Suffer not Jaspas to dye,
 But to lyue;
 For eternally that he shal lyue
 Is oure byleue.

Than, of thy godenes, thou dyd enclyne
 Flessh to take of thy moder and virgyne,
 And vs amonge, in payne and famyne,
 Dwalte, and taughte thy holy doctryne
 Uulgarly:
 Wherfore we crye,
 Suffer nat Jaspas to dye,
 But to lyue;
 For eternally that he shal lyue
 Is oure byleue.

Tyl a travtoure, by false couyne,
 To Pylat accused the at pryne;
 So taken, slayne, and buryed at complyne,
 Rose agayne, of Adam redemyng the lyne
 By thy infynyte mercy:
 For whych mercy,
 Incessantly we crye,
 And the supplye,
 Suffer nat our lorde to dye,
 But to lyue;
 For eternally that he shal lyue
 Is oure byleue.

Kynges, prynces, remembre, whyle ye may,
 • Do for yoursilfe, for that shal ye fynde
 Executours often maketh delay,
 The bodye buryed, the soule sone oute of mynde;
 Marke this wel, and graue it in youre mynde,
 Howe many grete estates gone are before,
 And howe after ye shal folowe by course of kynde:
 Wherefore do for youresilfe; I can say no more.

Though ye be governours, moste precious in kynde,
 Caste downe your crounes and costely appareyle,
 Endored with golde and precyous stones of Ynde,
 For al in the ende lytyl shal auayle;
 Whan youre estates Deth lyketh to assayle,
 Your bodyes bulgyng with a blyster sore,
 Than withstande shal neyther plate ne mayle:
 Wherefore do for youresilfe; I can say no more.

There is a vertue that moost is anaunsed,
 Pure perseueraunce called on the porayle,
 By whome al vertues are enhaunsed,
 Which is not wonne but by diligente tranayle:

Ware in the ende; for and that vertue fayle,
 Body and soule than are ye forlore:
 Wherefore, if ye folowe wyll holsom counsayle,
 Do for youresilfe; I can say no more.

Kynges, prynces, moste souerayne of renoune,
 Remembre oure maister that gone is byfore:
 This worlde is casual, nowe vp, nowe downe;
 Wherefore do for yoursilfe; I can say no more.

Amen.

Honor tibi, Deus, gloria, et laus!

Smerte, maister de ses ouzeaus.

ELEGY ON KING HENRY THE SEVENTH.*

. . . . orlde all wrapped in wretchydnes,
 hy pompes so gay and gloryous,
 easures and all thy ryches
 y be but transytoryous;
 to moche pyteous,
 e that eche man whylom dred,
 by naturall lyne and cours,
 s, alas, lyeth dede!

. . . . ryall a kyng,
 ianer the prudent Salamon;
 sse and in euery thyng,
 io Crysten regyon,
 not longe agone,
 his name by fame spr[e]de;
 te nowe destytute alone,
 as, alas, lyeth dede!

* From an imperfect broadside in the Douce Collection, now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. This unique piece formerly belonged to Dr. Farmer, who has written on it, "Qu. the author of this Elegy? Per *J. Skelton*, tho' not in his works?" to which Douce has added, "The Doctor is probably right in what he says concerning the Elegy on Henry the Seventh, which is a singular curiosity."

At the top of the original is a woodcut, representing the dead king, lying on a bed or bier, crowned and holding his sceptre; on one side the royal arms, on the other the crown resting on a full-blown rose, which has the king's initials in its centre.

Henry died April 21st, 1509: see note, vol. iii. p. 170.

. . . . ater we wretchyd creatures,
 es and tryumphaut maiesty,
 pastymes and pleasures,
 thouten remedye;
 o wyll the myserable bodye
 n heuy lede,
 lde but vanyte and all vanytye,
 h alas, alas, lyeth dede!

. . . . is subjectes and make lamentacyon
 o noble a gouernoure;
 ayers make we exclamacyon,
 de to his supernall toure:
 dly rose floure,
 yally all aboute spred,
 iated where is his power?
 alas, alas, lyeth dede!

Of this moost Crysten kyng in vs it lyeth not,
 His tyme passed honour suffycient to prayse;
 But yet though that that thyng envalue we may not,
 Our prayers of suertye he shall haue alwayes;
 And though that Atropose hathe ended his dayes,
 His name and fame shall euer be dred
 As fer as Pliebus spredes his golden rayes,
 Though Henry the Seuenth, alas, alas, lyeth dede!

But nowe what remedye? he is vncouerable,
 Touchyd by the handes of God that is moost just;
 But yet agayne a cause moost comfortable
 We haue, wherin of ryght reioys we must,
 His sone on lyue in beaute, force, and lust,
 In honour lykely Traianus to shede;
 Wherefore in hym put we our hope and trust,
 Syth Henry his fader, alas, alas, lyeth dede!

And nowe, for conclusyon, aboute his herse
 Let this be grauyd for endeles memorye,

With sorowfull tunes of Thesyphenes verse;
 Here lyeth the puyssaunt and myghty Henry,
 Hector in batayll, Vlyxes in polecy,
 Salamon in wysdome, the noble rose rede,
 Creses in rychesse, Julyus in glory,
 Henry the Seuenth ingraued here lyeth dede!

VOX POPULI, VOX DEL.*

Mr. Skeltone, poete.

To the Kinges moste Exellent Maiestie.

I PRAY yow, be not wrothe
 For tellyng of the trothe;
 For this the worlde yt gothe
 Bothe to lyffe and lothe,
 As God hymselffe he knothe;
 And, as all men vndrestandes,
 Both lordeshipes and landes
 Are nowe in fewe mens handes;
 Both substance and bandes
 Of all the hole realme
 As most men exteame,
 Are nowe consumyd cleane

* *Vox Populi, Vox Dei*] From *MS. 2567* in the Cambridge Public Library, collated with *MS. Harl. 367*, fol. 130. The latter, though it contains a very considerable number of lines which are not found in the former, and which I have placed between brackets, is on the whole the inferior *MS.*, its text being greatly disfigured by provincialisms.

This poem, which is assigned to Skelton only in the Cambridge *MS.*, was evidently composed by some very clumsy imitator of his style. The subject, however, renders it far from uninteresting.

From the fermour and the poore
 To the towne and the towre;
 Whiche makyth theym to lower,
 To see that in their flower
 Ys nother malte nor meale,
 Bacon, beffe, nor veale,
 Crocke mylke nor kele,
 But readye for to steale
 For very pure neade.
 Your comons saye indeade,
 Thei be not able to feade
 In their stable scant a steade,
 To brynge vp nor to breade,
 Ye, scant able to brynge
 To the marckyt eny thyng
 Towardes their housekeping;
 And scant have a cowe,
 Nor to kepe a poore sowe:
 This the worlde is now.
 And to heare the relacyon
 Of the poore mens comunycacion,
 Vndre what sorte and fashyon
 Thei make their exclamacyon,
 You wolde have compassion.
 Thus goyth their protestacion,
 Sayeng that suche and suche,
 That of late are made riche,
 Have to, to, to myche
 By grasyng and regratinge,
 By poulyng and debatyng,
 By roulyng and by dating,
 By checke and checkematyng,
 [With delays and debatyng,
 With cowstomes and tallynges,
 Forfayttes and forestallynges];
 So that your comons saye,
 Thei styll paye, paye
 Most willyngly allwaye,
 But yet thei see no staye

Of this outrage araye:
Vox populi, vox Dei;
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thyng!

2.

And thus the voyce doth multiplye
 Amonge your graces commonaltye:
 Thei are in suche greate penury
 That thei can nother sell nor bye,
 Suche is their extream povertye;
 Experyence dothe yt verefye,
 As trothe itselfe dothe testefye.
 This is a marvellous myserye:
 And trewe thei saye, it is no lye;
 For grasyers and regraters,
 Withe to many shepemasters,
 That of erable grounde make pastures,
 Are thei that be these wasters
 That wyll vndoo your lande,
 Yf thei contynewe and stande,
 As ye shall vnderstand
 By this lytle boke:
 Yf you yt overloke,
 And overloke agayne,
 Yt wyll tell you playne
 The tenour and the trothe,
 Howe nowe the worlde yt gothe
 Withe my neighbour and my noste,¹
 In every countre, towne, and coste,
 Within the circumvisions
 Of your graces domynyons;
 And why the poore men wepe
 For storyng of suche shepe,
 For that so many do kepe

¹ *my noste*] i. e. mine host.

Suche nombre and suche store
 As never was seene before:
 [What wolde ye any more?]

The encrease was never more.
 Thus goythe the voyce and rore:
 And truthe yt is indeade;
 For all men nowe do breade
 Which can ketche any lande
 Out of the poore mans hande;
 For who ys so greate a grasyer
 As the landlorde and the laweare?
 For at every drawing daye
 The bucher more must paye
 For his fattig ware,
 To be the redyare
 Another tyme to crave,
 When he more shepa wold have;
 And, to elevate th^r pryce,
 Somewhate he must ryce
 Withe a sinque or a sice,
 So t^hat the bucher cannot spare,
 Towardes his charges and his fare,
 To sell the very carcass bare
 Vnder xij^s or a marke,
 [Wiche is a pytyfull werke,]
 Besyde the offall and the flece,¹
 The flece and the fell:
 Thus he dothe yt sell.
 Alas, alas, alas,
 This is a pitious case!
 What poore man nowe is able
 To have meate on his table?
 An oxe at foure ponde,
 Yf he be any thyng rounde,
 Or cum not in theire grounde,

¹ *the flece*] A line, which rhymed with this, has dropt out.

Suche labour for to waste:
 This ys the newe caste,
 The newe cast from the olde;
 This comon pryce thei holde;
 Whiche is a very ruthe,
 Yf men myght saye the truthe.
 The comons thus dothe saye,
 They are not able to paye,
 But *miserere mei*:
Vox populi, vox Dei;
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thyngel

3.

Howe saye you to this, my lordes?
 Are not these playne recordes?
 Ye knowe as well as I,
 This makes the comons crye,
 This makes theym crye and wepe,
 Myssevsing so their shepe,
 Their shepe, and eke their beves,
 As yll or wourse then theaves:
 Vnto a comonwealthe
 This ys a very stealthe.
 But you that welthe this bete,
 You landlordes that be grete,
 You wolde not pay so for your meate,
 Excepte your grasing ware so sweate,
 Or elles I feare me I,
 Ye wold fynde remeadye,
 And that right shortlye.
 But yet this extremytie,
 None feles yt but the comynaltie:
 Alas, is there no remedye,
 To helpe theym of this myserye?
 Yf there shuld come a rayne,
 To make a dearthe of grayne,
 As God may send yt playne
 For our covetous and disdayne,

I wold knowe, among vs all,
 What ware he that shuld not fall
 And sorowe as he went,
 For Godes ponyshment?
 Alas, this were a plage¹
 For poverties pocession,
 Towardes theire suppression,
 For the greate mens transgression!
 Alas, my lordes, foresee
 There may be remeadye!
 For the comons saye,
 Thei have no more to paye:
Vox populi, vox Dei;
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thyng!

4.

And yet not long agoo
 Was preachers on or twoo,
 That spake yt playne inowe
 To you, to you, and to you,
 Hygh tyme for to repent
 This dyvelishe entent
 [Of covitis the convente]:
 From Scotland into Kent
 This preaching was bysprent;
 And from the easte frount
 Vnto Saynct Myghelles Mount,
 This sayeng dyd surmount
 Abrode to all mens eares,
 And to your graces peeres,
 That from piller vnto post
 The powr man he was tost;
 I meane the labouring man,
 I meane the husbandman,
 I meane the ploughman,

¹ *plage*] A line wanting to rhyme with this.

I meane the playne true man,
 I meane the handicrafteman,
 I meane the victualing man,
 Also the good yeman,
 That some tyme in this realme
 Had plentye of kye and creame,
 [Butter, egges, and chesse,
 Hony, vax, and besse]:
 But now, alacke, alacke,
 All theise men goo to wracke,
 That are the bodye and the staye
 Of your graces realme allwaye!
 Allwaye and at leinghe
 Thei must be your streinghe,
 Your streinghe and your teme,
 For to defende your realme.
 Then yf theise men appall,
 And lacke when you do call,
 Which way may you or shall
 Resist your enemyes all,
 That over raging streames
 Will vade from forreyn reames?
 For me to make judiciall,
 This matter is to mystycall;
 Judge you, my lordes, for me you shall,
 Yours ys the charge that governes all;
 For *vox populi* me thei call,
 That makith but reherssall
De parvo,¹ but not *de* totall,
De locis, but not locall:
 Therefore you must not blame
 The wight that wrot the same;
 For the comons of this land
 Have sowen this in their sande,
 Plowing yt withe their hande;
 I founde it where I stande;

¹ *parvo*] MS. C. "paruie." MS. Harl. "parvū." Qy.
 "parvis?"

And I am but the hayne
 That wryttes yt newe agayne,
 The coppye for to see,
 That also learneth me
 To take therby good hede
 My shepe howe for to fede;
 For I a shepherd am,
 A sorye poore man;
 Yet wolde I wyshe, my lordes,
 This myght be your recordes,
 And make of yt no dreame,
 For yt ys a worthy realme,
 A realme that in tymes past
 Hath made the prowdest agast.
 Therefore, my lordes all,
 Note this in especiall,
 And have it in memoryall
 [With youre wysse vnyversall,
 That nether faver nor effection,
 Yowe grawnt youre protection
 To suche as hath ¹ by election
 Shall rewle by erection,
 And doth gett the perfection
 Of the powre menes refection;
 Wiche ys a grett innormyte
 Vnto youre grasys commynalte;
 For thay that of latt did supe
 Owtt of an aschyn cuppe,
 Are wonderfully sprowng vpe;
 That nowght was worth of latt,
 Hath now a cubborde of platt,
 His tabell furnyscheyd toe,
 With platt besett inowe,
 Persell gylte and sownde,
 Well worth towo thousande pounde.

¹ *To suche as hath, &c.*] There appears to be some corruption here.

With castinge cownteres and ther pen,
 Thes are the vpstart gentyllmen;
 Thes are thay that dewowre
 All the goodes of the pawre,
 And makes them dotysche davys,
 Vnder the cowler of the kenges lawys.
 And yett another decaye
 To youre grasys seetes alwaye;
 For the statte of all youre marchantmen
 Vndo most parte of youre gentyllmen,
 And wrape them in suche bandes
 That thay haue halle ther landes,
 And payeth but halfe in hande,
 Tyll thay more vnderstownde
 Of the profett of there lande,
 And for the other halfe
 He shalbe mayd a calfe,
 Excepte he haue gud frendes
 Wiche well cane waye bothe endes;
 And yet with frendes tooe
 He shall haue mvche to doe;
 Wiche ys a grett innormyte
 To youre grasys regallyte.
 Lett marchantmen goe sayle
 For that ys ther trwe waylle;
 For of one c. ye haue not ten
 That now be marchantes ventring men,
 That occupi grett inawnderes,
 Forther then into Flanderes,
 Flawnderes or into France,
 For fere of some myschance,
 But lyeth at home, and standes
 By morgage and purchasse of landes
 Owtt of all gentyllmenes handes,
 Wiche showld serve alwaye your grace
 With horse and men in chasse;
 Wiche ys a grett dewowre
 Vnto youre regall pawre.
 What prësydente cane they shewe,
 That fowre skore yeres agooe,

That¹ any marchant here,
 Above all charges clere,
 In landes myght lett to hyre
 To thowsant markes by yere?
 Other where shall ye fynde
 A gentyllman by kynde,
 But that thay wyll ly in the wynde,
 To breng hyme fer behynde,
 Or elles thay wyll haue all,
 Yf nedes thay hyme forstall?
 Wiche ys the hole decaye
 Of your marchantmen, I saye,
 And hynderes youre grasys costome
 By the yere a thowsant pawnde,
 And so marryth, the more petye,
 The comonwelth of yche sytte,
 And vndoth the cowntre,
 As prosse [?] doth make propertie:
 This matter most spesyally
 Wolde be loked one quiclye.
 Yett for ther recreation,
 In pastime and procreation,
In tempore necessitatis,
 I wysche thay myght haue grattis
 Lysens to compownde,
 To purchasse fortie pownde
 Or fyfte at the moste,
 By fyne or wrytte of post;
 And yf any marchantman,
 To lyve his occupieng then,
 Wolde purchasse any more,
 Lett hyme forfett it therfore.
 Then showld ye se the trade
 That marchantmen frist mayde,
 Whyche wysse men dyd marshall,
 For a welth vnyversall,

¹ *That*] *Qy. dele?*

Yche man this lawe to lerne,
 And trewly his goodes to yerne,
 The landlord with his terme,
 The plowghtman with his ferme,
 The kneght wyth his fare,
 The marchant with his ware,
 Then showld increse the helth
 Of yche comonwelthe],
 And be not withe me wrothe
 For tellyng you the trothe;
 For I do heare yt everye daye,
 How the comons thus do saye,
 Yf thei hadde yt, thei wold paye:
Vox populi, vox Dei;
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thyng!

5.

But, howe, Robyn, howe!
 Whiche waye dothe the wynde blowe?
 Herke! hercke! hercke!
 Ys not here a pytious werke,
 The grounde and the cheiffe
 Of all this hole myscheiffe?
 For our covetous lordes
 Dothe mynde no nother ¹ recordes,
 But framyng fynes for fermes,
 Withe to myche, as some termes,
 Withe reutes and remaynders,
 Withe surveye and surrenders,
 Withe comons and comon ingenders,
 Withe inclosyers and extenders,
 Withe horde vp, but no spenders;
 For a comonwealthe
 Whiche is a verye stealthe.

¹ *no nothe* | i. e. none other. *MS. Harl.* "noe other."

Prove it who shall
 To make therof tryall,
 Thus goithe theire dyall:
 I knowe not whates a clocke,
 But by the cowntre cocke,
 The mone¹ nor yet the pryme,
 Vntyll the sonne do shyne;
 Or els I coulde tell
 Howe all thynges shulde be well.
 The compas may stand awrye,
 But the carde wyll not lye:
 Hale in your mayne shete,
 This tempest is to grete.
 [For þe ʒre men dayly sees
 How officers takes their fees,
 Summe yll, and some yet worse,
 As good right as to pike there purse:
 Deservethe this not Godes curse?
 There consyenes ys sooe grett,
 Thaye fera not to dischare,²
 Yf it were as moche more,
 Soe thay maye haue the stowre.
 Thus is oure we[l]the vndone
 By synguler commodome;
 For we are in dyvision,
 Bothe for reght and religion;
 And, as some saythe,
 We stagger in our faythe:
 But excepte in shortt tyme
 We drawe by one lyne,
 And agre with one accorde,
 Bothe the plowghman and the lorde,
 We shall sore rewe
 That ever this statte we knewe.]

¹ *mone*] So both *MSS.* But qy. "none?"

² *dischare*] There is some error here; and perhaps a line or more has dropt out.

The comons so do saye,
 Yf thei had yt, thei wold paye:
Vox populi, vox Dei;
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thyng!

6.

Thus runnes this rumour about
 Amongest the hole route;
 Thei can not bryng aboute
 How this thyng shuld be,
 Yt hathe suche high degree:
 The coyne yt is so scante,
 That every man dothe wante,
 And some thincke not so scace,
 But even as myche to base.
 Our merchauntmen do saye,
 Thei fynde it day by daye
 To be a matter straunge,
 When thei shulde make exchange
 On the other side the sea,
 Thei are dryven to their plea;
 For where oure pounce somtyme
 Was better then theirs by nyne,
 Nowe ours, when yt comes forthe,
 No better then theirs is worthe,
 No, nor scant soo good;
 Thei saye so, by the roode.
 Howe maye the merchauntman
 Be able to occupye than,
 Excepte, when he comes heare,
 He sell his ware to deare?
 He neades must have a lyveng,
 Or elles, fye on hys wynneng!
 This coyne by alteracion
 Hathe brought this desolacyon,
 Whiche is not yet all knowen
 What myscheiffe it hathe sowen.

Thei saye, Woo worthe that man
 That first that coyne began,
 To put in any hedde
 The mynde to suche a rede,
 To come to suche a hiere
 For covetous desyre!
 I knowe not what it meanethe;
 But this thei saye and deamythe,
Væ illi per quem scandalum venit!
 For this wyll axe greate payne
 Before it be well agayne,
 Greate payne and sore
 To make it as it was before.
 The comons thus do saye,
 Yf thei hadde yt, thei would paye:
Vox populi, vox Dei;
 O most noble kynge,
 Consydre well this thinge!

7.

This matter is to trewe,
 That many man dothe rewe
 These sorowes doo ensue;
 For poore men thei doo crye,
 And saye it is awrye;
 Thei saye thei can not be herde,
 But styll from daye defferde,
 When thei have any sute,
 Thei maye goo blowe their flute:
 This goithe the comon brute.
 The riche man wyll come in;
 For he is sure to wyne,
 For he can make his waye,
 With hande in hande to paye,
 Bothe to thicke and thynne;¹

¹ *thynne*] A line, or perhaps more, has dropt out here.

Or els to knowe their pleasure,
 My lorde is not at leysure;¹
 The poore man at the durre
 Standes lyke an Island curre,
 And dares not ons to sturre,
 Excepte he goo his waye,
 And come another daye;
 And then the matter is made,
 That the poore man with his spade
 Must no more his farme invade,
 But must vse some other trade;
 For yt is so agreed
 That my ladye mesteres Mede²
 Shall hym expulce with all spede,
 And our master the landlorde
 Shall have yt all at his accorde,
 His house and farme agayne,
 To make therof his vttermost gayne;
 For his vantage wylbe more,
 With shepe and cattell it to store,
 And not to ploughe his grounde no more,
 Excepte the fermour wylly aryere
 The rent hyere by a hole yeare:
 Yet must he have a fyne too,
 The bargayne he may better knowe;
 Which makes the marcket now so deare
 That there be fewe that makes good cheare;
 For the fermour must sell his goose,
 As he may be able to paye for his house,
 Or els, for non payeng the rent,
 Avoyde at our Lady daye in Lent:
 Thus the poore man shalbe shent;

¹ *My lorde is not at leysure*] A line borrowed from Skelton's *Why come ye nat to Courte*, v. 622. vol. ii. 297.

² *mesteres Mede*] The writer, perhaps, recollected that Skelton had mentioned "mayden Meed" in *Ware the Hauke* v. 149. vol. i. 178.

And then he and his wyffe,
 With their children, all their lyffe,
 Doth crye oute and ban
 Vpon this covetous man.
 I sweare by God omnyotent,
 I feare me that this presedent
 Wyll make vs all for to be shent.
 Trowe you, my lordes that be,
 That God dothe not see
 This riche mans charitie
Per speculum ænigmatæ?
 Yes, yes, you riche lordes,
 Yt is wrytten in Cristes recordes,
 That Dives laye in the fyere
 With Belsabub his sire,
 And Pauper he above satte
 In the seate of Habrahams lappe,
 And was taken from thys Troye,
 To lyve allwaye with God in ioye
 The comons thus do saye,
 Yf thei had yt, thei wold paye:
Vox populi, vox Dei;
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thyng!

8.

The prayse no les is worthe,
 Godes worde is well sett forthe:
 Yt never was more preached,
 Nor never so playnlye taught;
 Yt never was so hallowed,
 Nor never so lytle followed
 Bothe of highe and lowe,
 As many a man dothe trowe;
 For this ys a playne perscripcion,
 We have banyshed superstycion,
 But styll we kepe ambycion;
 We have sent awaye all cloysterers,
 But styll we kepe extorcyoners;

We have taken theire landes for theire abuse,
 But we convert theym to a wourse vse.
 Yf this tale be no lye,
 My lordes, this goythe awrye;
 Awrye, awrye ye goo,
 With many thinges moo,
 Quyte from the highe waye.
 The comons thus do saye,
 Yff thei hadd yt, thei wold paye:
Vox populi, vox Dei;
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thinge!

9.

Off all this sequell
 The faute I can not tell:
 Put you together and spell,
 My lordes of the councell.
 I feare all be not well,
 Ambycion so dothe swell,
 As gothe by reporte,
 Amonge the greatest sorte;
 A wonderfull sorte of selles,
 That *vox populi* telles,
 Of those bottomlesse welles,
 That are este, weast, and so furthe,
 Bothe by southe, and also northe,
 Withe riche, riche, and riche,
 Withe riche, and to myche,
 The poore men to begyle,
 Withe sacke and packe to fyle,
 [With suche as we compownd
 For an offys ij thowsant pownde:
 Howe maye suche men do reght,
 Youre pawre men to requytt
 Owtt of there trowbell and payne,
 But thay most gett it agayne
 By craft or such coarsyon,
 By bryberey and playne exstorsyon?]

With many ferrelys moo,
 That I could truly shewe:
 There never was suche myserye,
 Nor never so myche vserye.
 The comons so do saye,
 Yf we had ytt, we wold paye:
Vox populi, vox Dei;
 O most noble kynge,
 Consydre well this thyngel

10.

And thus this ile of Brutes,
 Most plentyfull of frutes,
 Ys sodenlye decayede;
 Poore men allmost dysmayde,
 Thei are so overlayed:
 I feare and am afrayde
 Of the stroke of God,
 Whiche ys a perelous rodde.
 Praye, praye, praye,
 We never se that daye;
 For yf that daye do come,
 We shall dyssever and ronne,
 The father agaynst the sonne,
 And one agaynst another.
 By Godes blessed mother,
 Or thei begynne to hugger,
 For Godes sake looke aboute,
 And staye betymes this route,
 For feare thei doo come oute.
 I put you out of doubtte,
 There ys no greate trust,
 Yf trothe shuld be discuste:
 Therefore, my lordes, take heade
 That this gere do not brede
 At chesse to playe a mate,
 For then yt is to late:
 We may well prove a checke,
 But thei wyll have the neke;

Yt is not to be wondered,
 For thei are not to be nombred.
 This the poore men saye,
 Yf thei hadde yt, thei wolde paye:
Vox populi, vox Dei;
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thinge!

11.

Yt is not one alone
 That this dothe gronte and grone,
 And make this pytyous mone;
 For yt is more then wonder,
 To heare the infynyte nombre
 Of poore men that dothe shewe
 By reason yt must be soo.
 Thei wishe and do coniecter
 That my lordes grace and protector,
 That cheiffe is nowe erector
 And formost of the ryng,
 Vnder our noble kyng,
 That he wold se redresse
 Of this moste greate excesse,
 For yt stondes on hym no lesse;
 For he is calde doubteles
 A man of greate prowesse,
 And so dothe beare the fame,
 And dothe desyre the same;
 His mynde thei saye is good,
 Yf all wold followe his moode.
 Nowe for to sett the frame,
 To kepe styll this good name,
 He must delaye all excuses,
 And ponnyshe these greate abuses
 Of these fynes and newe vses,
 That have so many muses;
 And first and pryncipallye
 Suppresses this shamfull vsurye,

Comonlye called husbandrye;
 For yf there be no remeadye
 In tyme and that right shortlye,
 Yt wyll breade to a pluresye,
 Whiche is a greate innormytie
 To all the kynges comynaltye;
 For there is no smale nombre
 That this faute dothe incombreyne:
 Yt is a wordly wondre.
 The comons thus do saye,
 Yf thei had yt, thei wolde paye:
Vox populi, vox Dei;
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thyng!

12.

Nowe, at your graces leysour,
 Yf you wyll see the seisor
 Of all the cheffe treasure,
 Heapyd without measure,
 Of the substance of your realme,
 As yt were in a dreame,
 I wyll make an esteame,
 In the handes of a fewe,
 The trothe you to showe,
 Howe this matter dothe goo;
 For I wyll not spare
 The trothe to declare;
 For trothe trulye ment
 Was never yet shent,
 Nor never shent shalbe;
 Note this text of me,
 Yt may a tyme be framed
 For feare some shuld be blamed,
 But yt wyll not be shamed;
 Yt is of suche a streinghe,
 Yt wyll overcome at leinghe.
 Yff nowe I shall not fayne,
 The trothe to tell you playne

Of all those that do holde
 The substance and the golde
 And the treasure of this realme; ¹
 And shortlye to call,
 Allmost thei have all;
 Att least thei have the trade
 Of all that may be made:
 And fyrst to declare
 By a bryeffe what thei are,
 To make shorte rehersall,
 As well spyrytuall as temporall;
 The laweare and the landelorde,
 The greate reave and the recorde,—
 The recorde I meane is he
 That hathe office or els ffee,
 To serve our noble kyng
 In his accomptes or recknyng
 Of his treasure surmonttynge,—
 Lorde chauncellour and chauncellours,
 Masters of myntes and monyers,
 Secondaryes and surveyours,
 Auditors and receivours,
 Customers and comptrollers,
 Purvyours and prollers,
 Marchauntes of greate sailes,
 With the master ² of woodsales,
 With grasyers and regraters,
 With Master Williams of shepe masters,
 And suche lyke comonwelthe wasters,
 That of erable groundes make pasters,
 [And payemasters suche as bythe
 With Trappes your golden smythe,]

¹ *realme*] A line wanting, to rhyme with this.

² *master*] *MS. Harl.* "maisteres:" but perhaps some particular individual is alluded to; compare the second line after.

With iij or iiij greate clothiars,
 And the hole lybell of lawyars:
 Withe theise and theire trayne,
 To be bryeffe and playne,
 Of theire to, to myche gayne
 That thei take for theire payne,
 Yt is knowen by ceirten sterres
 That thei may mayntayne your graces warres
 By space of a hole yeare,
 Be yt good chepe or deare,
 Though we shulde withstande
 Both Fraunce and Scotlande,
 And yet to leave ynough
 Of money, ware, and stuffe,
 Both in cattell and corne,
 To more then thei were borne,
 By patrymonye or bloode
 To enherytte so myche goode.
 By cause thei be so base,
 Thei wylbe neadye and scace;
 For *quod natura dedit*
 From gentle blode them ledyth;
 And to force a chorlishe best
Nemo attollere potest:
 Yet rather then thei wold goo before,
 Thei wolde helpe your grace with somewhat
 more,
 For thei be they that have the store;
 Those be they wyl warraunt ye,
 Though you loke never a penye
 Of your poore comynaltie.
 This is trewe vndoubtelye,
 I dare affyrme it certeynlye;
 For yf this world do holde,
 Of force you must be bolde
 To borowe theire fyne golde;
 For thei have all the store;
 For your comons have no more;

Ye may it call to lyght,
 For yt is your awne right,
 Yf that your grace have neade:
 Beleve this as your Creade.
 The poore men so do saye,
 Yf thei had yt, thei wold paye
 With a better wyll then thei:
Vox populi, vox Dei;
 O most noble kyng,
 Consyder well this thyng!

13.

O worthiest protectour,
 Be herin corrector!
 And you, my lordes all,
 Let not your honor appall,
 But knocke betymes and call
 For theise greate vsurers ail;
 Ye knowe the pryncypall:
 What neadith more rehersall?
 Yf you do not redresse
 By tyme this coveteousnes,
 My hed I hold and gage,
 There wylbe greate outrage;
 Suche rage as never was seene
 In any olde mans tyme.
 Also for this perplexyte,
 Of these that are most welthye,
 Yt ware a deade of charyte
 To helpe theym of this pluresie:
 Yt comes by suche greate fyttes
 That it takes awaye theire wyttes,
 Bothe in theire treasure tellynge,
 Or els in byeng and sellynge.
 Yf thei of this weare eased,
 Your grace shuld be well pleased,
 And thei but lytle deseased
 Of this covetous dropsye,
 That brynges theym to thys pluresie,

Bothe the pluresye and goute,
 Vncurable to be holpe [out],
 Excepte your grace for pytie
 Provyde this foresaid remeadye;
 As doctors holde opynyon,
 Both Ambros and Tertulian,
 Withe the Swepestake and the Mynyon,
 The Herte and the Swallowe,
 And all the rest that followe,
 Withe the Gallye and the Roo
 That so swyfte do goo,
 Goo, and that apase,
 By the Henry Grace,
 The Herrye and the Edwarde,—
 God sende theyn all well forwarde,
 Withe all the hole fleete!
 Whose counsell complete
 Saithe it is full mete
 That greate heddes and dyscreate
 Shulde loke well to there feate.
 Amen, I saye, so be ytt!
 As all your comons praye
 For your long healthe allwaye.
 Yf thei hadde yt, thei wold paye
 [With a better wyll then thay]:
Vox populi, vox Dei,
 Thus dothe wrytte, and thus doth saye,
 With this psalme, *Miserere mei*;
 O most noble kyng,
 Consyder well this thyng!

ffinis quothe Mr. Skelton, Poete Lawriate.¹

¹ *ffinis quothe Mr. Skelton, Poete Lawriate*] Instead of these words. *MS. Harl.* has,

“ God saue the kenge
 Finis quod vox populi vox dei.”

THE IMAGE OF IPOCRYSY.*

Vpon	In which how shamelessly
Of the cruell clergy[?],	They do and aye
And the proude prelacy[?],	Ther concyens testyfy
That now doo looke so hie,	The poppe[!]
As though that by and by	Curte[?]
They wold clymbe and flye	The rest of B
Vp to the clowdy skye:	markes,
Wher all men may espye,	That be heresyarkes,
By fals hipocrysy	Which do com[yt?] ther
Thei long haue blered the eye	warkes,
Of all the world well nye;	As one that in the darke ys,
Comytting apostacie	And wotes not wher the
Against that verytye	marke ys,
That thei can not denye:	Do take the kites for larkes.

* *The Image of Ipcrysy* Is now printed from *MS. Lansdown* 794. The original has very considerable alterations and additions by a different hand: the first page is here and there illegible, partly from the paleness of the ink, and partly from the notes which Peter Le Neve (the possessor of the MS. in 1724) has unmercifully scribbled over it. I give the title here as it stands at the end of the First Part.

Hearne and others have attributed this remarkable production to Skelton. The poem, however, contains decisive evidence that he was not its author: to say nothing of other passages,—the mention of certain writings of Sir Thomas More and of “the mayde of Kent” (Elizabeth Barton), which occurs in the Third Part, would alone be sufficient to prove that it was the composition of some writer posterior to his time.

Suche be owr primates,
 Our bisshopps and prelates,
 Our parsons and curates,¹
 With other like estates
 That were shaven pates;
 As monkes white and blacke,
 And channons that cane
 chatte,
 Glottons ffayre and fatt,
 With ffriers of the sacke,
 And brothers of the bagg,
 As nymble as a nagg,
 That cane bothe prate and
 bragg,
 To make the pulpett wagge
 With twenty thousand lyes,
 Do make the blind eate flyes,
 And blere our symple eyes,
 To make vs to beleve
 God morowe is god eve;
 For pleynly to be breve,
 So nye they do vs dreve,
 That we, to our great greve,
 Must sey that white is blacke,
 Or elles they sey we smacke,
 And smell we wote not what:
 But then beware the catt;
 For yf they smell a ratt,
 They grisely chide and chatt,
 And, Haue him by the jack,
 A fagott for his backe,
 Or, Take him to the racke,
 And drowne hyme in a sacke,
 Or burne hyme on a stake!

Lo, thus they vndertake
 The trothe false to make!
 Alas, for Christ his sake!
 Is the sonnelight darke,
 Or ignoraunc[e] a clarke,
 Bycawse that thei hath powre
 To sende men to the Towre,
 The simple to devowre?
 If they lyst to lowre,
 Ys suger therfor sowre?
 Dothe five and three make
 ffour?
 As well I durst be bolde
 To sey the ffier were colde.
 But yet they worke muche
 worse,
 When they for blissinge
 cowrse;
 For Father Friska jolly,
 And *Pater* Pecke a lolly,
 That be all full of folly,
 Doo fayne them seem holy,
 For ther monopoly,
 And ther private welthe,
 That they haue take by
 stelthe;
 And in the churche they
 lurke,
 As ill as any Turke,
 So proudely they vsurpe,
 Besyde the spritt of Christ,
 The office of a pryste
 In any wise to take,
 As thoughe it were a iape,

¹ *Our parsons and curates*] This line (now pasted over in the MS.) has been obtained from a transcript of the poem made by Thomas Martin of Palgrave.

To runne in att the rove;
 For some of them do prove
 To clyme vpp ere they knowe
 The doore from the wyndowe;
 They may not stoope alowe,
 But backe bend as a bowe;
 They make an owtwarde
 showe,

And so forthe one a rowe,
 As dapper as a crowe,
 And perte as any pye,
 And lighte as any fly.
 At borde and at table
 They be full servysable,
 Sober and demure,
 Acquayntans to allure,
 Wher they may be sure¹
 By any craft or trayne
 To fyshe for any gayne,²
 Or wayt for any wynnynge,—
 A prestly begynnynge!
 For many a hyerlinge,
 With a wilde fyerlinge,
 Whan his credyte is most,
 With mikell brag and bost
 Shall pryck owt as a post,
 Chafyng lyke myne hoste,
 As hott as any toste,
 And ride from cost to cost,
 And then shall rule the rost.

And some avaunced be
 For ther auncente,
 Thoughe ther antiquitye
 Be all innequitye;
 Yett be they called
 To the charge of the fald,
 Because they be balled,
 And be for bisshoppes stalled.
 And some kepe ther stations
 In owtwarde straunge na-
 tyons,
 Lernynge invocatyons,
 And craftye incantatyons;
 And so by enchantement
 Gette theyr avauancement.
 And some by fayned favour
 For honour or for havour,
 By voyses boughte and solde,
 For sylver and for golde,
 For lande, for rente or ffee,
 Or by authoritye
 Of menn of hye degree,
 Or for some qualitye,
 As many of them bee,
 For ther actyvitee,
 Ther practyse and industrie,
 Sleyght, craft, and knavery,
 In matters of bawdery,
 Or by helpe of kynne,
 An easy life to wyne.

¹ *Wher they may be sure*] Followed by a deleted line, now partly illegible,—

“ wayte to haue wynnynge.”

² *To fyshe for any gayne*] Followed by a deleted line which seems to have been,—

“ With shotinge or with singinge.”

I swere by Saincte Mary,
 He that thus dothe cary
 Is a mercenary,
 Yea, a sangunary,
 A pastore for to pull
 Of bothe skynne and wolle.
 Thoughe Christ be the doer,
 They force not of his looer,
 They sett therby no stoore;
 Ther stody is for moore:
 And I tell youe therfore
 That they ther tyme temper
 With a provisoo *semper*
 An other way to enter,
 For love of wordely good,
 Not forcinge of the ffloode
 Of hyme that bledd the roode;
 It is not for ther moode.
 They make deambulacyons
 With great ostentations,
 And loke for salutacions
 On every mannes face,
 As in the merkett place
 To saye, God saue your
 grace!
 Thus in churche and che-
 pinge,
 Wher they may haue me-
 tinge
 With lordes and with ladyes,
 To be called Rabyes:
 Nowe God saue these dadyes,
 And all ther yonge babyes!
 The holy worde of God

Is by these men forbod;
Pater noster and Creede
 They vtterly forbeede
 To be said or songe
 In our vulgar tonge.
 Ohe Lorde, thou hast great
 wronge
 Of these that shoulde be
 trustye,
 Whiche sey the breade is
 musty,
 And with ther lawe vnusty
 Make it rusty and dusty!
 But I do thinke it rustye
 For lacke of exercyse:
 Wherfore they be vnwise
 That will the lawe despise,
 And daylye newe devyse,
 So dyvers and so straunge,
 Which¹ chaunge and re-
 chaunge
 Of fastinges and of feestes,
 Of bowes² and behestes,
 With many of ther³ iestes,
 As thoughe lay men wer
 bestes;
 As many of vs bee,
 That may and will not see,
 Nor ones cast vpp an eye,
 These jugglinges to espye;
 For this that nowe is vsed
 Is efte ageyne refused,
 Chaunged or mysused,
 That we be still abused:

¹ Which] Qy. "With?"

² bowes] Qy. "vowes?"

³ of ther] Qy. "other?"

As many as ther bee
 In faythe and charitec.
 But nowe by fals abvsyon,
 The clergy by collution,
 Without good conclution,
 Haue broughte vs to confu-
 tion,
 And made an illution:
 By great inyquytie,
 Avaunt themselves to be
 No lesse then godes, yee,
 Of equall authorytye;
 Whiche, by ipocrysye,
 To exalt ther dignytie,
 Call vs the leudd lay ffee,
 Men of temporalitee;
 But they pretend to bee
 A people eternall,
 Of powr supernall:
 I fere m^o, infernall;
 For they that be carnall,
 Idolaters to Baall,
 And nothings gostely at all,
 Be named spirituall;
 Fo so we must them calle,
 As we aye do and shall,
 What happe soever falle.
 Ther successyon may not dye,
 But lyve eternallye;
 For, without question,
 Perpetuall succession
 They haue from one to other,
 As childer of ther mother;

Yea, they kepe all in store
 That other hadd afore,
 And daylye gather more.
 Lo, thus the people rore,
 As on a fistred sore
 Of matter most vnpure,
 That thei ar dryven to indure
 Tyll God himself send cure!
 That as you be possessors,
 So be yee successors
 Vnto your predecessors:
 And yet ye be questors,
 And hoorders vppe of testers,
 Ye daylye cache and gather
 Of mother and of father,
 And of no man rather
 Then of your poore brother,
 And of euery other;
 Yea, all that comes is gayne,
 You passe of no mans payne,
 Whiche ye allwey reteyne,
 Who ever grudge or playne,
 It may not out agayne;
 Noughte may be remitted
 That to youe is commytted;
 Ye be not so lighte witted.
 The people thinke it true
 That ye possession sue
 To haue an easy life,
 Without debate or strife,
 To lyve without a wife,
 Lordely¹ and at ease,
 Without payne or disease,

¹ *Lordely, &c.*] On the outer margin of the MS., opposite this verse, are the following lines, partly cut off by the binder;

“Thes be the knavysh
 knackes that ever w . . .
 o . . .
 ffor Javelles and for J[ackes].”

Your belly god to please,
 And worldly welth to haue:
 Ye do your heeades shave,
 To make youe sure and save
 In every wind and wave,
 That wolde as sone rave
 As ones to chippe¹ an heare
 So farre aboue your eare,
 Or suche an habite weare,
 With a polled heade,
 To fayne yourselves deade;
 But for possessions sake
 That ye suche rules take,
 And bynde youe to the brake,
 That ye maye not forsake
 Durynge all your lyves:
 So well is he that thrives.
 Thus be youe spirituall;
 And yett ye do vs call
 But lewde and temporall;
 And that is for that we
 So weake and simple be,
 To put oure possession
 From oure succession
 And heires lyniall
 Or kynne collaterall,
 That be menn temporall,
 And so from lyne to lyne;
 For ech man for his tyme
 Sayes, While it is myne,
 I will give while I maye,
 That, when I am away,
 They shall both singe and
 saye,
 And for my soules helthe
 pray,

Tyll it be domes day:
 So, after this array,
 Alake and well away!
 We oure landes straye,
 And other goodes decay;
 Wherat ye laughe and play:
 And natheles allwey
 We dayly pay and pay,
 To haue youe to go gaye
 With wonderfull araye,
 As dysardes in a play.
 God wolde it were imprented,
 Written and indentyd,
 What youe haue invented!
 So great diversyte
 Nowe in your garmentes be,
 That wonder is to se;
 Your triple cappe and crowne,
 Curtle, cope, and gowne,
 More worthe then halfe a
 towne,
 With golde and perle sett,
 And stones well iffrett;
 Ther can be no bett;
 And for no price ye lett,
 How far of they be fett.
 Oh ye kynde of vipers,
 Ye beestly bellyters,
 With Raynes and Cipres,
 That haue so many miters!
 And yett ye be but mychers.
 Yone weere littell hattes,
 Myters, and square capps,
 Decked with flye flappes,
 With many prety knackes,
 Like Turkes of Tartary,

¹ *chippe*] Qy. "clippe?"

<p>Moores, or men of Moscovye, Or lyke bugges of Arraby, With ouches and bosses, With staves and crosses, With pillers and posses, With standers and banners, Without good life or manners: Then haue youe gay gloves, That with your hand moves, Wroughte with true loves, And made well, for the nones, With golde and precious stones: Ye blisse vs with your bones, And with your riche ringes, That quenes and kinges, At your offringes, Shall kisse with knelinges; Which your mynykyns And mynyon babbes, Your crosse chambred drabbes, When masse and all is done,¹ Shall were at afternone: Your curtells be of sylke, With rochetes white as mylke; Your bootes of righte sattyne, Or velvett crymosyne;</p>	<p>Your shoes wroughte with gold, To tredd vpon the molde; Wandring, as Vandals, In sylke and in sandals, Ye kepe your holy rules, As asses and mules; For on your cloven cules Will ye never sytt But on a rich carpott; And nowe and then a fitt, After the rule of Bennett, With, dythmunia vennett, A gaye a vott gennett, With Gill or with Jennyt, Wyth Cycely or Sare; Yf thei come wher they are, Thei lay one and not spare, And never look behind them, Wher soeuer they ffynd them; For whan that thei be hett, And Asmodeus grett, They take, as thei can gett, All fyshe that comes to nett, For lust fyndes no lett² Tyll hys poyson be spett; Be she fyne or feat, Be she white or jett, Long or short sett,</p>
--	--

¹ *When masse and all is done*] Followed by a deleted line;

“The paynes to release.”

² *For lust fyndes no lett*] Occupies the place of the following three deleted lines;

“be she ffayre or fowle
 for vnderneath an amys
 alyke ther hart is.”

Do she smyle or skowle,
 Be she ffayr or fowle,
 Or owgly as an owle;
 For vnderneath a cowle,
 A surplyse or an amys,
 Can no man do amys;
 Ye halse them from harmes
 With blessinges and charmes,
 While the water warmes,
 In your holy armes,
 Broging in ther barmes,
 Devoutly to clipe it,
 To caste her with a tryppyt,
 With, lusty Sir John, whip it
 Vnderneath your tippitt,
Prætextu pietatis,
Quam contaminatis
Sub jugo castitatis,
 Your burning heate to cease,
 And expell your disease,
 Vnder pretens of pease,
 The paynes to release
 Of poore sely sowles,
 That hide be in holes
 As hote as any coles.
 Ye cappes haue and capes,
 With many other iapes,
 To cover with your pates;
 As hoodes and cowles,
 Like horned owles,
 With skapplers and cootes,
 Courtbies and copes,
 White knotty ropes,
 With other instrumentes,
 Straunge habilimentes,
 And wanton vestementes,
 And other implementes,
 As tyrantes haue in tentes:
But what therby ment is,

Or what they signifye,
 I cane not tell, not I,
 Nor you vndowtedlye
 Can shew no reason whie.
 Ye make it herisy
 And treason to the kinge,
 Yf we speke any thinge
 That is not to your lykyng;e;
 The truth may not be spoken,
 But ye will be wroken:
 Yett marke and note this
 token;
 Yf Gods worde ones open,
 Which wyll er long perdye,
 Then shall we here and se
 In Cristianitye,
 Whether youe or we
 The very traytours be.
 But, by the Trynite,
 It wonder is to me
 To se your charite
 And hospitalite
 So littell to the poore;
 And yet vpon a hoore
 Ye passe for non expence,
 As thoughte it non offence
 Were in the sighte of God;
 Youe fray not of his rod;
 Youe loue your bely cod;
 For them that haue no nede
 Ye dayly feest and fede:
 I thinke it be to dreede
 Lest here you haue your
 mede.
 Ye drawe and cast lottes,
 In hattes and in pottes,
 For tottes and for quottes,
 And blere vs with your
 blottes,

And with your mery poppes:	We fether vppe oure ¹ hoodes.
Thus you make vs sottes,	Youe sanguinolently,
And play with vs. boopepe,	Your mony is so plenty,
With other gambaldes like,	That youe make no deynty
To pill oure Lordes sheepe,	Of twenty pound and twenty,
Your honour for to kepe,	So youe may haue entry;
Vsinge great excesse,	And then youe laughe and
Which I pray God repress,	skorne
And soone to sende redresse!	To se vs were the horne,
For no man can expresse	Ridinge here and hether,
The wo and wretchednesse	Goinge ther and thether,
Youe on oure neckes do lye,	Lyke cokold foles together,
By your grett tyrannye,	In colde, wynde, and in
Your pride and surquedrye,	wether,
That ye do openlye:	For woll, for ledd, and lether;
But that youe secretly	And yet do not consydre
Practyse pryvylye,	We wer an oxes fether:
May not be tolde,—and why?	This is a prety bob,
Lest it be herysye,	Oure hedes for to gnob ²
And than by and by	With suche a gentill job:
To make a faggott frye.	And we oure selves rob
For we can not deny,	Of landes temporall,
And treuth doth playne dys-	And jvelles great and smalle,
crye,	To give youe parte of all
And all wysemen espye	In almes perpetuall,
That all the falt doth lye	To make our heyres thrall
Vpon oure owne foly,	For your hye promotyon,
That ye be so iolye,	Through our blynde devo-
For with oure owne goodes	tion

¹ *oure*] Qy. "youre?" but compare 6th line of next column. In the following line, "*sanguinolently*" should perhaps be printed as Latin,—"*sanguinolenti*."

² *Oure hedes for to gnob*] Followed by two deleted lines;

"And make vs soch a lob
To vse one lyke a lob."

And small ¹ intellygens,	With all remorse and sens
But that our conscyens,	Of harty penytens.
Laden with offens,	This cane not be denyed:
And you vs so incense,	Your jugglyng is espied,
When we be going hens,	Your mayster is vntyed,
To make soch recompens,	Which is the prince of pride;
By gyvyng ² yowe our pens,	For you on neyther syde
Our land, goodes, and rentes,	Can suffire or abyde
For that holy pretens,	To here the troth tryed,
Havyng full confydens	Which ye intend to hide
That be a safe defens:	With vehement desyre,
So do we styll dyspens	As hote as any fire.

Thus endeth the first parte of this present treatyse, called
the Image of Ipcrysy.

Alake, for Christes might,	Both frend and foo they
These things go not arighte!	smyte
Oure lanterns give no lighte,	Wyth prison, deth, and
All bisshopps be not brighte:	flighte;
They be so full of spyte,	So dayly they do fyght
They care not whom they	To overturne the ryght:
byte,	So we be in the plyte,

And small, &c.

.

To make soch recompens]

This passage is substituted for two deleted lines;

“To your possessyon
Without discretion.”

By gyvyng, &c.

.

Of harty penytens]

This passage is substituted for three deleted lines;

“S . . . fonde affection
To cure correccion
Without protection.”

That, losing of oure sight,
 We know not black from
 whyght,
 And be thus blinded quyte,
 We know not day from nyght.
 But, by my syres soule,
 The true Apostell Paule
 Wrott, as we may see
 In Tyte and Tymothe,
 Who should a bisshoppe be:
 A man of holy liffe,
 The husbonde of one wiffe;
 That vseth not to strife,
 Or strike with sworde or
 knyff,
 Nor that at any tyme
 Suspected is of cryme,
 But wise and provident,
 Colde and contynent,
 But never vynolent;
 That when he eat or drinke,
 Slepe, awake, or winke,
 Doth styll on measure thinke,
 And therof vse a messe,
 To put away excesse,
 Kepe hyme lowe and chast;
 That he make no wast
 By prodigalite
 Or sensualityte,
 A waster for to be,
 But, after his degree,
 With liberallite
 Kepe hospitallite;
 He must be sadd and sage,
 Vsinge non outrage,
 But soberly with reason
 To spende in tyme and season,
 And so to kepe his meason;
 He may in no wise streke,

But suffer and be meke,
 Shamefast and discrete,
 Temperat, dulce, and swete,
 Not speakinge angerly,
 But soft and manerly;
 And, in any wise,
 Beware of covetyse,
 The rote of all ill vice;
 He must be liberall,
 And thanke oure Lorde of all;
 And, as a heerde his sheepe,
 His childer must he kepe,
 And all his family
 In vertu edyfy,
 Vnder disciplyne
 Of holsome doctryne,
 With dew subiection,
 That non obiection
 Be made vnto his heste
 Of most or of leste;
 For thus he doth conclude,
 As by simylitude,
 Howe he that cane not skill
 His housholde at his will
 To governe, rule, and teche,
 Within his power and reach,
 Oughte to haue no speache
 Of cure and diligence,
 Of suche premynence,
 Within the church of God;
 And eke it is forbode
 That he no novice be,
 Lest with superbite
 He do presume to hye,
 And consequently
 Fall vnhappely
 Into the frenesy
 Of pride and of evyll,
 Lyke Lucyfer, the devyll;

For he playnly writes,
 That of these neophites,
 And pevishe proselites,
 Springe vpp ipocrites;
 A bisschoppe eke must haue,
 His honestie to save,
 Of all men such a name,
 That his outwarde fame
 Be clene from any blame,
 Impeched with no shame,
 To draw all people in,
 They may repent of synne,
 And so he may them wynne,
 That thei fall not vnware
 Into the devils snare.
 Thus Paule, as ye may se,
 Taughte Tyte and Tymothe,
 Who should a bisshoppe be:
 And Christ oure maister dere,
 While he lyved here,
 Full poorly did appere,
 Mekely borne and bredd;
 The bare earth was his bedd,
 For where to hele his headd,
 Or where to lye and rest,
 He had no hole nor nest;
 But in great poverty
 He lyved soberly,
 His worde to multiply;
 And thus did edifye

His churche that is so holy,
 Suppressinge synne and foly
 But not with friska ioly,
 As somme do nowe a dayes,
 That haue so many wayes
 All maner¹ gaynes to reape,
 Ther tresures one a heap
 To gather and to kepe,
 By pillinge of his shepe,
 Not forsyng who do wepe,
 And to his flocke repayre
 As it were to a flayre;
 To sit in Peters chayer
 With pride and ambition,
 Sowying great sedition;
 And by superstition
 Blinde vs with remission,
 By bulles vnder led,
 To serve both quicke and
 dead;
 And by that way pretend
 To clyme vpp and ascend
 That Lucifer did descend.
 I thinke that suche frykars
 Be not Christes vickars,
 But crafty intrycars,
 And pryvvy purse pykars;
 For they that be sekars
 Of stores newe and olde,
 May perceyve and beholde

¹ *All maner, &c.*

.
To gather and to kepe]

These three lines substituted for two deleted lines;

*"To gather and to kepe
 Treasure in a hepe."*

Howe euery thinge is solde
 For sylver and for golde:
 The craft can not be told,
 What is and hath bene done
 By Antychryst of Rome;
 For thens the sourdes springe
 Of every naughty thinge,
 Hide vnderneath the whynge
 Of the Sire of Synne;
 At whom I will begynn
 Somwhat for to speake,
 And playnly to intreate
 Of this farly freake,
 That sitteth in his seat,
 Devouringe synne as meatte,
 Whiche he and his do eate
 As they may catch and
 geate:¹

They spare not to devower
 Cyty, towne, and tower,
 Wherat no man may lower;
 For be it swete or sower,
 Or be it good or yll,
 We must be muett still,
 The lustes to fulfill
 Of that cocodryll,
 Which at his only will
 May ech man save or spyll.
 This wicked man of warr
 So hault is that he darr,
 As he lyste, make and marr,
 His owne lawe to prefarr
 Aboue the worde of God;
 It passeth Godes forbod
 That ever it should be;

A man to clyme so hy,
 By reason of his see,
 To clayme auctoryte
 Aboue the Deyte,
 It is to hy a bost,
 And synne one of the most
 Ageynst the Holy Gost,
 That is not remissable:
 For as for the Bible,
 He taketh it for a ridle,
 Or as a lawles libe,
 Which, to the hy offence
 Of his conscience,
 He dare therwith dispence,
 And alter the sentence;
 For wher God do prohibitt,
 He doth leve exhibite,
 And at his lust inhybyte;
 And wher God doth com-
 maunde,
 Ther he doth countermaunde;
 After his owne purpose
 The best text to turne and
 glose,
 Like a Welshe manes hose,
 Or lyke a waxen nose:
 But wyse men do suppose
 That truth shall judge and
 trye,
 For lyars can but lye.
 He is so hault and taunt,
 That he dare hyme avaunt
 All ertly men to daunt;
 And faynes to give and
 graunt,

¹ *geat*:] Followed by a deleted line;

“ Be it by colde or heate.”

In heaven above or hell,
 A place wherin to dwell,
 As all his lyars tell,
 Which he doth dayly sell,
 After his devise,
 If men come to his prise;
 It is his marchaundyse;
 For, as ye will demaunde,
 He can and may commaunde
 A thowsande, in a bande,
 Of angells out of heaven,
 To come throughe the leven,
 And make all thinge even,
 His biddinges to obey,
 Which beares the greatist
 swaye,
 Your soules to convey
 Frome all decaye
 Out of the fendes wey;
 But provided alwey,
 That ye first mony paye;
 At the appoynted daye
 Ye present, if it maye;
 Then, vnder thi petycion,
 Thou gettest true remysson,
 From synnes the absolution,
 By this his owne commyssion,
 By bryve or els by bull,
 To fill his coffers full;
 Ye may aske what ye wull.
 Alas, ye be to dull
 To se this lorde of losse
 The fo of Christes crosse,
 This hoore of Babilon,
 And seede of Zabulon,
 The enemy of Christ,
 The devels holy pryst,
 And very Antechrist,
 To revell and to ride,

Like the prince of pride,
 That of euery syde
 Warres the worlde wyde,
 Whom no strenghe may
 abide—
 The devill be his guyde!
 For loke in his decrees,
 And ye shall finde out lyes,
 As thik as swarme of byes,
 That throughe the worlde
 flyes,
 Making parsemonyes
 Of Peters patrimonyes,
 But great mercymonyes
 Of his seremonyes,
 To smodder vs with smoke:
 For, when he wilbe wroke,
 No man may bere his stroke;
 So hevy is his yoke,
 To Christes full vnlike,
 That saide his yoke is swete,
 His burthen lighte and meete
 For all men that be meke,
 To suffer and to bere,
 Without drede or fere:
 But Popes afterwarde,
 That never had regard
 Which ende shoulde go fore-
 warde,
 Haue drawen vs bakwarde,
 And made the yoke so harde
 By false invented lawes,
 As thoughe lay men were
 dawes,
 And dome as any stone,
 With sivile and canon
 To serve God and Mammon;
 Righte and wronge is one.
 Serche his decretalles

And bulles papalles,	By lawes absynthyall
<i>Et, inter alia,</i>	And labiryntyall:
Loke in his <i>palia</i>	His tabellions
And <i>Bacchanalia</i> , ¹	Be rebellions;
With his extravagantes	His laweres and scribes
And wayes <i>vagarantes</i> :	Live only by bribes;
His lawes <i>arrogantes</i>	His holy advocates
Be made by truwantes	And judges diligates
That frame his finctions	Haue robbed all estates,
Into distinctions,	By many inventions
With cloutes of clawes,	Of sundry suspentions,
Questyons and cawses,	Subtile subventions,
With Sext and Clementyne,	Crafty conventions,
And lawes legantyne :	Prevy preventions,
His county pallantyne	And evell exemptions;
Haue coustome colubryne,	So hath his indictions
With codes viperyne	And his interdictiones,
And sectes serpentyne :	With croked comyssions,
Blinde be his stores	Coide compromysions,
Of interogatores	Cursed conditions,
And declaratores,	Hevy traditions,
With lapse and relapse,	Elvishe inibitions,
A wispe and a waspe,	And redy remissions :
A clispe and a claspe,	Then hathe he inductions
And his after clappes ;	And colde conductiones ;
For his paragraffes	His expectatyves
Be no cosmograffes,	Many a man vnthrives ;
But vnhappy graffes,	By his constitutions
That wander in the warrayne,	And his subtitutions
Fruteles and barayne,	He maketh institutions,
To fede that foule carryne,	And taketh restitutiones,
And dignite papall ;	Sellinge absolutions,
With judges that scrape all,	And other like pollutions :
And doctours that take all,	His holy actions

¹ *palia* . . . *Bacchanalia*] It would seem from the context that the right reading is "Palilia." The MS. has "Bacchanalia."

Be satisfactions	Acceptations,
Of false compactions :	Arrendations,
He robbeth all nations	Publications,
With his fulminations,	Renunttiations,
And other like vexations ;	Fatigations,
As with abiurations,	False fundations,
Excomunycations,	And dissimulations,
Aggravations,	With like abbominations
Presentations,	Of a thowsand fasshions :
Sequestrations,	His holy vnions
Deprivations,	Be no communyons :
Advocations,	His trialitees
Resignations,	And pluryltyes
Dilapidations,	Be full of qualitees ;
Sustentations,	His tottes and quottes
Adminystrations,	Be full of blottes :
Approbations,	With quibes and quaryes
Assignations,	Of inventataries,
Alterations,	Of testamentaries,
Narrations,	And of mortuaries,
Declarations,	By sutes of appeales,
Locations,	And by his ofte repeales,
Collocations,	He oure mony steales.
Revocations,	I speake not of his sessions,
Dispensations,	Nor of his confessions
Intimations,	Olde and avricular,
Legittimations,	Colde and caniculer ;
Insinuations,	Howe the cubiculer,
Pronunttiations,	In the capitular,
Demonstrations,	With his pylde spitler,
Vacations,	Playde the knavyculer
Convocations,	Vnderneth a wall :
Deputations,	I may not tell youe all,
Donations,	In termes speciall,
Condonations,	Of pardon nor of pall,
Commynations,	Nor of confessionall ;
Excusations,	For I feare, yf he call
Declamations,	The sentence generall,
Visitations,	I mighte so take a fall,

And haue his bitter curse,
 And yett be not the wurse,
 Save only in my purse,
 Because I shoulde be fayne
 To by my state agayne
Ex leno vel ex lena,
Aut pellice obscaena,
Res certe inamaena:
Papisticorum scena,
Malorum semper plena;
 For all the worlde rounde
 He falsely doth confounde
 By lawes made and fonnde,
 By thyr devyse vnsownde,
 With no steadfast grounde,
 But with fayned visions
 And develyshe devisions,
 With basterde religions:
 Thus this cursed elfe,
 To avauce his pelfe,
 Falsely fayne[s] hymeself
 To be *semideus*:
 No, youe Asmeodeus,
 Ye are Amoreus,
 The sonne of Chanaan;
 O thou monstrous man,
 And childe of cursed Chan,
 Arte thou halfe god, halfe
 man?
 Gup, leviathan,
 And sonne of Sattan,
 The worme *letophagus*,
 And sire to Symonde Magus!
 O porter Cerberus,
 Thou arte so monstrous,
 Soo made and myschevous,
 Proude and surquedrous,
 And as lecherous
 As Heliogabalus

Or Sardanapalus!
 Hatefull vnto God,
 And father of all falsehoode,
 The poyson of presthoode,
 And deth of good knight-
 hoode,
 The robber of riche men,
 And murderer of meke men,
 The turment of true men
 That named be neve men,
 The prince of periury,
 And Christes enemy,
 Vnhappy as Achab,
 And naughty as Naalab,
 As crafty as Caball,
 And dronken as Na'all,
 The hope of Ismaell,
 And false Achitofell,
 The blissinge of Bell,
 And advocate of hell
 Thou hunter Nembr
 And Judas Iscarioth,
 Thou bloody Belyall,
 And sacrificise of Ball,
 Thou elvishe ipocrite,
 And naughty neophite
 Thou pevishe proselite,
 And synefull Sodymite,
 Thou gredy Gomorrite,
 And galefull Gabaonite,
 Tho[u] hermo frodite,
 Thou arte a wicked sprite
 A naughty seismatike,
 And an heritike,
 A beestely bogorian,
 And devill meridian,
 The patrone of proctors,
 And dethe of trewe doctour.,
 The founder of faytors,

And trust of all traytours,
 The shender of sawes,
 And breaker of lawes,
 The syre of serdoners,
 And prince of pardoners,
 The kinge of questors,
 And rule of regestors,
 The eater of frogges,
 And maker of goddes,
 The brother of brothells,
 And lorde of all losells,
 The sturrur of stoores,
 And keper of hoores
 With gloriouse gawdes,
 Amonge trusty bawdes,
 The father ef foles,
 And ignoraunce of scoles,
 The helper of harlettes,
 And captayne of verlettes,
 The cloke of all vnthriftes,
 And captayne of all cay-
 tifes,
 The leader of truwantes,
 And chefe of all tyrauntes,
 As hinde as an hogge,
 And kinde as any dogge,
 The shipwrake of Noye,—
 Christ saue the and Sainct
 Loy!
 Arte thou the hiest pryst,
 And vicar vnto Christ?
 No, no, I say, thou lyst:
 Thou arte a cursed crekar,
 A crafty vpprepar;
 Thou arte the devils vicar,
 A pryve purse pikar,
 By lawes and by rites
 For sowles and for sprites:
O lorde of ipocrites,

Nowe shut vpp your wick-
 ettes,
 And clape to your click-
 ettes,—
 A farewell, kinge of crek-
 ettes!
 For nowe the tyme falles
 To speake of cardinalies,
 That kepe ther holy halles
 With towres and walles:
 Be they not carnalles,
 And lordes inferualles?
 Yea, gredy carmallles,
 As any carmarante;
 With ther coppentante
 They loke adutante:
 For soth, men say they be
 Full of iniquite,
 Lyvinge in habundance
 Of all worldly substance,
 Wherin they lodge and ly,
 And wallowe beasteally,
 As hogges do in a sty,
 Servinge ther god, ther belly,
 With chuettes and with gelly,
 With venyson and with tartes,
 With confytes and with fartes,
 To ease ther holy hartes.
 They take ther stations,
 And make dyambulations
 Into all nations,
 For ther visitations,
 Callinge convocations,
 Sellinge dispensations,
 Givinge condonations,
 Makinge permutations,
 And of excomunycations
 Sell they relaxations;
 For they, in ther progresse

<p>With Katern, Mawde, and Besse, Will vse full great excesse, Withowt any redresse; And all men they oppresse In syty, towne, and village; From olde and yong of age They robbe and make pyllage, Thyr lusts for to aswage, Which they extorte by mighte As in the churches righte; They may not lese a fether: But God, that lyveth ever, Graunt that they never Haue power to come hether! For wher they ones arive, So cleane they do vs shryve, That I swere by my life, The contry ther shall thrive Yeres tenn and ffive After them the worse: Men give them Godes curse To shute within ther purse; Both lornyd and lewde Wolde they were beshrewed, They never mighte come nere For to visitt here,</p>	<p>Altho they haue sotch chere As they cann well desyre, And as they will requier; For why, it doth appere, The hartes ar sett on fyer Of chanon, monke, and fryer, That daylye dothe aspyre,¹ By bulles vnder ledd, How they should be fedd; It is therfore great skill That every Jacke and Gyll Performe the Popes will, Hys purse and panch to fill; For, as I erst haue tolde, There lyves not suche a scolde That dare ons be so bold, From shorne ne yet from polde, Nor monye, meate, nor golde, From soch men ² to withholde, Ther favour boughte and solde, That take a thowsand ffolde More then that Judas did: The trouth can not be hid; For it is playnly kid</p>
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¹ *aspyre*] Followed by a deleted line (inserted above with a slight variation);

“Thyr hartes ar so on fyer.”

² *soch men*] Originally “them.” This line is followed by thres deleted lines (inserted above,—the first two slightly altered);

“Mony meat or golde
 But be they shorne or polde
 Ther lyves not suche a scolde.”

Judas for his dispense	Ageynst ipocresye
Sold Christ for thirty pense,	In bisshopp or in other,
And did a foule offence,	Yea, thoughte it were my
His Lorde God so to tray;	brother,
And they in likewise say,	My father or my mother,
After Judas way,	My syster or my sonne;
What will ye give and pay,	For, as I haue begonne,
As the matter falles,	I will, as I haue donne,
For pardonnes and for palles,	Disclose the great outrage
And for confessionalles?	That is in this Inage;
We may have absolucions	For he that feles the pricke,
Without restytutyons,	And theron groweth sycke,
And at oure owne election	May with the gald horse kike;
Passe without correction,	For, as I erst haue said,
Besydes Christes passion	Oure bisshops at a brayd
To make satisfaction;	Ar growne so sore afrayde,
We feare for non offence,	And in the world so wide
So they haue recompence:	Do vse sutch pompe and
By great audacitees	pride,
They graunt capacitees;	And rule on euery syde,
For heaven and for hell	That none may them abide:
They mony take and tell:	Of no prince, lord, nor duke,
So thus they by and sell,	They take will a rebuke;
And take therof no shame,	All lay men they surmount,
But laughe and haue good	Makinge non accompte,
game,	Nor caste no reckonyng
To all oure souls bane:	Scarcely of a kinge:
God helpe, we be to blame	This is a wonder thinge;
Sutch lordes to defame;	They stande so suer and
Yett, by the common fame,	fast,
Some bisshops vse the same,	And be nothinge agast; ¹
In Christes holy name	For that bloody judge
Soules to sell and bye:	And mighty sanguisuge,
My mynde is not to lye,	The Pope that is so huge,
But to write playnlye	Is ever ther refuge;

¹ *agast*] Followed by a deleted line;

“But fede whilst they do brast.”

So be the cardinalles
 Ther sner defence and walles,
 With whom they stifly stande
 By water and by laude,
 To gett the overhande
 Of all the world rounde,
 Wher profitt may be founde:
 They be so many legions,
 That they oppresse regions
 With boke, bell, and candell,
 Any kinge to handell,
 As they haue many one:
 For triall herevpon
 I take of good Kinge John,
 Whom by the bitinge
 Of ther subtill snytinge,
 First by acytlinge,
 And after interditinge,
 By fulmynations
 Of excommunications;
 For by ther holy poores
 They stored vpp stoores,
 And kepte suche stvrre with
 hores,
 And shut vpp all church
 doores
 For ther princely pleasure,
 They lyve so owt of measure,
 Till they might haue leasure,
 Ther lieg lorde and kinge
 So base and lowe to bringe;
 Which was a pyttevs thyng,
 That he with wepinge yees,
 Bowinge backe and thies,
 And knelinge on his knees,
 Must render vpp his fees,
 With kingly dignytees,
 Septer, crowne, and landes,
 Into ther holy handes:

Alas, howe mighte it be
 That oure nobillitee
 Could then no better se?
 For theyrs was the fault
 Oure prelates were so haulte;
 Their strength then was to
 seke
 Ther liege lorde to kepe;
 They durst not fight ne strike,
 They feared of a gleke,
 That, no day in the weke,
 For any good or cattell,
 Durst they go to battell,
 Nor entre church ne chap-
 pell
 In syxe or seven yere,
 Before Christ to appere,
 And devine serulce here
 In any hallowed place,
 For lacke of ther good grace;
 Ther was no tyme nor space
 To do to God serulce,
 But as they wolde devise;
 Their lawes be so synstre,
 That no man durst minystre
 The holy sacramentes
 Till they hadd ther intentes
 Of landes and of rentes,
 By lawes and by lyes;
 To inriche ther sees,
 The blind men eat vpp flees;
 For by ther constitutions
 They toke restitutions
 Of cyties and of castells,
 Of townes and bastells,
 And make ther prince pike
 wastells,
 Till they rang out the belles,
 And did as they wold elles,

Like traytours and rebelles,
 As the story telles.
 But Jesu Christ hymeself,
 Nor his appostells twelffe,
 Vnto that cvrsyd elfe
 Did never teach hym so
 In any wise to do,
 For lucre or advayle,
 Ageynst thyr kyng to rayle,
 And lieg lorde to assayle,
 Within his owne lande
 To put hym vnder bande,
 And take brede of his hande:
 The Lorde saue sutch a flock
 That so could mowe and mock
 To make ther kinge a block,
 And eke ther laughinge
 stocke!
 They blered hym with a
 lurche,
 And said that he must wurche
 By counsell of the church;
 Wherby they ment nothings
 But to wrest and wringe,
 Only for to bringe
 Ther liege lorde and kinge
 To be ther vnderlinge:
 Alas, who euer sawe
 A kinge vnder awe,
 Ageynst all Gods lawe,
 All righte and consience,
 For doinge non offence
 To make sutch recompence?
 They gave ther lorde a laske,
 To purge withall his caske,
 And putt hym to no taske,
 But as they wold hyme aske:

This was a midday maske,
 A kinge so to enforce
 With pacyence perforce.
 Take hede therfore and
 wache,
 All ye that knowe this tatche,
 Ye make not sutch a matche;
 Loke forth, beware the
 katche,
 Ye fall not in the snatche
 Of that vngratiovs pacthe,
 Before the rope hym racthe,
 Or Tyburne dothe hym
 strache.
 But who so preache or prate,
 I warne youe, rathe and late
 To loke vpp and awake,
 That ye do never make
 Your maister nor your mate
 To sytt without your gate;
 Take hede, for Christes sake,
 And knowe your owne estate,
 Or ye be tardy take;
 Yea, lest it be to late
 To trust on hadd I wist,
 Imasked in a myst,—
 As good to ly bypist;
 For these hie primates,
 Bysshops and prelates,
 And popeholy legates,
 With ther pild pates,
 Dare conquer all estates:
 They do but as they will;
 For, be it good or ill,
 We must be muett still:
 Why lay men can not se,
 It is the more pite.

Thus endeth the Seconde Parte of this present *treatyse*,
 called the Image of Ipocresy.

Of prechers nowe adayes
 Be many Fariseyes,
 That leue the Lordes layes,
 And preche ther owne wayes;
 Wherof nowe of late
 Hathe risen great debate;
 For some champe and chaffe
 As hogges do in draffe,
 And some cry out apase
 As houndes at a chase,
 Whiche for lacke of grace
 The playne truthe wold de-
 fase.

So busely they barke,
 An other in the darke,
 That is a busarde starke,
 And cane not se the marke,
 Wondereth at this warke,
 And therefore taketh carke
 Bycause he is no clarke.
 Some be soft and still
 As clappes in a mill,
 And some cry and yell
 As sprites do in hell;
 Some be here and ther,
 And some I wote not wher;
 Some holde vpp, yea and nay,
 And some forsake ther lay;
 Some be still and stey,
 And hope to haue a daye;
 Some wote not what to say,
 But dout whether they may
 Abide or rune away;
 Ther wittes be so weake,
 They say they dare not
 speake,
 They be afraid of heate;

Some be sycke and sadd,
 For sorrowe almost madd;
 I tell youe veryly,
 Ther wittes be awry,
 They peyne themselves
 greatly
 To haue the trouth go by;
 Some on bokes dayly pryde,
 And yett perceyve not reason
 whie;
 Tho some affirme, some do
 deny,
 With nowe a trouth and then
 a ly,
 To say one thinge openly,
 And an other prively;—
 Here be but youe and I;
 Say to me your mynd playn-
 lye,
 Is it not open heresy?
 Thus say they secretly,
 Whisperinge with sorrowe
 That they deny to morowe.
 Ther tales be so dobbel,
 That many be in trobble,
 And doubt which way to take,
 Themselves sure to make:
 A lorde, it makes me shake!
 For pyty that I quake.
 They be so colde and horse,
 That they haue no forse,
 So they be prefferred,
 Tho all the rest were marred.
 Thus the people smatter,
 That dayly talke and clatter,
 Oure preachers do but flatter,
 To make themselves the fatter,

And care not thoughe the
 matter
 Were clerely layde a watter.
 Douse men chatt and chide it,
 For they may not abid it;
 The Thomistes wold hide it,
 For *littera occidit*.
 Thus these sysmatickes,
 And lowsy lunatickes,
 With spurres and prickes
 Call true men heretickes.
 They finger ther fiddles,
 And cry in quinales,
 Away these bibles,
 For they be but ridles!
 And give them Robyn Whode,
 To red howe he stode
 In mery grene wode,
 When he gathered good,
 Before Noyes floodd!
 For the Testamentes
 To them, they sey, sente is,
 To gather vpp ther rentes,
 After ther intentes:
 Wherby it by them ment is,
 That lay men be but lowtes;
 They may not knowe the
 clowtes,
 Nor dispute of the doubttes,
 That is in Christes lawe;
 For why, they never sawe
 The bagg nor the bottell
 Of oure Arrestotle,
 Nor knowe not the toyes
 Of Doctore Averroyes;
 It is no play for boyes,
 Neyther for lay men;
 But only for schole men,
 For they be witty men,
 As wise as any wrenne,
 And holy as an henne.
 For Doctoure Bullatus,
 Though *parum literatus*,
 Will brable and prate thus;
 Howe Doctoure Pomaunder,
 As wise as a gander,
 Wotes not wher to wander,
 Whether to Meander,
 Or vnto Menander;
 For of Alexander,
 Irrefragable Hales,
 He cane tell many tales,
 Of many parke pales,
 Of butgettes and of males,
 Of Candy and of Cales,
 And of West Wales.
 But Doctoure Dorbellous
 Doth openly tell vs
 Howe they by and sell vs:
 And Doctoure Sym Sotus
 Cann goostely grope vs;
 For he hathe rad Scotus,
 And so the dawe dotus
 Of Doctour Subtyles;
 Yea, three hundreth myles,
 With sutch crafty wyles
 He many men begiles,
 That never knewe an vnce
 At full of Master Dunce.
 Then Doctoure Bonbardus
 Can skill of Lombardus;
 He wonnes at Malepardus,¹

¹ *Malepardus*] The abode of Reynard according to the famous old romance: "reynart had many a dwellyng place.

With Father Festino,
 And Doctoure Attamino,
Dudum de camino,
 With ther *consobrinno,*
Cypite equino
Et corde asinino;
Hi latent in limo
Et in profundo fimo,
Cubantes in culino
Cum Thoma de Aquino,
Tractantes in ima
De pelle canina
Et lana caprina.
 Then Doctoure Chekmate
 Hath his pardoned pate,
 A man yll educate;
 His harte is indurate,
 His heade eke edentate;
 His wittes be obfuscate,
 His braynes obumbrate,
 Oure questions to debate;
 For thoughe cam but late,
 His cause is explicate
 With termes intricate,
 I note wherof conflate;
 And therefore must he make
 His bull and antedate.
 Then Doctour Tom-to-bold
 Is neyther whote nor colde,
 Till his coles be solde;
 His name may not be tolde

For sylner nor for golde;
 But he is sutch a scolde,
 That no play may hym holde
 For anger vnbepest,
 Yf his name were wist;
 Ye may judge as ye liste;
 He is no Acquiniste,
 Nor non Occanist,¹
 But a mockaniste;
 This man may not be myste,
 He is a suer sophiste,
 And an olde papist.
 But nowe we haue a knyghte:²
 That is a man of mighte,
 All armed for to fighte,
 To put the trouthe to flighte
 By Bowbell pollecy,
 With his poetry
 And his sophestry;
 To mocke and make a ly,
 With quod he and quod I;
 And his appologye,
 Made for the prelacy,
 Ther hugy pompe and pride
 To coloure and to hide;
 He maketli no nobbes,
 But with his diologges
 To prove oure prelates goddes,
 And lay men very lobbes,
 Betinge they[m] with bobbes,
 And with ther ow[n]e rodde;

but the castel of *maleperduys* was the beste and the fastest burgh that he had, ther laye he inne whan he had nede and was in ony drede or fere." Sig. a 8. ed. 1481.

¹ *Occanist*] So written, it would seem, for the rhyme, properly "Occamist."

² *a knyghte*] i. e. Sir Thomas More.

<p>Thus he taketh payne To fable and to fayne, Ther myscheff to mayntayne, And to haue them rayne Over hill and playne, Yea, over heaven and hell, And wheras sprites dwell, In purgatorye holles, With whote fier and coles, To singe for sely soules, With a supplication, And a confutation, Without replication, Havinge delectation To make exclamation, By way of declamation, In his Debellation,¹ With a popishe fasshion To subvert oure nation: But this daucok doctoure And purgatory proctoure Waketh nowe for wages, And, as a man that rages Or overcome with ages,² Disputith <i>per ambages</i>, To helpe these parasites And naughty ipocrites, With legendes of lyes, Fayned fantasies, And very vanyties, Called veryties, Vnwritten and vnknownen, But as they be blowne</p>	<p>From lyer to lyer, Invented by a ffryer <i>In magna copia</i>, Brought out of Vtopia Vnto the mayde of Kent,³ Nowe from the devill sent, A virgyne ffayre and gent, That hath our yees blent: Alas, we be myswent! For yf the false intent Were knowen of this wiche, It passeth dogg and biche: I pray God, do so mutche To fret her on the itche, And open her in tyme! For this manly myne Is a darke devyne, With his poetry, And her iugglery, By conspiracy To helpe our prelacy, She by ypocresye, And he by tyranny, That causeth cruelly The simple men to dye For fayned herisye: He saythe that this nody Shall brenne, soule and body, Or singe his palanody, With feare till he pant, To make hym recreante His saynges to recante, So as he shalbe skante</p>
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¹ *his Debellation*] i. e. Sir Thomas More's *Debellacyon of Salem vnd Byzance*.

² *ages*] i. e. age is.

³ *the mayde of Kent*] i. e. Elizabeth Barton.

Able for to loke
 In writinge or in booke,
 That treatithe of the rote
 Or of the base and fote
 Of ther abhomy nation:
 He vsethe sutch a fasshion,
 To send a man in station
 With an evill passion
 To his egression,
 Before the procession
 Slylye for to stalke,
 And solempeny to walke,
 To here the preacher talke,
 Howe he hath made a balke;
 And so the innocent,
 For feare to be brent,
 Must suffer checke and
 checke,
 His faccott on his necke,
 Not for his life to quecke,
 But stande vpp, like a bosse,
 In sighte at Paules crosse,
 To the vtter losse
 Of his goode name and fame:
 Thus with great payne and
 shame
 He kepethe men in bandes,
 Confiskinge goods and landes,
 And then to hete ther handes
 With faccottes and with
 brandes,
 Or make them be abjure:
 These thinges be in vre;
 Youe leade vs with the lure
 Of your persecution
 And cruell execution,
 That the fyry fume
 Oure lyves shall consume
 By three, by two, and one;

Men say ye will spare none
 Of hye nor lowe degre,
 That will be eneme
 To your ipocrese,
 Or to your god the bele;
 For who dare speake so felle
 That clerkes should be simple,
 Without spott or wrinkell?
 Yett nathelesse alwey
 I do protest and saye,
 And shall do while I may,
 I never will deny,
 But confesse openly,
 That punnysshement should
 be,
 In every degre,
 Done with equite;
 When any doth offende,
 Then oughte youe to attende
 To cause hyme to amend,
 Awaytinge tyme and place,
 As God may give youe grace,
 To haue hyme fase to fase,
 His fautes to deface,
 With hope to reconcyle hyme;
 But not for to begile hym,
 Or vtterly to revile hyme,
 As thoughe ye wold excile
 hyme;
 For then, the trouth to tell,
 Men thinke ye do not well.
 Ye call that poore man
 wretch,
 As thoughe ye hadd no
 retche,
 Or havinge no regarde,
 Whiche ende should go for-
 ward:
 Ye be so sterne and harde,

Ye rather drawe backwarde,
 Your brother so to blinde,
 To grope and sertche his
 mynde,
 As thoughe youe were his
 frinde,
 Some worde to pike and
 finde,
 Wherby ye may hyme blinde;
 With your popishe lawe
 To kepe vs vnder awe,
 By captious storyes
 Of interrogatoryes:
 Thus do ye full vnkindly,
 To feyne yourselves frindley,
 And be nothings but fyndly.
 I tell youe, men be lothe
 To se youe wode and wrothe,
 And then for to be bothe
 Th' accuser and the judge:
 Then farewell all refuge,
 And welcom sanguisuge!
 When ye be madd and angry,
 And an expresse enemy,
 It is ageynst all equitye
 Ye shoulde be judge and
 partye:
 Therefore the kinges grace
 Your lawes muste deface;
 For before his face
 Youe should your playntes
 bringe,
 As to your lorde and kinge
 And judge in euery thinge,
 That, by Godes worde,
 Hathe power of the sworde,
 As kinge and only lorde,
 So scripture doth recorde;
 For her within his lande

Should be no counterband,
 But holy at his hande
 We shoulde all be and
 stande,
 Both clerkes spirituall,
 And lay men temporall:
 But youe make lawe at will,
 The poore to plucke and pill
 And some that do no yll,
 Your appetites to fill,
 Ye do distroy and kill.
 Lett Godes worde try them,
 And then ye shall not frye
 them;
 Yea, lett the worde of God
 Be euery mannes rode,
 And the kinges the lawe
 To kepe them vnder awe,
 To fray the rest with ter-
 roure,
 They may revoke ther er-
 roure:
 And thus, I say agayne,
 The people wolde be fayne
 Ye prelates wolde take
 payne
 To preache the gospell
 playne;
 For otherwise certayne
 Your labour is in vayne;
 For all your crueltye,
 I knowe that you and we
 Shall never well agree.
 Ye may in no wise se
 Sutch as disposed be
 Of ther charitye
 To preach the verytye;
 Ye stope them with decrees,
 And with your veritees,

Vnwritten, as ye saye;
 Thus ye make them stay:
 But God, that all do may,
 I do desire and pray,
 To open vs the day,
 Which is the very kaye
 Of knowledge of his way,
 That ye haue stolen awaye!
 And then, my lordes, perfay,
 For all your popishe play,
 Not all your gold so gay,
 Nor all your riche araye,
 Shall serve youe to delaye
 But some shall go astraye,
 And lerne to swyme or sinke;
 For truly I do thinke,
 Ye may well wake or wynke,
 For any meat or drinke
 Ye geitt, without ye swynke.
 But that wold make youe
 wrothe;
 For, I trowe, ye be lothe
 To do eyther of both,
 That is, yourself to cloth
 With laboure and with
 sweate
 And faste till youe eate
 But that youe erne and
 geate;
 Like verlettes and pages,
 To leve your parsonages,
 Your denns and your cages,
 And by ¹ dayly wages:
 God blesse vs, and Saint
 Blase!
 This were a hevy case,

A chaunce of ambesase,
 To se youe broughte so base
 To playe without a place:
 Now God send better grace!
 And loke ye lerne apase
 To tripe in trouthes trace,
 And seke some better chaunce
 Yourselves to avaunce,
 With sise synke or synnes;
 For he laughe[s] that wynnes
 As ye haue hetherto,
 And may hereafter do;
 Yf ye the gospell preche,
 As Christ hymself did teche,
 And in non other wise
 But after his devise,
 Ye may with good advyse
 Kepe your benefise
 And all your dignite,
 Without malignite,
 In Christes name, for me;
 I gladely shall agre
 It ever may so be.
 But this I say and shall,
 What happ soeuer fall,
 I pray and call
 The Kinge celestiall,
 Ones to give youe grace
 To se his worde haue place;
 And then within shorte space
 We shall perceyve and se
 Howe euery degre
 Hath his auctorite
 By the lawe of Christ,
 The lay man and the prest,
 The poore man and the lorde

¹ by] i. e. buy,—acquire, earn.

For of that monocorde
 The scripture doth recorde;
 And then with good accorde,
 In love and in concorde
 We shall together holde;
 Or elles ye may be bolde,
 For heate or colde
 Say ye what ye will,
 Yt were as good be still;

For thoughte ye glose and
 frase
 Till your eyes dase,
 Men holde it but a mase
 Till Godes worde haue place,
 That doth include more
 grace
 Then all erthly men
 Could ever knowe or ken.

Thuse endith the thirde parte of this present treatise called
 the Image of Ypocresye.

Nowe with sondry sectes
 The world sore infectes,
 As in Christes dayes
 Amonge the Pharisees,
 In clothinge and in names;
 For some were Rhodyans,
 And Samaritans,
 Some were Publicanes,
 Some were Nazarenes,
 Bisshops and Essenes,
 Preestes and Pharisees;
 And so of Saducees,
 Prophetes and preachers,
 Doctours and teachers,
 Tribunes and tribes,
 Lawers and scribes,
 Deacons and levytes,
 With many ipocrites;
 And so be nowe also,
 With twenty tymes mo
 Then were in Christes dayes
 Amonge the Pharisees:
 The Pope, whom first they
 call
 Ther lorde and principall,
 The patriarke withall;

And then the Cardinall
 With tytles all of pride,
 As legates of the side,
 And some be cutt and
 shorne
 That they be legates borne;
 Then archebisshops bold,
 And bisshops for the folde,
 They metropolitannes,
 And these diocysanyes,
 That haue ther suffraganyes
 To blesse the prophanyes;
 Then be ther curtisanes
 As ill as Arrianes
 Or Domicianes,
 Riall residentes,
 And prudent presidentes;
 So be their sensors,
 Doughty dispensors,
 Crafty inventors,
 And prevy precentors,
 With chaplaynes of honour
 That kepe the Popes
 bower;
 Then allmoners and deanes,
 That geit by ther meanes

The rule of all reames;
 Yett be ther subdeanes,
 With treasurers of trust,
 And chancelours iniust,
 To scoure of scab and rust,
 With vicars generalls,
 And ther officialles,
 Chanons and chaunters,
 That be great avaunters;
 So be ther subchaunters,
 Sextons and archedeakons,
 Deakons and subdeakons,
 That be ypodeakons,
 Parsonnes and vicars,
 Surveyors and sikers,
 Prevy pursepikers,
 Provostes and preachers,
 Readers and teachers,
 With bachilers and maysters,
 Spenders and wasters;
 So be ther proctors,
 With many dull doctors,
 Proude prebendaryes,
 Colde commissaries,
 Synfull secundaries,
 Sturdy stipendaries,
 With olde ordinaryes,
 And penytenyaryes,
 That kepe the sanctuaries;
 So be ther notaries,
 And prothonotaries,
 Lawers and scribes,
 With many quibibes,
 Redy regesters,
 Pardoners and questers,
 Maskers and mummers,
 Deanes and sumners,
 Apparatoryes preste
 To ride est and weste;

Then be ther advocates,
 And *parum* litterates,
 That eate vpp all estates,
 With wyly visitors,
 And crafty inquisitors,
 Worse then Mamalokes,
 That catche vs with ther
 crokes,
 And brenne vs and oure
 bokes;
 Then be ther annivolors,
 And smalle benivolers,
 With chauntry chapleynes,
 Oure Ladyes chamberleynes;
 And some be Jesu Christes,
 As be oure servinge pristres,
 And prestes that haue cure
 Which haue ther lyvinge
 sure,
 With clerkes and queresters,
 And other smale mynisters,
 As reders and singers,
 Bedemen and bellringers,
 That laboure with ther lippes
 Ther pittaunce out of pittes,
 With Bennet and Collet,
 That bere bagg and wallett;
 These wretches be full wely,
 They eate and drinke frely,
 Withe *salve, stella cœli*,
 And ther *de profundis*;
 They lye with *immundis*,
 And walke with *vacabundis*,
 At good ale and at wynne
 As dronke as any swynne;
 Then be ther grosse abbottes,
 That observe ther sabbottes,
 Fayer, ffatt, and ffull,
 As gredy as a gull,

And ranke as any bull,
 With priors of like place,¹
 Some blacke and some
 white,
 As channons be and monkes,
 Great lobyes and lompes,
 With Bonhomes and brothers,
 Fathers and mothers,
 Systers and nonnes,
 And littell prety bonnes,
 With lictors and lectors,
 My:nisters and rectors,
 Custos and correctors,
 With papall collectors,
 And popishe predagoges,²
 Mockinge mystagoges,
 In straunge array and robes,
 Within ther sinagoges;
 With sectes many mo,
 An hundreth in a throo
 I thinke to name by roo,
 As they come to my mynde,
 Whom, thoughe they be vn-
 kind,
 The lay mens labor finde;
 For some be Benedictes
 With many maledictes;
 Some be Cluny,
 And some be Plumy,
 With *Cistercyences*,
Grandimontences,
Camakdulences,
Premonstratences,
Theutonyences,
Clarrivalences,

And *Basiliences*;
 Some be Paulines,
 Some be Antonynes,
 Some be Bernardines,
 Some be Celestines,
 Some be Flamynes
 Some be Fuligines,
 Some be Columbines,
 Some be Gilbertines,
 Some be Disciplines,
 Some be Clarines,
 And many Augustines,
 Some Clarissites,
 Some be Accolites,
 Some be Sklavemytes,
 Some be Nycolites,
 Some be Heremytes,
 Some be Lazarites,
 Some be Ninivites,
 Some be Johannytes,
 Some be Josephites,
 Some be Jesuytes,
Servi and Servytes,
 And sondry Jacobites;
 Then be ther Helenytes,
 Hierosolymites,
 Magdalynites,
 Hieronimytes
 Anacorites,
 And Scenobites;
 So be ther Sophrans,
 Constantinopolitanes,
 Holy Hungarians,
 Purgatorians,
 Chalomerians,

¹ *place*] Should perhaps be "plite"—or there may be some emission in the MS. after this line.

² *predagoges*] Qy. "pædagoges?"

And Ambrosians;
 Then be ther Indianes,
 And Escocyanes,
 Lucifrans,
 Chartusyanes,
 Collectanes,
 Capusianes,
 Hispanians,
 Honofrianes,
 Gregorianes,
 Vnprosiannes,
 Wincelanes,
 With Ruffianes,
 And with Rhodianes;
 Some be Templers,
 And Exemplers,
 Some be Spilters,
 And some be Vitlers,
 Some be Scapellers,
 And some Cubiculers,
 Some be Tercyaris,
 And some be of St. Marys,
 Some be Hostiaris,
 And of St. Johns frarys,
 Some be Stellifers,
 And some be Ensefers,
 Some Lucifers,
 And some be Crucyfers,
 Some haue signe of sheres,
 And some were shurtes of
 heres,
 Some be of the spones,
 And some be crossed to
 Rome,
 Some daunte and daly
 In Sophathes valley,
 And in the blak alley
 Wheras it ever darke is,
 And some be of St. Markis

Mo then be good clarkes,
 Some be Mysiricordes,
 Mighty men and lordes,
 And some of Godes house
 That kepe the poore souse,
Minimi and Mymes,
 And other blak devines,
 With Virgins and Vestalles,
 Monkes and Monyalles,
 That be conventualles,
 Like frogges and todes;
 And some be of the Rhodes,
 Swordemen and knightes,
 That for the [faith] fightes
 With sise, sinke, and quatter.
 But nowe never the latter
 I intend to clatter
 Of a mangye matter,
 That smelles of the smatter,
 Openly to tell
 What they do in hell,
 Wheras oure ffryers dwell
 Everich in his sell,
 The phane and the prophane,
 The croked and the lame,
 The mad, the wild, and tame,
 Every one by name:
 The formest of them all
 Is ther Generall;
 And the next they call
 Ther hie Provynceyall,
 With Cvstos and Wardyn
 That lye next the gardeyn;
 Then oure fater Prior,
 With his Subprior
 That with the covent comes
 To gather vpp the cromes;
 Then oure fryer Douche
 Goeth by a crouche,

And slouthfull ffryer Slouche
 That bereth Judas pouche;
 Then ffryer Domynike
 And ffryer Demonyke,
 Fryer Cordiler
 And ffryer Bordiler,
 Fryer Jacobine,
 Fryer Augustyne,
 And ffryer Incubyne
 And ffryer Succubine,
 Fryer Carmelyte
 And ffryer Hermelite,
 Fryer Mynorite
 And ffryer Ipocrite,
 Frier franciscane
 And ffrier Damiane,
 Frier Precher
 And ffrier Lecher,
 Frier Crusifer
 And ffrier Lusifer,
 Frier Purcifer
 And ffrier *Furcifer*,
 Frier Ferdifer
 And ffrier *Merdifer*,
 Fryer Sacheler
 And ffryer Bacheler,
 Fryer Cloysterer
 And ffrier Floysterer,
 Frier *Pallax*
 And ffrier *Fallax*,
 Frier *Fugax*
 And ffrier *Nugax*,
 Frier *Rapax*
 And ffrier *Capax*,
 Frier *Lendax*
 And ffrier *Mendax*,
 Frier *Vorax*
 And ffrier *Nycticorax*,
 Fryer *Japax*,

Frier Furderer
 And ffrier Murderer,
 Frier Tottiface
 And ffrier Sottiface,
 Frier Pottiface
 And frier Pockyface,
 Frier Trottapace
 And ffrier Topiace,
 Frier Futton
 And ffrier Glotton,
 Frier Galiard
 And ffrier Paliard,
 Frier Goliard
 And ffrier Foliard,
 Frier Goddard
 And ffrier Foddard,
 Frier Ballard
 And ffrier Skallard,
 Frier Crowsy
 And ffrier Lowsy,
 Frier Sloboll
 And ffrier Bloboll,
 Frier Toddypoll
 And ffrier Noddypoll,
 Frier flaphole
 And ffrier Claphole,
 Frier Kispott
 And ffrier Pispott,
 Frier Chipchop
 And ffrier Likpott,
 Frier Clatterer
 And ffrier flatterer,
 Frier Bib, ffrier Bob,
 Frier Lib, ffrier Lob,
 Frier Fear, ffrier Fonde,
 Frier Beare, ffrier Bonda.
 Frier Rooke, ffrier Py,
 Frier Flooke, ffrier Flye,
 Frier Spitt, ffrier Spy,

Frier Lik, ffrier Ly,
 With ffrier We-he
 Found by the Trinytye,
 And frier Fandigo,
 With an hundred mo
 Could I name by ro,
 Ne were for losse of tyme,
 To make to longe a ryme:
O squalidi laudati,
Fædi effeminati,
Falsi falsati,
Fuci fucati,
Culi cacati,
Balbi braccati,
Mimi merdati,
Larvi larvati,
Crassi cathaphi,¹
Calvi cucullati,
Curvi curvati,
Skurvi knavati,
Spurci spoliati,
Hirci armati,
Vagi devastati,
Devii debellati,
Surdi sustentati,
Squalidi laudati,
Tardi terminati,
Mali subligati,
Inpii conjurati,
Profusi profugi,
Lapsi lubrici,
Et parum pudici!
 Oth ye drane bees,
 Ye bloody flesheflees,
 Ye spitefull spittle spyes,

And grounde of herisees,
 That dayly without sweat
 Do but drinke and eate,
 And murther meat and meat,
Ut fures et latrones!
 Ye be *incubiones,*²
 But no *spadones,*
 Ye haue your *culiones*;
 Ye be *histriones,*
 Beastely *balatrones,*
Grandes thrasones,
Magni nebulones,
 And *cacodæmones,*
 That [eat] vs fleshe and
 bones
 With teeth more harde then
 stones;
 Youe make hevvy mones,
 As it were for the nones,
 With great and grevous
 grones,
 By sightes and by sobbes
 To blinde vs with bobbes;
 Oh ye false faytours,
 Youe theves be and tratours,
 The devils dayly wayters!
 Oh mesell Mendicantes,
 And mangy Obseruautes,
 Ye be *vagarantes!*
 As persers *penitrantes,*
 Of mischef *ministrantes,*
 In pillinge *postulantes,*
 In preachinge *petulantes,*
 Of many *sycophanies,*
 That gather, as do antes,

¹ *cathaphi*] Qy. "cataphagi" (voraces)?

² *incubiones*] Properly "incubones."

In places wher ye go,
 With *in principio*
 Runnyng to and fro,
 Ye cause mikle woo
 With hie and with loo;
 Wher yone do resorte,
 Ye fayne and make reporte
 Of that youe never harde,
 To make foles aferde
 With visions and dremes,¹
 Howe they do in hevens,
 And in other remes
 Beyonde the great stremes
 Of Tyger and of Gange,
 Where tame devils range,
 And in the black grange,
 Thre myle out of hell,
 Where sely sowles dwell,
 In paynes wher they lye,
 Howe they lament and cry
 Vnto youe, holy lyars,
 And false flatteringe ffriers,
 For *Dirige* and masses;
 Wherwith, like very asses,
 We maynteyn youe and your
 lasses;
 But in especiall
 Ye say, the sowles call
 For the great trentall;
 For some sely sowles
 So depe ly in holes
 Of ffier and brennyng coles,
 That top and tayle is hid;
 For whom to pray and bid

Thens to haue them rid,
 Ye thinke it but a foly;
 Although the masse be holy
 The fendes be wyly;
 Till masse of *scale cæli*,
 At Bathe or at Ely,
 Be by a ffrier saide
 That is a virgine mayde,
 These sowles may not away,
 As all yow ffriers say;
 So trowe I without doubt
 These sowles shall never out;
 For it is *rara avis*,
 Ye be so many knaves;
 I swere by crosses ten,
 That fewe be honest men;
 So many of youe be
 Full of skurrilite,
 That throughly to be sought
 The multitude is noughte:
 Ye be nothings denty;
 Ye come among vs plenty
 By coples in a peire,
 As sprites in the heire,
 Or dogges in the ffayre;
 Where yow do repayre,
 Ye ever ride and rune,
 As swifte as any gune,
 With nowe to go and come,
 As motes in the sonne,
 To shrive my lady nonne,
 With humlery hum,
Dominus vobiscum!
 God knoweth all and some,

¹ *dremes*] I suspect the author wrote "*swevens*," and that "*dremes*," a gloss on the word, crept by mistake into the text.

What is and hath bene done, Syns the world begone, Of russett, gray, and white, That sett ther hole delighte In lust and lechery, In thefte and trecherey, In lowsy lewdenes, In syune and shrodenes, In crokednes acurst, Of all people the worste, Marmosettes and apes, That with your pild pates Mock vs with your iapes: Ye holy caterpillers, Ye helpe your wellwillers With prayers and psalmes, To deuoure the almes That Christians should give To meyntheyne and releve The people poore and nedy; But youe be greddy, And so great a number, That, like the ffier of thunder, The worlde ye incomber: But hereof do I wonder, Howe ye preache in prose, And shape therto a glose, Like a shipmans hose, To fayne yourse[l]ves ded, Whiche nathelesse be fed, And dayly eate oure bred, That ye amonge vs beg, And gett it spite of oure hede: 't wonder is to me, Howe ye maye fathers be Your sede to multiply,	But yf yow be <i>incubi</i> , That gender gobolynes: Be we not bobolynes, Sutch lesinges to beleve, Whiche ye amonge vs dry[ve]? Because ye do vs shrive, Ye say we must youe call Fathers seraphicall And angelicall, That be fantasticall, Brute and bestiall, Yea, diabolicall, The babes of Beliall, The sacrificse of Ball, The dregges of all durte, Fast bounde and girte Vnder the devils skyrte; For <i>pater Priapus</i> , And <i>frater Polpatus</i> , With <i>doctor Dulpatus</i> , <i>Suffultus fullatus</i> , ¹ <i>Pappus paralyticus</i> , And <i>pastor improvidus</i> , Be false and frivolus, Proude and pestiferous, Pold and pediculous, Ranke and ridiculous, Madd and meticulous, Ever invidious, Never religious, In preachinge prestigious, In walkinge prodigious, In talkinge sedicious, In doctrine parnicious, Haute and ambitious,
--	---

¹ *fullatus*] Qy. "fulcratus?"

Fonde and superstitious,
 In lodginge prostibulus,
 In beddinge promiscuous,
 In counsellis myschevous,
 In musters monstrous,
 In skulkinge insidicious,
 Vnchast and lecherous,
 In excesse outrageous,
 As sicknesse contagious,
 The wurst kind of edders,
 And stronge sturdy beggers:
 Wher one stande and teaches,
 An other prate and preches,
 Like holy horseleches:
 So this rusty rable
 At bourd and at table
 Shall fayne and fable,
 With bible and with bable,
 To make all thinge stable,
 By lowringe and by lokinge,
 By powrynge and by potinge,
 By standinge and by stop-
 inge,
 By handinge and by ffotinge,
 By corsy and by crokinge,
 With their owne pelf promo-
 tinge,
 With ther eyes alweyes to-
 tinge
 Wher they may haue sho-
 tinge
 Ther and here ageyne:
 Thus the people seyne,

With wordes true and playne,
 Howe they jest and ioll
 With ther nody poll,
 With rownynge and rollinge,
 With bowsinge and bollinge,
 With lillinge and lollinge,
 With knyllinge and knollinge,
 With tillinge and tollinge,
 With shavinge and pollinge,
 With snyppinge and snatch-
 inge,
 With itchinge and cratchinge,
 With kepinge and katchinge,
 With wepinge and watchinge,
 With takinge and catchinge,
 With peltinge and patchinge,
 With findinge and fatchinge,
 With scribblinge and scratch-
 inge,
 With ynkinge and blatchinge;
 That no man can matche
 them,
 Till the devill fatche them,
 And so to go together
 Vnto their denne for ever,
 Wher hens as they never
 Hereafter shall dissever,
 But dy eternally,
 That lyve so carnally;
 For that wilbe ther ende,
 But yf God them sende
 His grace here to amend:
 And thus I make an ende.

Thus endeth the ffourthe and laste parte of this treatise,
 called the Image of Ypocresy.

The grudge of ypocrites conceived ageynst the auctor of this treatise.

These be as knappishe knackes	That sturred vpp this myst, To do vs all this dere:
As ever man made, For javells and for iackes, A jymiam for a iade.	Oh, yf we could attayne hym. He mighte be fast and sure We should not spare to payne hym,
Well were we, yf we wist What a wight he were	While we mighte indure!

The awnswer of the auctor.

<i>Ego sum qui sum,</i> My name may not be told; But where ye go or come, Ye may not be to bold:	I trowe and knowe right well That God is full of force, And able make the dome And defe men heare and speake, And stronge men overcome By feble men and weke:
For I am, is, and was, And ever truste to be, Neyther more nor las Then asketh charite.	So thus I say my name is; Ye geit no more of me, Because I wilbe blameles, And live in charite.
This longe tale to tell Hathe made me almost horse:	

Thuse endith this boke called the Image of Ypocresye.

THE MANER OF THE WORLD NOW A DAYES.*

So many poynted caps
 Lased with double flaps,
 And so gay felted hats,
 Sawe I never:
 So many good lessons,
 So many good sermons,
 And so few devocions,
 Sawe I never.

So many gardes worne,
 Jagged and al to-torne, 1
 And so many falsely forsworne,
 Sawe I never:
 So few good polycies
 In townes and cytyes
 For kepinge of blinde hostryes
 Sawe I never.

So many good warkes,
 So few wel lerned clarkes,
 And so few that goodnes markes,
 Sawe I never: 2

* Was Imprinted at London in Flete Strete at the signe of the Rose Garland by W. Copland, n. d. This piece (of the original impression of which I have not been able to procure a sight) is now given from *Old Ballads*, 1840, edited by J. P. Collier Esq., for the Percy Society.

Such pranked cotes and sleves,
 So few yonge men that preves,
 And such encrease of theves,
 Sawe I never.

So many garded hose,
 Such cornede shoes,
 And so many envious foes,
 Sawe I never:

So many questes sytte
 With men of smale wit, 80
 And so many falsely quitte,
 Sawe I never.

So many gay swordes,
 So many altered wordes,
 And so few covered bordes,
 Sawe I never:

So many empti purses,
 So few good horses,
 And so many curses,
 Sawe I never. 40

Such bosters and braggers,
 So newe fashyoned daggers,
 And so many beggers,
 Sawe I never:

So many propre knyves,
 So well apparrelled wyves
 And so yll of theyr lyves,
 Saw I never.

So many cockolde makers,
 So many crakers, 50
 And so many peace breakers,
 Saw I never:

So much vayne clothing
 With cultyng and jaggng,
 And so much bragginge,
 Saw I never.

So many newes and knackes,
 So many naughty packes,
 And so many that mony lackes,

Saw I never: 66

So many maidens with child
 And wylfully begylde,
 And so many places untilde,

Sawe I never.

So many women blamed
 And rightuously defaimed,
 And so lytle ashamed,

Sawe I never:

Widowes so sone wed
 After their husbandes be deade,
 Having such hast to bed,

Sawe I never. 70

So much strivinge
 For goodes and for wivinge,
 And so lytle thryvyng,

Sawe I never:

So many capacities,
 Offices and pluralites,
 And chaunging of dignities,

Sawe I never. 80

So many lawes to use
 The truth to refuse,
 Suche falshead to excuse,

Sawe I never:

Executers havinge the ware,
 Taking so littel care
 Howe the soule doth fare,

Sawe I never.

Amonge them that are riche
 No frendshyp is to kepe tuche,
 And such fayre glosing speche

Sawe I never: 86

So many pore
 In every bordoure,
 And so small soccoure,
 Saw I never.

So proude and so gaye,
 So riche in araye,
 And so skant of money,
 Saw I never:

100

So many bowyers,
 So many fletchers,
 And so few good archers,
 Saw I never.

So many chepers,
 So fewe biers,
 And so many borowers,
 Sawe I never:

So many alle sellers
 In baudy holes and sellers,
 Of yonge folkes yll counsellors,
 Sawe I never.

110

So many pinkers,
 So many thinkers,
 And so many good ale drinkers,
 Sawe I never:

So many wronges,
 So few mery songes,
 And so many yll tonges,
 Sawe I never.

120

So many a vacabounde
 Through al this londe,
 And so many in pryson bonde,
 I sawe never:

So many citacions,
 So fewe oblacions,
 And so many newe facions,
 Sawe I never.

So many fleying tales,
 Pickers of purses and males, 130
 And so many sales,
 Saw I never:
 So much preachinge,
 Speaking fayre and teaching.
 And so ill belevinge,
 Saw I never.

So much wrath and envy,
 Covetous and glottony,
 And so litle charitie,
 Sawe I never: 140
 So many carders,
 Revelers and dicers,
 And so many yl ticers,
 Sawe I never.

So many lollers,
 So few true tollers,
 So many baudes and pollers,
 Sawe I never:
 Such treachery,
 Simony and usury, 150
 Poverty and lechery,
 Saw I never.

So many avayles,
 So many geales,
 And so many fals baylies,¹
 Sawe I never:
 By fals and subtyll wayes
 All England decayes,
 For more envy and lyers²
 Sawe I never. 160

¹ *baylies*] Qy. "bayles?"

² *lyers*] Qy. "lyes?"

So new facioned jackes
 With brode flappes in the neckes,
 And so gay new partlettes,
 Sawe I never:
 So many sluttеше cookes,
 So new facioned tucking hookes,
 And so few biers of bookes,
 Saw I never.

Sometime we song of myrth and play,
 But now our joy is gone away, 170
 For so many fal in decay
 Sawe I never:
 Whither is the welth of England gon?
 The spiritual saith they have none,
 And so many wrongfully undone
 Saw I never.

It is great pitie that every day
 So many brybors go by the way,
 And so many extorcioners in eche cuntrey
 Sawe I never. 180
 To thé, Lord, I make my mone,
 For thou maist healpe us everichone:
 Alas, the people is so wo begone,
 Worse was it never!

Amendment
 Were convenient,
 But it may not be;
 We have exiled veritie.
 God is neither dead nor sicke;
 He may amend al yet, 190
 And trowe ye so in dede,
 As ye beleve ye shal have mede.
 After better I hope ever,
 For worse was it never.

Finis.* J. S.

* [The above poem] may, after all, be Skelton's; but, at

any rate, it is only a *rifacimento* of the following verses,—
found in *MS. Sloane*, 747. fol. 88, and very difficult to decipher:

“ So propre cappes
So lytle hattes
And so false hartes
Saw y never.

So wyde gownes
In cytees and townes
And so many sellers of bromys
Say I never.

Suche garded huoes [hose]
Suche playted shoes
And suche a pose
Say y never.

Dowbletes not[?] syde
The syde so wyde
And so moche pride
Was never.

So many ryven shertes
So well appareld chyrches
And so many lewed clerkes
Say I never.

So fayre coursers
So godely trappers
And so fewe foluers
Say y never.

So many fayere suerdes
So lusty knyghtes and lordes
And so fewe covered bordes
Say I never.

So joly garded clokes
So many clyppers of grottes
And go vntyde be the throtes
Say I never.

So many wyde pu[r]ces
 And so fewe gode horses
 And so many curses
 Say y never.

Suche bosters and braggers
 And suche newe facyshyont daggers
 And so many cursers
 Say I never.

So many propere knyffes
 So well appareld wyfes
 And so evyll of there lyfes
 Say I never.

The stretes so swepyng
 With wemen clothyng
 And so moche sweryng
 Say I never

Suche blendyng of legges
 In townes and hegges
 And so many plegges
 Say I never.

Of wymen kynde
 Lased be hynde
 So lyke the fende
 Say I never.

So many spyes
 So many lyes
 And so many thevys
 Say I never.

So many wronges
 So few mery songges
 And so many ivel tonges
 Say I neuer.

So moche trechery
Symony and vsery
Poverty and lechery
Say I never.

So fewe sayles
So lytle avayles
And so many jayles
Sawe y never.

So many esterlynges
Lombardes and flemynge
To bere away our wynynges
Sawe I never.

Be there sotyll weys
Al Englande decays
For suche false Januayes
Sawe I neuer.

Amonge the ryche
Where frenship ys to seche
But so fayre glosynge speche
Sawe I never.

So many poore
Comynge to the dore
And so litle socour
Sawe I never.

So prowde and say [gay?]
So joly in aray
And so litle money
Sawe I never.

So many sellers
So fewe byers
And so many marchaunt taylors
Sawe I never.

Executores havynge mony and ware
 Than havynge so litle care
 Howe the pore sowle shall fare
 Sawe I never.

So many lawers vse
 The truthe to refuse
 And suche falsehed excuse
 Sawe I never.

Whan a man ys dede
 His wiffe so shortely wed
 And havynge suche hast to bed
 Sawe I neuer.

So many maydens blamed
 Wrongefully not defamed
 And beyenge so lytle ashamyd
 Sawe I never.

Relygiousse in cloystere cloyd
 And prestes and large¹ losed
 Beyenge so evyll disposyd
 Sawe I never.

God saue our sovereygne lord the kynge
 And alle his royal sprynge
 For so noble a prince reyny[n]ge
 Sawe I never."

¹ *and large*] Qy. "at large?" but it is by no means certain that "large" is the reading of the MS.



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